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MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND

DURING THE REIGN OF THE STUARTS INCLUDING THE PROTECTORATE

IN SIX VOLUMES

VOLUME THE SECOND

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Charles the First.
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MEMOIRS OF THE
COURT OF ENGLAND

DURING THE REIGN OF THE STUARTS
INCLUDING THE PROTECTORATE

BY

JOHN HENEAGE JESSE

WITH SIX PORTRAITS AND ONE ILLUSTRATION

IN SIX VOLUMES

VOLUME THE SECOND

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THE COURT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

WILLIAM HERBERT, EARL OF PEMBROKE.

Character of This Nobleman — His Career at Court — His Reception at the Court of Elizabeth — His Marriage — His Conduct at the Council-chamber of James — The King's Practical Joke, and Pembroke's Retaliation — Quarrel between Pembroke and Sir George Wharton — Wood's Description of Pembroke — Remarkable Circumstances Attending His Decease.

THE life of William, Earl of Pembroke, is invariably a panegyric. Wit, gallantry, integrity, and refined taste, the highest breeding, and the kindest nature, rendered him one of the most delightful characters of his time. Though too high-minded and independent to make his fortune as a courtier, he was ever respected by his sovereign, was admired by all parties, and beloved by all ranks. He was neither subservient to Elizabeth, who was partial to him, nor to James, who stood in

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awe of him. He was liked by the courtiers because he asked for nothing, and admired by the public because he was indebted for nothing. He stood a superior being among the buffoons and sycophants of the court of James; among them, but not of them. He was loyal to his king, he loved his country and supported its institutions; he lived magnificently without impoverishing his heir, and possessed genius himself, and distinguished it in others. In a word, he was the patron of Shakespeare and of Inigo Jones.[1]

With all these virtues and accomplishments, the earl was not altogether exempt from the weaknesses of human nature. A staunch votary of pleasure, he was too ardent in his admiration of women, for whom he sacrificed too much both of his fortune and his time. If these indulgences somewhat out-lasted the period of life when alone they can be at all venial, they may be attributed, perhaps, to the unpleasant circumstances which embittered his domestic life.

William, third Earl of Pembroke, was born at Wilton, April 8 or 10, 1580. In 1592, at the age of twelve, he was entered at New College, Oxford, where he remained two years. He succeeded his father in the family honours, January 19, 1601. In 1603, he was made a Knight of

[1] It is now, we believe, pretty generally admitted that it was to this nobleman, under the initials, W. H., that the Sonnets of Shakespeare were inscribed as "the only begetter" of them.

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the Garter by James the First, and in 1609, governor of Portsmouth. In the fifteenth year of King James he was made lord chamberlain, and unanimously elected chancellor of the University of Oxford. Charles the First, at his accession, made him lord steward of the household, and, in the fifth year of his reign, warden of the Stannaries.

We learn from the Sidney Papers, that the earl, then Lord Herbert, made his first appearance at the court of Elizabeth, about August, 1599, his father allowing him a retinue of two hundred horse to attend her Majesty's person. The old queen received him graciously, for her admiration of manly beauty still remained; but her favours were slighted by Lord Herbert. Rowland White complains bitterly of this circumstance, in his letters to Herbert's uncle, Sir Philip Sidney. On the 8th of September, 1599, he writes: "My Lord Herbert is a continual courtier, but doth not follow his business with that care as is fit, he is so cold a courtier in a matter of such greatness." On the twelfth of the same month he renews the subject: "Now that my Lord Herbert is gone, he is much blamed for his cold and weak manner of pursuing her Majesty's favour, having had so good steps to lead him unto it. There is a want of spirit and courage laid to his charge, and that he is a melancholy young man. Young Carey follows it with more care and boldness." According to the dates of these letters, his stay at court must

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have been extremely brief. At his farewell visit the queen detained him in private conversation for an hour; no wonder, therefore, that his friends complained of his coldness.

He married, about the year 1603, Mary, daughter of Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury. She brought him a large fortune, but this advantage was negatived by a disagreeable person and an unenviable temper, and Lord Clarendon speaks of their union as "most unhappy." Queen Elizabeth appears to have been present, and to have danced, in her old age, at their marriage.

At the council-table of James, the earl's conduct was manly in the extreme. Wherever the king's interests were really concerned, he not only opposed the flimsy flatterers of the court, but even thwarted the king himself in some of his more objectionable measures. When the Spanish match was under discussion, notwithstanding it was the darling offspring of the king's brain, he opposed it so violently that James is described as actually terrified at his vehemence. Nevertheless, the king had sense enough to value his fidelity and open dealing, and though Lord Clarendon says "he rather esteemed Pembroke than loved him," yet his credit remained unimpaired. The earl was an especial favourite with Anne of Denmark.

Pembroke is said to have entertained a singular dislike to frogs. James, aware of the prejudice, and delighting to a childish degree in any practi-

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cal joke, once took an opportunity of thrusting one of these creatures down the earl's neck. The manner in which the latter revenged himself, though certainly pardonable, would have been attempted by few others about the court. James, as we have more than once mentioned, had the utmost abhorrence of a pig. One of these animals was therefore obtained, and lodged, by Pembroke's orders, under an article of furniture in the king's apartment. His Majesty was extremely annoyed when he made the discovery, and the more so as the joke was played in the earl's own house at Wilton.

The quarrel which occurred, in 1608, between the earl and Sir George Wharton, is too curious to be omitted. The particulars are thus related in a letter from Thomas Coke to the Countess of Shrewsbury:

"I do not doubt but your ladyship hath heard before this what honour my Lord of Pembroke hath got by his discreet and punctual proceeding in the question betwixt Sir George Wharton and him, yet, for that I have understood it by Mr. Morgan and others, particularly least your ladyship may have heard it but in general, I adventure to advertise your ladyship, on Friday was sevennight, my lord and Sir George, with others, played cards, where Sir George showed such choler, as my lord of Pembroke told him, 'Sir George, I have loved you long, and desire still to do so; but

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by your manner in playing, you lay it upon me, either to leave to love you, or to leave to play with you; wherefore, choosing to love you still, I will never play with you more.' The next day they hunted with the king, and my Lord of Pembroke's page galloping after his lord, Sir George came up to him and lashed him over the face with his rod. The boy told his lordship, who, finding by strict examination that the boy had not deserved it, demanded of Sir George why he did strike his boy? Sir George answered he meant nothing toward his lordship. My lord said, he asked not that, but what the cause was why he did strike the boy? 'I did not strike him,' answered Sir George. 'Then I am satisfied,' said the earl. 'God's blood!' said Sir George, 'I say it not to satisfy you.' 'But, sir,' said the earl, 'whoso striketh my boy without cause shall give me an account of it, and, therefore, I tell you, it was foolishly done of you.' 'You are a fool,' said Sir George. 'You lie in your throat,' said the earl. And thus the Duke of Lennox, Marr, and others, coming in, this rested, and every one began to gallop away on hunting, and the earl being gone about six or eight minutes, Sir George spurred his horse with all speed up to him, which was observed by the Earl of Montgomery, who, crying, 'Brother, take heed, you will be stricken' (neither party having weapon), the earl instantly received him with a sound backward

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blow over the face, which drove him almost upon his horse croup. But the company being present, they galloped again, till in the end the stag died in Bagshot farm, where Sir George, taking opportunity to wait, came afterward to the earl, and offered him a paper, protesting there was nothing in it unfit for his lordship to read. The earl said, 'Sir George, give me no papers here, where all they see us who know what hath passed, if you mean to do yourself right; but tell me, is not the purport of it a challenge to me?' 'Yes,' said Sir George. 'Well,' said the earl, 'this night you shall have an answer, now let us talk of the ——;' and after calling Sir John Lee unto him, willed him to tell Sir George, that that night he should bring him the length of my lord's sword. After being come home, and divers coming to his chamber, and Sir John (amongst the rest) only private to his lordship's intent, 'Oh, Sir John,' said his lordship, 'you are coming for the sword which I promised you,' and commanded his page to deliver unto him the sword which my Lord of Devonshire gave him, which he receiving as given, went, according to his former direction, to Sir George [and] told him that was the earl's sword; the next morning being Sunday, the time when they would fight, and, therefore, willed him to withdraw himself, and take measure of the sword. 'No,' said Sir George, 'it shall not need; I will have no other sword than this at my side.' 'Ad-

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vise yourself,' said Sir John; 'that is shorter than this, and do not think that the earl will take one hair's breadth of advantage at your hands.'

"Upon this, Sir George was first sent for, and after, the earl, and the king's commandment laid upon them not to stir; after which Sir George came to Sir John Lee, and told him that if my lord would break the king's commandment, he would do the like. Sir John said he knew the earl was very scrupulous of breaking any of the king's commandments, but yet he would undertake upon his life to bring Sir George to where the earl should be, all alone, with that sword by his side; where, if Sir George would draw upon him, his lordship should either defend himself, or abide the hazard; but soon after, Sir George came to Sir John Lee, and told him he had received another commandment from his Majesty, and resolved to observe the same. After they were both convented before the lords, and last before the king, and it was, as I hear, required that my lord should give him satisfaction, which his lordship said he should do thus: If Sir George would confess that he did not intend to have offended him at that time, he would acknowledge that he was sorry that he had stricken him, and thus it is ended."

Sir George Wharton was killed in a duel, the following year, by his intimate friend, Sir James

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William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.
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William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.

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Stuart, who also died of the wounds he received in the encounter.

According to Anthony Wood, Earl William was in person "rather majestic than elegant, and his presence, whether quiet or in motion, was full of stately gravity." He speaks of him as the "very picture and *viva effigies* of nobility." The earl, among his other accomplishments, was a poet, and the author of some "amorous and not inelegant airs," which were set to music by his contemporaries. The following graceful trifle affords an agreeable specimen of his muse:

"Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which like glowing fountains rise
To drown those banks; grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow from furrowed looks;
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the seat of discontent.

"Then clear those watery eyes again,
That else portend a lasting rain,
Lest the clouds which settle there
Prolong my winter all the year;
And thy example others make,
In love with sorrow for thy sake."

The goddess of his idolatry was Christian, daughter of Edward, Lord Bruce. She afterward became the wife of William Cavendish, second Earl of Devonshire.

Some remarkable circumstances attended the earl's decease. It had been foretold by his tutor

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Sandford, and afterward by the mad prophetess, Lady Davies, that he would either not complete, or would die on the anniversary of, his fiftieth birthday. That these predictions were actually fulfilled, appears by the following curious passage in Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion:" "A short story may not be unfitly inserted, it being frequently mentioned by a person of known integrity, whose character is here undertaken to be set down; who at that time being on his way to London, met at Maidenhead some persons of quality, of relation or dependence upon the Earl of Pembroke, Sir Charles Morgan, commonly called General Morgan, who had commanded an army in Germany, and defended Stoad; Doctor Feild, then Bishop of St. David's; and Doctor Chafin, the earl's then chaplain in his house, and much in his favour. At supper one of them drank a health to the lord steward; upon which another of them said that he believed his lord was at that time very merry, for he had now outlived the day which his tutor Sandford had prognosticated upon his nativity he would not outlive; but he had done it now, for that was his birthday, which had completed his age to fifty years. The next morning, by the time they came to Colebrook, they met with the news of his death."

On the fatal day, the earl had engaged himself to sup with the Countess of Bedford. During the meal he appeared unusually well, and remarked

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that he would never again trust a woman's prophecy. A few hours afterward he was attacked by apoplexy, and died during the night. Granger, to make the story more remarkable, relates that when the earl's body was opened, in order to be embalmed, the incision was no sooner made than the corpse lifted its hand. The anecdote, he adds, was told by a descendant of the Pembroke family, who had often heard it related. The earl died at his house in London, called Baynard's Castle, on the 10th of April, 1630, and was buried near his father in Salisbury Cathedral.

The portrait of Earl William has been painted by Vandyke, and his character drawn by Lord Clarendon. The latter should be his epitaph; it is one of the most beautiful delineations of that illustrious historian.

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CHAPTER II.

PHILIP HERBERT, EARL OF PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY.

The Earl's Character — King James's Partiality for Him — His Progress at Court — His Appearance at the Court of Elizabeth — His Marriage to Lady Susan Vere — The Wedding Banquet and Mask — Montgomery's Insolence and Cowardice — He Is Horsewhipped by Ramsey — The Earl's Vanity as a Patron of Literature — His Second Wife — His Political Apostasy — Burlesque of His Speech to the University of Oxford — His Study of Physiognomy — His Death.

PHILIP, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, the "memorable simpleton" of Walpole, unfortunately dimmed the lustre of a proud name by his cowardice, arrogance, and folly. A favourite who turns rebel can have few friends, and Montgomery, who was both, has had no admirers.

The earl was the second son of the celebrated Mary, Countess of Pembroke, nephew of Sir Philip Sidney, and younger brother of Earl William. He was born about the year 1582.

He was the first acknowledged favourite of King James, after his accession to the English throne. His handsome face, his love of dogs and horses,

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and especially his taste for hunting, rendered him peculiarly acceptable to that monarch. His influence remained unimpaired till the appearance of Robert Carr at court, an event which quickly turned the current of royal favour. However, as Montgomery neither remonstrated with James, nor showed any bitterness at his altered position, the king, who above all things loved ease and quiet, so far appreciated his forbearance as to regard him ever after as his second favourite, whoever might chance to be the first. On his death-bed James gave the greatest proof of his confidence in the earl. When the suspicion broke on the dying monarch, that Buckingham and his mother were tampering with his life, it was to Montgomery that he is said to have exclaimed, trustingly, "For God's sake, look that I have fair play!"

The earl received his education at New College, Oxford. On the 4th of June, 1605, he was created Earl of Montgomery, and on the 10th of May, 1608, was made a Knight of the Garter. The favours which he obtained from James were not substantial, for during this reign he rose no higher than to be a lord of the bedchamber. In the reign of Charles the First, however, he became lord chamberlain, and, to the discredit of the University, Chancellor of Oxford. He succeeded his brother as Earl of Pembroke, 10th April, 1630.

His first appearance at court had been in the lifetime of Elizabeth, where, though a mere boy

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at the time, he appears to have rendered himself conspicuous for that want of modesty which formed so prominent a trait in his character, and which was so offensive to his contemporaries. Rowland White, in a letter dated 26th April, 1600, thus writes to Sir Philip Sidney: "Mr. Philip Herbert is here (at court), and one of the forwardest courtiers that ever I saw in my time; for he had not been here two hours, but he grew as bold as the best. Upon Thursday he goes back again, full sore against his will." He seems to have shared the success of his brother in the tournaments and other sports of the period. We find —

> "The Herberts, every Cockpit-day,
> Do carry away
> The gold and glory of the day."

He was privately contracted, October, 1604, without the knowledge of the friends of either party, to Lady Susan Vere, daughter of Edward, seventeenth earl of Oxford. The family of the young lady exhibited some aversion to the match, but the king interposed and softened their prejudices. On Saint John's Day, 1604, they were married with great magnificence at Whitehall. The bride was led to church by Prince Henry and the Duke of Holstein, and the king himself gave her away. She looked so lovely in her tresses and jewels that the king observed, "Were he unmarried, he would keep her himself." After the ceremony

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there was a splendid banquet, succeeded by as gorgeous a mask. The following account of the entertainment throws an amusing light on the manners of the time: "There was no small loss that night of chains and jewels, and many great ladies were made shorter by the skirts, and were very well served that they could keep cut no better. The presents of plate and other things given by the noblemen were valued at 2,500*l.*; but that which made it a good marriage was a gift of the king's, of 500*l.* for the bride's jointure. They were lodged in the council-chamber, where the king, in his shirt and nightgown, gave them a *réveille matin* before they were up. No ceremony was omitted of bride-cakes, points, garters, and gloves, which have been ever since the livery of the court; and at night there was sewing into the sheet, casting off the bride's left hose, and many other pretty sorceries." By Lady Susan the earl had several children, who outlived him.

Lord Clarendon says of Montgomery: "There were very few great persons in authority who were not frequently offended by him by sharp and scandalous discourses and invectives against them, behind their backs; for which they found it best to receive satisfaction by submissions, and professions, and protestations, which was a coin he was plentifully supplied with for the payment of all those debts." The fact is, he was one of the most cowardly and choleric persons about the

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court. He appears to have been constantly engaged in some unbecoming quarrel. In 1610, a dispute with the Earl of Southampton proceeded to such lengths that the rackets flew about each other's ears; the king, however, eventually made up the matter without bloodshed. After Montgomery had become lord chamberlain, Anthony Wood observes quaintly that he broke many wiser heads than his own. This remark refers principally to his unjustifiable attack upon May, the translator of Lucan. The poet (who was also a gentleman of some consideration in his time), while a mask was being performed in the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, happening to push accidentally against the chamberlain, the latter instantly lifted his staff, and broke it over May's shoulders. Wood says that, had it not been for the earl's office, and the place they were in, "it might have been a question whether the earl would ever have struck again." An account of the fracas is related by Mr. Garrard in one of his gossiping letters to the Earl of Strafford, dated 27th February, 1633: "Mr. May, of Gray's Inn, a fine poet, he who translated Lucan, came athwart my lord chamberlain in the Banqueting-house, who broke his staff over his shoulders, not knowing who he was, the king present, who knew him, for he calls him his poet, and told the chamberlain of it, who sent for him the next morning, and fairly excused himself to him, and gave him fifty pounds

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in pieces ; I believe he was thus indulgent for the name's sake." At the time of his well-known quarrel with Lord Mowbray, which took place in the House of Lords, in 1641, he must have been nearly in his sixtieth year. Lord Clarendon says that "from angry and disdainful words, an offer or attempt at blows was made." Probably a blow was really struck, for it is certain that Mowbray threw an inkstand at the thick head of his antagonist. They were both sent to the Tower by order of the lords, and Montgomery was even deprived by the king of his post of chamberlain.

Early in life, Montgomery had himself received a lesson, which should have deterred him from assaulting others. In 1607, he had been publicly horsewhipped, on the race-course at Croydon, by Ramsey, a Scotch gentleman, afterward created Earl of Holderness. This was the same Ramsey from whose hands, some years previously, the young Earl of Gowrie had met with his death. The affray caused so much excitement at the time that the English assembled together, resolving to make it a national quarrel ; but Montgomery not offering to strike again, "nothing," says Osborne, "was spilt but the reputation of a gentleman ; in lieu of which, if I am not mistaken, the king made him a knight, a baron, a viscount, and an earl in one day." Fortunately, the truth of this story does not rest upon Osborne's statement, for, as the earl was never a viscount, and as he was

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knighted in 1604, and made an earl in 1605, long previous to this disgraceful affray, we might have been inclined to discredit the whole account, had it not been confidently related by other authors. Butler, in one of his amusing burlesques of the earl's parliamentary speeches, makes him, at a later period of his life, thus allude to the disgrace of his youth: "For my part, I'll have nothing to do with them. I cannot abide a Scot, for a Scot switched me once, and cracked my crown with my own staff, the verge of my lord chamberlainship, and now they are all coming to switch you too."

It is reported of Montgomery that he was so illiterate that he could scarcely write his own name; and yet we constantly find him giving his opinion on matters of taste, and affecting to extend his patronage to genius. We must remember, however, that to be considered a patron of literature was formerly held to be a requisite ingredient in the fashionable character, and was aimed at by every illiterate Mæcenas about the court. The titled coxcomb sauntered into his levee, at which the wretched author presented his work, and for a false and fulsome panegyric received a donation of a few pounds; the latter obtained a dinner, and the former a character for taste and benevolence. Osborne says of Montgomery, that "he was only fit for his own society, and such books as were dedicated to him." On the other hand, it must

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not be forgotten that it was to Montgomery, conjointly with his brother, Earl William, that Heminge and Condell dedicated the first folio edition of Shakespeare's plays. They are there spoken of as "the most noble and incomparable pair of brothers, who, having prosecuted these trifles, and their author living, with so much favour, would use a like indulgence toward them which they had done unto their parent." This is such high praise; and so dear to an Englishman is anything connected with the name of Shakespeare, that we should be inclined to forgive many faults in one who had been the friend and patron of the immortal dramatist. Some importance, however, must be attached to the earl's well-known character for vanity, and very little to the suspicious encomiums of a dedication.

Montgomery was twice married. In 1630, after the death of his first wife, Lady Susan Vere, he united himself to Anne, widow of Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset, and heiress of the Cliffords, Earls of Cumberland. Under what circumstances this religious, munificent, and high-spirited lady united herself to an unprincipled ruffian, we are not informed. It is certain, however, that their marriage was not happy; and as the earl's profligacy kept pace with advancing years, she was eventually compelled to insist on a separation. The countess, who survived him many years, is probably best known by her famous letter to Sir

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Joseph Williamson, Secretary of State to Charles II., when he applied to her to nominate a member of Parliament for the borough of Appleby:

"I have been bullied by a usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject: your man sha'n't stand.

"ANN DORSET,
"*Pembroke and Montgomery.*"

Had Montgomery contented himself with being a profligate, a gambler, a fool, or a coward, — had he been satisfied with tyrannising over his wife, or with cudgelling, or being cudgelled, — he would have avoided in a great degree the obloquy which is attached to his name. But when we find the courtier turning rebel, and becoming an ungrateful apostate to the prince who had raised him, words are scarcely sufficient to express our indignation and contempt. In 1649, though a peer of England, he sat as member for Berkshire, in the Republican House of Commons, and was subsequently one of the Council of State after the beheading of King Charles. Butler celebrates the earl's apostasy with his usual humour.

"Pembroke's a covenanting lord,
That ne'er with God or man kept word;
One day he'd swear he'd serve the king,
The next 'twas quite another thing;
Still changing with the wind and tide,
That he might keep the stronger side;

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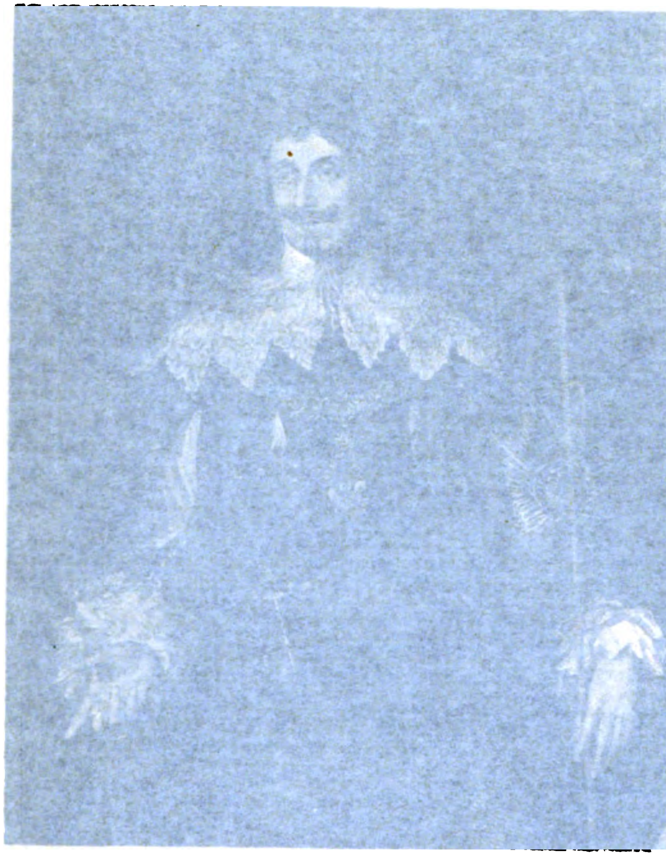

Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.
Photo-etching after the painting by Vandyke.

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His hawks and hounds were all his care,
For them he made his daily pray'r,
And scarce would lose a hunting season,
Even for the sake of darling treason.
Had you but heard what thunderclaps
Broke out of his and Oldsworth's chaps,
Of oaths and horrid execration,
Oft with, but oftener without passion,
You'd think these senators were sent
From hell to sit in Parliament."

This Goth was actually selected by the Parliament to reform the University of Oxford. The speech which he delivered to the Senate of the University on this occasion was admirably ridiculed in a contemporary pasquinade, of which we cannot refrain from giving an extract. It is just the sort of composition which one would have expected from so silly a man, while it particularly reflects on an inveterate habit of swearing, which is known to have formed another offensive trait in his character:

"My Visitors: — I am glad to see this day; I hope it will never end, for I am your chancellor. Some say I am not your chancellor, but dam me, they lye, for my brother was so before me, and none but rascals would rob me of my birthright. They think the Marquis of Hertford is Chancellor of Oxford, because, forsooth, the University chose him. 'Sdeath, I sit here by ordinance of Parliament, and judge ye, gentlemen, whether he or I

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look like a chancellor. I'll prove he is a party, for he himself is a scholar; he has Greek and Latin, but all the world knows I can scarce write or read; dam me, this writing and reading hath caused all this blood. I thank God, and I thank you; I thank God I am come at last, and I thank you for giving me a gilded bible: you could not give me a better book, dam me, I think so; I love the bible, though I seldom use it; I say I love it, and a man's affection is the best member about him; I can love it though I cannot read it, as you, Dr. Wilkinson, love preaching, though you never preach."

If this extract be not sufficient, the reader may turn to the posthumous works of Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras," who has made himself very merry with the earl's fantastic oratory. Indeed, so absurd were his speeches, both in the House of Lords and elsewhere, that they became a common joke at the period, and agreeably employed the wits in turning them into lampoons and ridicule.

Instead of reforming others, the time was approaching when the earl might, with more propriety, have thought of reforming himself. He died on the 23d of January, 1650, not quite a year after the master whom he had deserted. He is said to have indulged in a pursuit almost as ridiculous as himself; he collected a vast number

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of portraits with a view to the study of physiognomy, in which he is stated to have made so great a proficiency that James, according to Evelyn, in his work on Medals, placing an absurd faith in his discrimination, was believed to have employed him to discover the characters of foreign ambassadors on their first appearance at court.[1]

In a scarce lampoon of the period, the following lines are recommended for Montgomery's epitaph:

> "Here lies the mirror of our age for treason,
> Who, in his life, was void of sense and reason,
> The Commons' fool, a knave in everything;
> A traitor to his master, lord, and king:
> A man whose virtues were to whore and swear,
> God damn him was his constant daily prayer."[2]

[1] A similar talent is related of the great Prince of Condé. "He was very expert in a sort of physiognomy which showed the peculiar habits, motions, and pastimes of familiar life and mechanical employments. He would sometimes lay wagers with his friends that he would guess, upon the Pont Neuf, what trade persons were of that passed by, from their walk and air."—*Curiosities of Literature.*

[2] "The Life and Death of Philip Herbert, the late infamous Knight of Berkshire, once Earl of Pembroke; likewise a Discourse with Charon on his Voyage to Hell." 1649, in verse.

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CHAPTER III.

MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Relations of This Lady — Her Character — Her Literary Works — Her Death.

ALTHOUGH the character and pursuits of this illustrious lady render a notice of her somewhat foreign to the character of this work, it may not be uninteresting to say a few words respecting the mother of Earl William and Earl Philip. Moreover, it is refreshing to turn a moment from the glare of folly and of vice, to unpretending piety and intellectual refinement.

Mary, Countess of Pembroke, was the daughter of Sir Henry Sidney, a Knight of the Garter, and one of the stately courtiers of Queen Elizabeth. She was the wife of Henry, second Earl of Pembroke, and the beloved sister of the memorable Sir Philip Sydney. Their tastes and habits were congenial. There was the same high sense of honour, the same elegance of mind, the same charitable regard for human suffering. Sir Philip dedicated his "Arcadia" to his sister, the being

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who best loved the author, and who was the most competent to appreciate the work.

She spent a long life and a splendid fortune in doing good to her fellow creatures. She patronised men of learning, and embellished it herself; indeed, her wit and mental endowments appear only to have been exceeded by her piety. Doctor Donne said of her, that "she could converse well on all subjects, from predestination to sleave silk;" and Spenser eulogises her as:

> "The gentlest shepherdess that lived that day;
> And most resembling, both in shape and spirit,
> Her brother dear."

In her old age the cowardice and misconduct of her son Philip nearly broke her heart, and she is even said to have torn her hair with anguish when she heard the tale of his dishonour.

The countess was herself an authoress. She translated from the French, Mornay's "Discourse of Life and Death," and the tragedy of "Antoine," the former printed in 1590, and the latter in 1600. Wood informs us, in a notice of William Bradbridge, who was chaplain at Wilton, that with the assistance of that divine, she completed a translation of the Psalms. He contradicts himself, however, in another place, and mentions her brother, Sir Philip, as the translator; adding that the MS., curiously bound in crimson velvet, was bequeathed by the countess to the library at Wilton. Some

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agreeable specimens of her epistolary style will be found in Park's "Noble Authors."

She died at an advanced age, in her house in Aldersgate Street, 25th of September, 1621. Her remains were interred in Salisbury Cathedral, in the vault of the Herberts. Ben Jonson's admirable epitaph, though somewhat hackneyed, will, perhaps, bear repetition:

"Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse —
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Wise, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.
Marble piles let no man raise
To her name; for after days
Some kind woman born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb."

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CHAPTER IV.

JAMES HAY, EARL OF CARLISLE.

Introduction of This Personage to King James — His Rapid Rise in the Monarch's Favour — His Elevation to the Peerage — Family Traditions — The Earl's Magnificence — Splendour of His Mission to Paris — His Costly Progress to Germany — Dinner Provided for Him by the Prince of Orange — His Unsuccessful Missions — His Extravagance in Costume — Prodigality of His Feasts — Ante-suppers — Banquet Given by the Earl in Honour of the French Ambassador — First and Second Marriage of the Earl — His Ruling Passion in Death — His Character.

THIS magnificent personage, who shared so largely both the royal favour and the public purse, was the son of a private gentleman in Scotland. He was educated in France, and is said to have belonged to the famous Scottish guard, which was formerly maintained by the French monarch. At the accession of James he hastened over to England, trusting that his showy person and foreign accomplishments would obtain for him those substantial favours, which most of his countrymen expected, and which so many obtained. He is said to have been introduced to James by the French ambassador.

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His rise was rapid, and not altogether undeserved. The elegance of his manners, his taste for dress and splendour, and a natural sweetness of temper, quickly rendered him a favourite, not only with the king, but with his courtiers. Few have had wealth and honours more quickly showered upon them, and, with the exception of profuse expenditure, few have borne the smiles of fortune with more modesty and discretion. He shunned politics, which would have made him enemies, and, by his unaffected courtesy and extensive hospitality, obtained the good-will of those who might otherwise have been his rivals. Though positive talent must be denied him, he possessed a strong sense and a natural tact, which to a courtier are far more valuable than genius itself. He understood the king's character more thoroughly than any other man, and had sufficient shrewdness to perform, at least with credit, the various embassies with which he was afterward entrusted. Wilson says of him: "He was a gentleman every way complete. His bounty was adorned with courtesy, his courtesy not affected, but resulting from a natural civility in him. His humbleness set him below the envy of most, and his bounty brought him into esteem with many."[1]

[1] Lord Clarendon says of this favourite: He was a "person well qualified by his breeding in France, and by study in human learning, in which he bore a good part in the entertainment of the king, who much delighted in that exercise; and by these

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He was raised to the peerage in June, 1615, by the title of Lord Hay, of Sawley, but without the issue of letters patent, or a seat in the House of Lords or Scottish Parliament. He was also merely allowed precedence after the barons of Scotland. This singular kind of elevation would almost appear to have originated in a freak of King James; for the creation, we are informed, took place in the presence of witnesses, at nine o'clock at night at Greenwich. In 1618 he was created Viscount Doncaster, and in 1622, Earl of Carlisle. He also obtained a grant of the Island of Barbadoes, and became a Knight of the Garter.

According to an old writer, King James, in his advancement of this favourite, merely repaid a debt which the royal family of Scotland had long owed to the Hays. "One Hay, his ancestor," writes Lloyd, "saved Scotland from an army of Danes, at Longcarty, with a yoke in his hand. James Hay, six hundred years after, saved the king of that country from the Gowries at their house, with a cutter in his hand. The first had as much ground assigned him by King Kenneth as a falcon could fly over at one flight, and the other as much land as he could ride around in two days." Lloyd also

means and notable gracefulness in his behaviour and affability, in which he excelled, he had wrought himself into a particular interest with his master and into greater affection and esteem with the whole English nation, than any other of that country" [Scotland]. — *Hist. of the Rebellion.*

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informs us that the whole family fell, in former days, before Dublin Castle, and that the race would have been extinct for ever, but for a successful Cæsarean operation, which preserved the heir. To this circumstance, if it be true, the present Earl of Kinnoul, whose ancestor was the cousin and heir of James Hay, must be indebted for his existence and honours.

In the splendour of his embassies, the magnificence of his entertainments, and the excessive costliness of his dress, and other personal luxuries, the earl, at least in this country, has never been surpassed. In 1616 he was sent to Paris, to congratulate the King of France on his marriage with the Infanta of Spain; being furnished at the same time, with some private instructions regarding the feasibility and advantages of a match between Prince Charles and a daughter of France. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of this celebrated mission, and consequently, on the first day of his appearance at court, the whole of Paris turned forth, as the spectators of English splendour. The heart of old Wilson warms as he describes the scene: "Six trumpeters," he says, "and two marshals (in tawny velvet liveries, completely suited, laced all over with gold, rich and closely laid) led the way; the ambassador followed with a great train of pages; and footmen in the same rich livery, including his horse and the rest of his retinue, according to their qualities and

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degrees, in as much bravery as they could desire or procure, followed in couples, to the wonderment of the beholders. And some said (how truly I cannot assert) the ambassador's horse was shod with silver shoes, lightly tacked on; and when he came to a place where persons or beauties of eminence were, his very horse, prancing and curvetting, in humble reverence flung his shoes away, which the greedy bystanders scrambled for, and he was content to be gazed on and admired till a farrier, or rather the *argentier*, in one of his rich liveries, among his train of footmen, out of a tawny velvet bag took others and tacked them on, which lasted till he came to the next troop of grandees; and thus, with much ado, he reached the Louvre."

In 1619 he was sent ambassador to Germany, with a view of mediating between the emperor and the Bohemians. His progress to the Northern court, in which he was attended by the choicest of the young nobility of England, was scarcely less magnificent than his former mission to the French king. The expenses of his two first meals, on landing at Rotterdam, amounted to a thousand guilders, about a hundred pounds sterling, while his carriages are said to have cost no less than sixty pounds a day. A singular instance of his munificence is recorded during this mission. An innkeeper of Dort, having calculated that the ambassador must pass through that town, had

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made sumptuous preparations for his entertainment. The earl, however, had chosen Utrecht for his route, and the zealous innkeeper was consequently disappointed. The latter followed the embassy, introduced himself to the ambassador, and complained of the loss which he had sustained. The earl immediately gave him an order on his steward for thirty pounds.

Wilson informs us that the king was ashamed to tell the Parliament how much money this embassy had cost, and therefore "minced the sum into a small proportion." James, it may be remarked, in his speech to Parliament, in 1620, observes that "my Lord of Doncaster's journey had cost him three thousand five hundred pounds," when it would appear from Wilson that the expenses could not have amounted to less than fifty or sixty thousand.

The earl's magnificence, however, failed at least on one occasion in exciting all the admiration he desired. In his progress to Germany, it was necessary that he should pay a visit of ceremony to the Prince of Orange. It was no less imperative on the prince to invite him to dinner, and accordingly it was hinted to his Highness that, for the entertainment of so splendid a guest, some addition to the usual fare would be requisite and proper. The prince, whose homely habits led him to despise the costly refinements of his expected guest, was, perhaps, not unwilling to have an opportunity of

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exhibiting his contempt. Accordingly, he called for the bill of fare, and, observing that only one pig was nominated in the bill, commanded the steward to put down another, — the only addition which he could be prevailed upon to make. Besides the general homeliness of such an entertainment, it is necessary, in order to give point to the story, to include a remark of Wilson's, "that this dish is not very pleasing to the Scotch nation for the most part."

In 1621 the earl was again sent to France, in order to mediate between Louis XIII. and the French Protestants. He was also at Madrid during the matrimonial visit of Prince Charles, and corresponded with King James; but that he was employed officially is not probable. It may be here remarked that, notwithstanding the earl's talents for diplomacy were at least respectable, not one of his three missions was attended with success.

His splendid folly with regard to costume, even Lord Clarendon has condescended to mention. "He was surely," says his lordship, "a man of the greatest expense in his own person, of any in the age he lived; and introduced more of that expense in the excess of clothes and diet, than any other man; and was, indeed, the original of all those inventions, from which others did but transcribe copies." Arthur Wilson tells us that "one of the meanest of his suits was so fine as to

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look like romance." This particular dress the historian himself saw, and thus describes: "The cloak and hose were made of very fine white beaver, embroidered richly all over with gold and silver, the cloak, almost to the cape, within and without, having no lining but embroidery; the doublet was cloth of gold, embroidered so thick that it could not be discerned; and a white beaver hat suitable, brimful of embroidery, both above and below."

But it was in his feasts and entertainments that his extravagant prodigality shone most conspicuously. Like the Emperor Heliogabalus, he seems to have thought that what was cheaply obtained was scarcely worth eating. Since the days when that purpled profligate smothered his guests in rooms filled with roses, more fantastic hospitality can hardly be recorded. Osborne's account of one of the earl's banquets is too curious not to be inserted in his own words: "The Earl of Carlisle was one of the quorum that brought in the vanity of ante-suppers, not heard of in our forefathers' time, and for aught I have read, or at least remember, unpractised by the most luxurious tyrants. The manner of which was to have the board covered, at the first entrance of the guests, with dishes as high as a tall man could well reach, and dearest viands sea or land could afford. And all this once seen, and having feasted the eyes of the invited, was in a manner thrown away,

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James Hay, Earl of Carlisle.
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James Hay, Earl of Carlisle.
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and fresh set on the same height, having only this advantage of the other, that it was hot. I cannot forget one of the attendants of the king, that, at a feast made by this monster of excess, eat to his single share a whole pye, reckoned to my lord at ten pounds, being composed of ambergrease, magesterial of pearl, musk, etc.; yet was so far (as he told me) from being sweet in the morning, that he almost poisoned his whole family, flying himself, like the satyr. And yet after such suppers, huge banquets no less profuse, a waiter returning his servant home with a cloak-bag, full of dried sweetmeats and comfets, valued to his lordship at more than ten shillings the pound. I am cloyed with the repetition of this excess, no less than scandalised at the continuance of it."

Weldon mentions another banquet which was given by the earl in honour of the French ambassador, "in which," he says, "was such plenty, and fish of that immensity brought out of Muscovy, that dishes were made to contain them (no dishes before in all England could near hold them), after that a costly voydee, and after that a mask of choice noblemen and gentlemen, and after that a most costly and magnificent banquet, the king, lords, and all the prime gentlemen then about London being invited thither." These immense fish were probably sturgeon. The necessity of waiting for the manufacture of the dishes could scarcely have improved their flavour.

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James, not satisfied with heaping on his favourite unbounded wealth, secured for him, by especial mediation, one of the most wealthy heiresses of the period. This lady was Honora, sole daughter of Edward, Lord Denny, subsequently created, in 1626, Earl of Norwich by Charles the First.

The fate of the heiress of the Dennys — whether she died young, or whether she was divorced from her magnificent lord — we have failed in our endeavours to trace. It is only certain that the earl remarried, 6th November, 1617, Lucy, daughter of Henry, eighth earl of Northumberland, a beautiful coquette, whose memoir more properly belongs to the succeeding reign. This Northumberland was the "stout old earl," who had been fined 30,000*l.* and committed to the Tower for life, on account of his suspected share in the Gunpowder Treason. He was still a prisoner at the period of his daughter's marriage, to which he not only withheld his consent, but afterward refused to aid them with his purse. Nothing, he said, should induce him to give his daughter to "a beggarly Scot," or supply them with a groat. They were married in the presence of the king. The bridegroom shortly afterward obtained the release of his father-in-law from prison, but even then it was with the greatest difficulty that the independent old earl could be induced to consent to a meeting.

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After the death of James the First, we know little of the history of his gorgeous favourite. That he was not, however, entirely overlooked, is evident from his having been made first gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles the First, in 1633.[1] He died on the 25th of April, 1636, the ruling passion of his life still strong even in death. "When the most able physicians," says Osborne, "and his own weakness had passed a judgment that he could not live many days, he did not forbear his entertainments, but made divers brave clothes, as he said, to out-face naked and despicable death withal." The progress of the earl's last illness is more than once referred to by Garrard, in his letters to Lord Strafford. On the fifteenth of March he writes, "Sunday night last, the thirteenth of this month, my Lord of Carlisle was dying, his speech gone, his eyes dark; he knew none about him, but in two or three hours he came out of this trance, and came to his senses again. Now he thinks he shall die, which before he did not, and is well prepared for it, having assistance from the best divines in town. His debts are great, above 80,000*l.* He has left his lady well near 5,000*l.* a year, the import of the wines in Ireland,

[1] It appears strange at first sight that Carlisle, who was a peer, should have been made a gentleman of the bedchamber. We find, however, that as late as George I. the Duke of Hamilton was merely styled First Gentleman, as was also the Duke of Lauderdale in the reign of Charles II. Formerly the title of gentleman implied, in its strictest sense, nobility.

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for which they say she may have 20,000*l.* ready money and 2,000*l.* pension, newly confirmed to her by the king; little or nothing comes to his son. The physicians keep him alive with cordials, but they are of opinion that he cannot last many days." His funeral, probably according to his own directions, was magnificent.

Lodge remarks that, "notwithstanding his expensive absurdities, the earl left a very large fortune, partly derived from his marriage with the heiress of the Lords Denny, but more from the king's unlimited bounty." The fact, though not of much importance, scarcely appears to be corroborated by contemporary writers. Lord Clarendon says, especially, that he left neither "a house nor an acre of land to be remembered by," and yet both Clarendon and Weldon estimate the sums heaped on him by James as amounting to four hundred thousand pounds.

With all his faults, with all his folly and boundless expenditure, the spendthrift earl has still some claims to have his memory regarded with favour. Civility and common sense preserved him from the fate of Somerset and of Buckingham. He was modest, generous, and hospitable, neither depressed by adversity nor elated by prosperity. Sir William Davenant says of him, in a copy of verses addressed to his widow:

> "Cheerful his age, not tedious or severe,
> Like those, who being dull, would grave appear."

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If he spent largely, it was agreeably with the tastes and wishes of his sovereign; and if we are compelled to look upon him as a voluptuary, he was a sensualist without being selfish, and a courtier without being insolent.

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CHAPTER V.

FRANCIS, LORD BACON, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

Bacon's Birth — His Boyhood — His Oratory — His Friends — Hobbes of Malmsbury — Variety of Bacon's Knowledge — His Superb Manner of Living — His Venality — Dishonesty of His Servants — His Humiliation before His Peers — His Retort to Gondomar — Remark of Charles, Prince of Wales — Bacon's Ingratitude to the Earl of Essex — False Aspersions Cast on His Name — His Comparative Poverty — Anecdotes — His Personal Appearance — Anecdotes — Celebration of Bacon's Sixtieth Birthday — Ben Jonson's Verses on the Occasion — Bacon's Death — Howell's Remarks on the Event.

THE story of Lord Bacon's life is so well known as to render any lengthened details respecting him unnecessary. We will content ourselves, therefore, with introducing some scattered anecdotes relating to an extraordinary man, over whose mighty mind and corrupt heart the Christian lingers with sorrow, the moralist with wonder, and the world at large with regret, — a man whom it is now difficult to praise, yet whom, but for some lamentable weaknesses, it would have been almost as difficult not to idolise.

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

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Francis, Lord Bacon, was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, keeper of the great seal to Queen Elizabeth, and of Anne, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, tutor to King Edward the Sixth; this lady has been extolled by her contemporaries for her piety and mental accomplishments. Bacon was born January 22, 1561, at York House in the Strand, formerly the residence of the Bishops of Norwich, and afterward of the Villiers, Dukes of Buckingham.

Lloyd says that "he was a courtier from his cradle to his grave, sucking in experience with his milk, being inured to policy as early as to his grammar." When a boy, Queen Elizabeth took much notice of him, admired his ingenious answers, and, alluding to the post held by his father, used to style him familiarly her young lord keeper. She once inquired the age of the gifted boy, to which he replied, readily, that "he was two years younger than her Majesty's happy reign."

It was remarked by the famous Earl of Salisbury, that Raleigh was a good orator, though a bad writer; Northampton a good writer, though a bad orator; but that Bacon excelled in both. Howell, who must have often listened to his oratory, speaks of him as "the eloquentest that was born in this isle."

His conversation is described as having been eminently fascinating, possessing, as he did, the power of adapting himself to every sort of com-

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pany and men of every variety of calling. Cheerful, merry, and a good listener, he delighted in practising an art which he enjoyed to an eminent degree, that of leading a man to talk on the subject in which he was most conversant. His memory was astonishing, yet he argued, according to Lloyd, rather from observation and his own reasonings than from books. He spent four hours every morning in study, during which period he never allowed himself to be interrupted.

Ben Jonson and Richard, Earl of Dorset, were among the number of his friends. The latter was so great an admirer of his genius, that, according to Aubrey, he employed Sir Thomas Billingsley (the celebrated horseman) to write down whatever fell from the lips of the great philosopher in his social discourse. Lord Bacon liked to compose in his garden, accompanied either by a friend or amanuensis, who instantly committed his thoughts to paper. Among others whom he thus employed was Thomas Hobbes of Malmsbury. Aubrey informs us that this person was so beloved by his lord that he "was wont to have him walk with him in his delicate groves when he did meditate, and when a notion darted into his mind Mr. Hobbes was presently to write it down; and his lord was wont to say that he did it better than any one else about him, for that many times when he read their notes he scarce understood what they writ, because they understood it not clearly themselves."

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His information on all subjects was astonishing. "I have heard him," says Osborne, in his "Advice to his Son," "entertain a country lord in the proper terms relating to hawks and dogs, and at another time out-cant a London chirurgeon." Of money, he said, it was like manure, of no use till it was spread.

Sometimes he would have music in the room adjoining that in which he composed. He was also accustomed to drink strong beer before going to bed, in order, we are told, "to lay his working fancy asleep, which otherwise would keep him waking a great part of the night." Sir Edward Coke, though he affected to undervalue him as a lawyer, appears to have been envious of his talent.

We are assured by Lloyd — though we freely confess our incredulity on the subject — that Bacon always fainted at an eclipse of the moon.

His manner of living was superb in the extreme, especially during the period when he was left regent of the kingdom, in the absence of King James in Scotland, when he gave audiences to the foreign ambassadors, in the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, almost with regal splendour. Aubrey says: "The aviary at York House was built by his lordship, and cost 300*l.* Every meal, according to the season of the year, he had his table strewed with sweet herbs and flowers, which, he said, did refresh his spirits and memory. When he was at

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his country-house at Gorhambury, St. Albans seemed as if the court had been there, so nobly did he live. His servants had liveries with his crest; his watermen were more employed by gentlemen than even the king's. King James sent a buck to him, and he gave the keeper 50*l.*" Howell, in his letters, mentions a similar instance of his liberality, on his receiving a buck from one of the royal domains. He sent for the under-keeper who had brought the present, and "having drunk the king's health unto him in a great silver gilt bowl," gave it to him as his fee.

In a venal age, some excuse may be made for the dishonest statesman or corrupt judge, on the ground that their malpractices are sanctioned by precedent, and by the examples set them by the greater number of their contemporaries. But Lord Bacon, not satisfied with common venality, occasionally sold his decisions to both parties. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, indeed, says that, if he was the instrument of mischief, it was rather from those about him than his own nature, "which his very countenance promised to be affable and gentle." That this great dispenser of justice was duped in the grossest manner by his own servants, there can be no doubt; these people, we are told, robbing him at the bottom of the table, while he himself sat immersed in philosophical reveries at the upper end. Three of his servants kept their coaches, and more than one maintained a racing

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establishment. A splendid casket of jewels, presented to him by the East India merchants, was embezzled without his discovering it, by his own page. When the fact was mentioned to him that his servants had actually purloined money from his closet, "Ah, poor men," he said, "that is their portion." When he returned home, after the knowledge of his disgrace, his servants, rising, as usual, in the hall to receive him, "Ah," he said, "your rise has been my fall." When they shortly afterward deserted him, he compared them to vermin which quit a house when their instinct tells them it is about to fall.

How extraordinary and how humiliating to human nature must have been that scene, when the great philosopher stood a cringing suppliant to his peers, "prostrating himself and sins;" craving pardon of God and his fellows, and humbly promising amendment for the future! When he delivered the great seal to the four peers who had been commissioned to receive it, "It was the king's favour," he said, "that gave me this; and it is through my own fault that he has taken it away." When the instrument was delivered to James, he muttered some words respecting his difficulty in selecting a successor, — "As to my lawyers," he said, "they are all knaves."

Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, happening to encounter him after his fall, wished him ironically, a merry Easter! "And to you, signior,"

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replied Bacon, "I wish a merry Pass-over!" The reply, it must be remembered not only comprehended a wish that the ambassador were well out of the kingdom, but alluded to his supposed Jewish origin, the greatest insult which could have been offered to a Spaniard.

Charles the First, at that time Prince of Wales, chanced also to meet Bacon in his coach shortly after his fall. The disgraced chancellor was retiring to the seclusion of his own house at Gorhambury, but accompanied with a train of horsemen, such as would have done honour to him in his prouder days. "Do all we can," remarked the prince, "this man scorns to go out like the snuff of a candle."

We should be more inclined to regard with something like leniency the gross corruption of this eminent man, but for his infamous ingratitude to his kindest, staunchest, and most disinterested friend, the unfortunate Earl of Essex; his treatment of that unhappy nobleman would have been disgraceful in a savage.

That many false aspersions, however, have been cast on his character, cannot be denied. Among others may be mentioned a story of Sir Anthony Weldon's, whose remarks are as scurrilous as his tale is undoubtedly exaggerated. A misunderstanding, he informs us, happened to exist between the chancellor and the Duke of Buckingham. The former, being desirous of obtaining an interview

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with the favourite, was kept waiting, during two successive days, in an apartment appropriated to the lowest menials in the duke's household. Weldon affirms that he himself saw him in this situation, seated on a wooden chest, with the chancellor's purse and seal lying beside him; and that he subsequently discovered from one of the servants that this indignity was imposed by the express orders of the duke. He adds that, when the chancellor was at length admitted into the presence of Buckingham, he threw himself prostrate on the ground and kissed the duke's feet. Judging from what we know of Lord Bacon's character, and especially from his letters to Buckingham, there is certainly no circumstance which tends in any way to support the charge of Weldon, either of such gross subserviency, on the one hand, or so much insolence on the other. Bacon's manly and beautiful letter of advice to Buckingham, on his first coming into power, is alone sufficient to rescue him from the absurd aspersions of a prejudiced scandal-monger.

Although the loss of power and place, as well as the debts which he had incurred while in power, reduced him to a state of comparative poverty, the stories which are related of his having been in actual distress are no doubt considerably exaggerated. Wilson informs us that, after his disgrace, he lived in obscurity in his house in Gray's Inn, and was in want to the last. The same writer em-

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bellishes his narrative with a curious tale. The beer, he informs us, in Lord Bacon's house being of a very bad quality, he occasionally sent to Sir Fulk Greville (Lord Brooke), who resided in the neighbourhood,[1] for a bottle of his lordship's beer. This boon, after considerable grumbling, the butler had at last positive orders to deny. "So sordid," adds Wilson, "was the man who had advanced himself to be called the friend of Sir Philip Sidney, and so friendless was the other after he had fallen from his high estate!"[2]

The degradation of this wonderful genius, while it distressed the good and gratified the evil, could even afford merriment to the wretched punsters of the age. Alluding alike to his misconduct and his poverty, his titles of Verulam and St. Albans were easily converted into Very-lame and St. All-bones. In the height of his distress, his neighbours in the country good-naturedly came forward, and offered to purchase an oak-wood on his property. "No," said Lord Bacon, "I will not sell my feathers."

Park has rescued from obscurity a copy of verses of no slight merit, the production of some

[1] Brooke Street and Greville Street, Holborn, point out the site of Brooke House. Lord Brooke was assassinated in this house by his own servant, on the 1st of September, 1628.

[2] It was Lord Brooke's chief ambition to be regarded as the friend of Sir Philip Sidney; indeed, he directed the circumstance to be recorded on his tombstone.

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philosophical poet of former days, who thus laments over the downfall of a great man:

"Dazzled thus with height of place,
While our hopes our wits beguile,
No man marks the narrow space
'Twixt a prison and a smile.

"Then, since Fortune's favours fade,
You that in her arms do sleep,
Learn to swim and not to wade,
For the hearts of kings are deep.

"But if greatness be so blind
As to trust in towers of air;
Let it be with goodness lined,
That at least the fall be fair.

"Then, though darken'd, you shall say,
When friends fall off, and princes frown;
Virtue is the roughest way,
But proves at night a bed of down."

Lord Bacon was himself a poet. Those who may be curious to see him in this light will find some specimens of his muse in Park's "Noble Authors," and also in Aubrey's "Letters of Eminent Men."

Wilson describes Lord Bacon as of a middling stature, his "presence grave and comely;" but adds that he early wore the appearance of old age. Aubrey says "he had a delicate, lively, hazel eye: Doctor Harvey told me it was like the eye of a viper." The same writer relates one

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or two characteristic anecdotes of this extraordinary man. He was once watching some fishermen from his garden at York House, when it occurred to him to offer them a certain sum for the results of their draught, but which they refused, considering it insufficient. On drawing up their net they found that it only contained two or three small fish. Lord Bacon told them they had better have accepted his offer. The men replied that they had hoped for better success. "Hope," said his lordship, "is a good breakfast, but a bad supper." According to Aubrey, none of his servants dared to appear before him except in boots of Spanish leather; he could always detect common leather, which was extremely offensive to his nerves.

When the Bishop of London cut down some fine trees at the episcopal palace at Fulham, Bacon told him that he was a good expounder of dark places.

When some person hinted to him that it was time to look about him, "Sir," was his reply, "I do not look about me; I look above me."

King James, says Howell, once asked his opinion of a French ambassador who had recently arrived. Bacon replied that he thought him a tall, well-looking man. "But what do you think of his head-piece?" asked the king. "Sir," said Bacon, "tall men are like houses of four or five stories, wherein, commonly, the uppermost room is worst furnished." I do not know whether this was the same French ambassador who told Lord Bacon,

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Francis, Lord Bacon.
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on their first introduction, that he had always compared him to an angel, of whom he had heard and read much, but had never seen. Bacon replied, modestly, that "if the charity of others compared him to an angel, his own infirmities told him that he was a man." If Bacon can at all be compared to an angel, it must certainly be to a fallen one.

In January, 1620, being then in the commencement of his sixtieth year, we find him keeping his birthday with considerable magnificence at York House, the scene of his early life, and his favourite residence in the days of his greatness. His old friend, Ben Jonson, celebrated the occasion with his vigorous muse. Though the lines are occasionally harsh, the compliment is felicitously introduced.

"Hail, happy Genius, of this ancient pile!
How comes it all things so about thee smile?
The fire, the wine, the men? and in the midst
Thou stand'st, as if some mystery thou didst!
Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
For whose returns, and many, all these pray:
And so do I. This is the sixtieth year
Since Bacon, and thy lord, was born and here;
Son to the grave, wise keeper of the seal,
Fame and foundation of the English weal.
What then his father was, that since is he,
Now with a little more to the degree.
England's high chancellor, the destined heir
In his soft cradle to his father's chair,

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Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full,
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.
'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be known,
For 'twere a narrow gladness, kept thine own.
Give me a deep-crowned bowl, that I may sing,
In raising him the wisdom of my king."

Disappointed in his repeated endeavours to return to place and power, Lord Bacon at length determined to devote the close of life to the pursuit of literature and science. Aubrey informs us, on the authority of Thomas Hobbes, that he owed his death to his indiscreet eagerness in pursuing a philosophical experiment. It had occurred to him that flesh might be preserved as well in snow as in salt. The snow at the time lying thick on the ground, he resolved to make the experiment; but "staid so long in doing it," that he was seized with a shivering fit, and was obliged to be carried to Lord Arundel's house at Highgate. Unfortunately he was placed in a damp bed, by which his disorder was so much aggravated that he died in a few days.

His death took place on the 9th of April, 1626. Conformably with his own wishes, he was buried, near the remains of his mother, in St. Michael's Church, St. Albans, the only place of worship in the ancient Verulam. His secretary, Sir Thomas Meautys, erected over him a fine monument and bust of white marble,[1] to which Sir Henry Wotton

[1] A few years since the bust was carried off in the night

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supplied the inscription. Howell writes to Doctor Pritchard: "My Lord Chancellor Bacon is lately dead of a languishing weakness; he died so poor that he scarce left money to bury him; which, though he had a great wit, did argue no great wisdom, it being one of the essential properties of a wise man to provide for the main chance. I have read that it hath been the fortune of all poets commonly to die beggars; but for an orator, a lawyer, and a philosopher, as he was, to die so, is rare. It seems the same fate befell him that attended Demosthenes, Seneca, and Cicero (all great men), of whom the two first fell by corruption. The fairest diamond may have a flaw in it; but I believe he died poor out of a contempt of the pelf of fortune, as also out of an excess of generosity." It may be remarked that the number and value of the legacies, which he bequeathed by his last will, have led to a disbelief of Bacon's poverty. Doctor Lingard, however, justly observes that, "as his executors refused to act, it may induce a suspicion that he left not wherewith to pay them." It is now known that he died insolvent.

Not many years after the death of Bacon, his grave was opened, and one King, a physician, became possessed of his skull. Fuller tells us that

through the chancel window, and the next morning was found broken in the churchyard. It is supposed that the thief, finding the weight too great for him, had been compelled to relinquish his booty.

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this remarkable relic was treated by King with "derision and scorn;" but the man, he adds, who "then derided the dead is since become the laughing-stock of the living."

Lord Bacon is described as having endured adversity with as little moderation as he had borne prosperity, and as having exhibited the same mean-spirited subserviency, in his intercourse with the great, which had formerly distinguished his attempts to rise to power in the days of Elizabeth, and his efforts to retain it in the reign of James. To this accusation, his letters to King James, after his fall, certainly attach no slight weight. In an appeal which he addressed to Prince Charles, there was a passage which had more wit than reverence; he said that, "as the father had been his creator, he hoped the son would be his redeemer." The name of Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn Lane, still points out the spot where one of the residences of Bacon once stood.

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CHAPTER VI.

EDWARD, LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY.

Autobiography of This Nobleman — He Is Sent Ambassador to Paris — Created Lord Herbert — His Marriage — His First Appearance before Queen Elizabeth — He Is Invested with the Order of the Bath — Spirit of Knight-errantry in the Days of James: Anecdotes — Quarrel between Lord Herbert and the Constable de Luines — Herbert's Personal Appearance — His Poetry — Contradictions in His Character — Extraordinary Instance of Vanity and Inconsistency — His Last Illness and Serene Death — Horace Walpole's Estimate of His Character.

THE life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, written by himself, is one of the most curious works of the kind that has ever issued from the press. Who can read without delight a narrative, and such a narrative, too, of the private foibles and most secret thoughts of the soldier, the statesman, the wit, and the philosopher? That he was truth itself is undoubted; and if his vanity sometimes occasions a smile, we must bear in mind the peculiar features of the period in which he lived. We must remember that chivalry was not then extinct, and that the smiles of beauty and the honours of

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battle were considered as indispensable in conferring not only reputation, but respect. Gifted by nature with wit, beauty, and talent, and possessing courage almost amounting to a fault, can we wonder that, in a martial and romantic age, Lord Herbert should have engaged the hearts of women, almost as universally as he won for himself the respect of men? If he speaks somewhat ostentatiously of his own merits, at least with equal candour he lays open to us his faults. His literary reputation is so well established that comment would be tiresome, and praise superfluous.

Lord Herbert was born in 1581. According to Anthony Wood, his birthplace was "a most pleasant and romantic spot in Wales, called Montgomery Castle, the seat of his father, Richard Herbert."[1] At the age of fourteen he was entered at University College, Oxford, from whence he proceeded on his travels. On the 28th of February, 1598, when only seventeen, he was married to a daughter of Sir William Herbert, of St. Gillian's. The match seems to have been one of convenience, the lady, among other circumstances, being six years older than himself. At the coronation of James the First, he was made a Knight of the Bath, and in 1616 was sent ambassador to Paris, principally for the purpose of inter-

[1] This is a mistake. Lord Herbert himself informs us that he was born at Eyton, in Shropshire, the residence of his mother's family, the Newports. — *Life of Himself.*

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ceding for the French Protestants. He held this important post for five years, when his famous quarrel with the Constable Luines led to his recall. In 1625 he was created by James I. Baron Herbert, of Castle Island, in Ireland; and in 1629, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in Shropshire, by Charles the First.

Lord Herbert made his first appearance in London in his nineteenth year. "Curiosity," he says, "rather than ambition, brought me to court, and as it was the manner of those times for all men to kneel down before the great Queen Elizabeth, who then reigned, I was likewise upon my knees in the presence-chamber, when she passed by to the chapel at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me, she stopped, and, swearing her usual oath, demanded, 'Who is this?' Everybody there present looked upon me, but no man knew me, till Sir James Croft, a pensioner, finding the queen stayed, returned back and told who I was, and that I had married Sir William Herbert of St. Gillian's daughter. The queen hereupon looked attentively upon me, and, swearing again her ordinary oath, said, 'It is pity he was married so young;' and thereupon gave her hand to kiss twice, both times gently clapping me on the cheek."

Lord Herbert's account of his being invested with the Order of the Bath throws a curious light on the manners of the time. The placing the spur

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upon the right heel was then an important part of the ceremony. His esquire, he informs us, was standing near him, prepared to perform the office, when the Earl of Shrewsbury himself kindly approached him. "Cousin," he said, "I believe you will be a good knight, and therefore I will put on your spur; whereupon, after my most humble thanks for so great a favour, I held up my leg against the wall, and he put on my spur."

He then proceeds to describe the nature of the oath which he was called upon to take: "Never," he says, "to sit in a place where injustice shall be done without righting it to the utmost of my power, and particularly ladies and gentlemen that shall be wronged in their honour, if they demand assistance, and many other points not unlike the romances of Knight-Errant."

"The second day to wear robes of crimson taffeta, and so ride from St. James's to Whitehall with our esquires, upon the left sleeve whereon is fastened certain strings before us, and the third day to wear a gown of purple satin weaved of white silk and gold tied in a knot and tassels of the same,[1] which all the knights are

[1] This custom of fastening a knot or riband of white silk to the left shoulder of the knight is as old as the time of Henry IV., the supposed founder of the order. Froissart says that, at his coronation, that monarch created forty-six knights, to whom he gave "long green coats, the sleeves whereof were cut straight and furred with minever, and with great hoods or chaperons furred in the same manner, and after the fashion used by prel-

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obliged to wear until they have done something famous in arms, or till some lady of honour take it off and fasten it on her sleeve, saying, 'I will answer he shall prove a good knight.' I had not long worn this string, but a principal lady of the court, and certainly in most men's opinions the handsomest, took mine off, and said she would pledge her honour for mine. I do not name this lady, because some passages happened afterward which oblige me to silence, though nothing could be justly said to her prejudice or wrong."

It is curious to discover to how late a period of our history the spirit of knight-errantry descended. A Knight of the Bath at the present day may have achieved the insignia of his order at Waterloo or Trafalgar; he has won them, perhaps, by good and brave deeds, but little more is required for the future than the merit of preserving them unstained. But, even as late as the days of James, there still existed that quixotic enthusiasm, and that high standard of honour, which, however we may be disposed to regard them as fantastic, were once practised by the wisest and the best, and threw an undefinable interest over the social relations of former times. Let us see by what obligations a philosopher and historian, such as was

ates; and every one of these knights on his left shoulder had a double cordon, or string of white silk, to which white tassels were pendent." The appendix to Anstis's "Observations on the Knighthood of the Bath" affords a curious picture of the ceremonies of investment in the reign of James I.

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Lord Herbert, considered himself bound. The following circumstance occurred during one of his visits to the Castle of Merlon, the residence of the Constable de Montmorency, whither he had been invited by the constable's daughter, the Duchesse de Vantadour. "Passing," he says, "two or three days here, it happened one evening that a daughter of the duchess, of about ten or eleven years of age, going one evening from the castle to walk in the meadows, myself, with divers French gentlemen, attended her, and some gentlemen that were with her; this young lady, wearing a knot of riband on her head, a French cavalier took it suddenly and fastened it to his hat-band; the young lady offended herewith, demands her riband, but he refusing to restore it, the young lady, addressing herself to me, said, 'Monsieur, I pray get my riband from that gentleman.' Hereupon, going toward him, I courteously, with my hat in my hand, desired him to do me the honour that I may deliver the lady her riband or bouquet again; but he roughly answering me, 'Do you think I will give it to you when I have refused it to her?' I replied, 'Nay, then, sir, I will make you restore it by force,' whereupon, also, putting on my hat, and reaching at his, he, to save himself, ran away, and after a long course in the meadow, finding that I had almost overtook him, he turned short, and, running to the young lady, was about to put the riband in her hand, when I, seizing upon his arm, said to the

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young lady, 'It was I that gave it.' 'Pardon me,' quoth she, 'it is he that gives it me.' I then said, 'Madame, I will not contradict you, but if he dare to say that I did not constrain him to give it I will fight with him.' The French gentleman answered nothing thereunto for the present, and so conducted the young lady again to the castle. The next day I desired Mr. Aurelian Townsend to tell the French cavalier that either he must confess that I constrained him to restore the riband or fight with me; but the gentleman seeing him unwilling to accept of this challenge, went out from the place, whereupon, I following him, some of the gentlemen that belonged to the constable, taking notice hereof, acquainted him therewith, who, sending for the French cavalier, checked him well for his sauciness in taking the riband away from his grandchild, and afterward bid him depart his house; and this was all that I ever heard of the gentleman with whom I proceeded in that manner, because I thought myself obliged thereunto by the oath taken when I was made Knight of the Bath, as I formerly related upon this occasion."

Lord Herbert afterward mentions another instance of similar gallantry on his part, which occurred in the apartments of Anne of Denmark, at Greenwich. A Scotch gentleman had snatched a riband from Miss Middlemore, the queen's favourite maid of honour, who begged Lord Herbert

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to procure its restitution.[1] The delinquent refusing to part with it, Lord Herbert seized him by the throat, and had almost succeeded in throwing him down, when they were separated by the bystanders. Their subsequent hostile meeting in Hyde Park was prevented by an injunction of the lords of the Council.

Lord Orford says of Lord Herbert, that "he returned the insolence of the great Constable Luines with the spirit of a gentleman, without committing his dignity of ambassador." This quarrel is a memorable one. The French king, Louis the Thirteenth, was preparing vigorous measures against his Protestant subjects, in whose favour Lord Herbert had been sent to mediate. His instructions were to obtain his end, if possible, by peaceable persuasions; or, should that appear impracticable, to enforce his arguments by threats. Having obtained an interview with the constable, he explained to him calmly the great interest which the court of England took in this religious warfare. De Luines inquired rudely by what right the king, his master, interfered in their affairs. "The king, my master," replied the ambas-

[1] At a later period, we find James I. granting a patent to Mary Middlemore, maid of honour to his beloved consort Queen Anne, to search for treasure among the ruined abbeys of Glastonbury, Rumsey, and Bury St. Edmunds. The person really intended to be benefited was doubtless the queen; but there existed, probably, many reasons which would have rendered it inexpedient to insert her name in the patent.

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sador, "oweth an account of his reasons to no man, and, for myself, it is sufficient that I obey him." He added, however, "that if the question were asked in more courteous terms, he was willing to satisfy him on the subject." "We will have none of your advices," replied the constable. "That," said Lord Herbert, "is a sufficient answer; and I am now charged to inform you that we know very well what to do." "We do not fear you," said De Luines. "If you had said that you did not love us, I should have believed you," said the ambassador. "By G——," retorted the constable, "if you were not an ambassador I would treat you after another fashion." "If I am an ambassador," said Lord Herbert, "I am also a gentleman; and this," laying his hand upon his sword, "shall be my answer." He then rose from his chair and went toward the door, to which De Luines, with a show of civility, offered to accompany him; but Lord Herbert told him that, after such language, there was no need of ceremony.

He remained some days in the town expecting to hear from the constable; but instead of a hostile message, he was informed by the Maréchal de Saint Geran, that having mortally offended the minister, he was in no place of security. "As long as my sword is by my side," said Lord Herbert, "I am in a place of safety." The constable, it seems, for the purpose of laying a formal complaint against Lord Herbert, procured his own

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brother to be sent ambassador extraordinary into England, and Lord Herbert was in consequence recalled. On his return to England he obtained an audience of King James; and, having cleared himself from the charges which had been brought against him, requested his majesty's permission to send a trumpeter to the constable, challenging him to single combat. The king told him that he would consider of it. The constable shortly afterward died, and the gallant philosopher returned to Paris.

The strictest respecter of truth may unconsciously give too fair a colouring to a narrative of his own conduct. Perhaps De Luines was not altogether to blame. Certainly Lord Herbert was a hot-headed man, and Camden even goes so far as to make him the party most to blame, observing pointedly that he treated the constable with irreverence.

Lord Herbert is generally described as a very handsome man. Aubrey alone, who had been frequently in his society, speaks of him as a "black man;" the whole-length engraving of him, from the original, by Oliver, which forms the frontispiece of Dodsley's edition of his Life, affords the same notion of his swarthiness.

It may not be generally known that, among his other accomplishments, Lord Herbert was no indifferent poet. There is an elegant copy of verses by him, entitled:

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AN ODE

Upon the Question moved, whether Love should continue for ever?

The two opening stanzas are very pleasing:

"Having interr'd her infant birth,
The watery Ground, that late did mourn,
Was strew'd with flowers, for the return
Of the wish'd bridegroom of the Earth.

"The well-accorded birds did sing
Their hymns unto the pleasant time;
And, in a sweet consorted chime,
Did welcome in the cheerful Spring."

They conclude:

"Oh! no, beloved! I am most sure
Those virtuous habits we acquire,
As being with the soul entire,
Must with it evermore endure.

"Else should our souls in vain elect;
And vainer yet were Heaven's laws,
When to an everlasting cause
They give a perishing effect.

"Nor here on earth then, nor above,
Our good affection can impair;
For, where God doth admit the fair,
Think you that he excluded Love?

"These eyes again thine eyes shall see,
These hands again thine hands infold;
And all chaste pleasures can be told,
Shall with us everlasting be:

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"For if no use of sense remain,
When bodies once this life forsake,
Or they could no delight partake,
Why should they ever rise again?

"Let then no doubt, Celinda, touch,
Much less your fairest mind invade;
Were not our souls immortal made,
Our equal loves can make them such."

There were many contradictions in Lord Herbert's character. "The same man," observes Granger, "was wise and capricious; redressed wrongs, and quarrelled for punctilios; hated bigotry in religion, and was himself a bigot to philosophy. He exposed himself to such dangers as other men of courage would have carefully declined, and called in question the fundamentals of a religion which none had the hardiness to dispute besides himself." His famous philosophical work, "De Veritate," was expressly written against revealed religion. With the publication of this work is connected an extraordinary instance of human vanity and human inconsistency. The same man, whose time and talents had been employed in arguing against the possible existence of miracles, was, nevertheless, ready to believe that the divine intentions were communicated miraculously to himself; in a word, he who discredited a revelation, which comprehended the happiness of the whole human race, was, notwithstanding, fully convinced that a miracle was

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wrought in his own person, and that a preternatural agency was employed to watch over himself and his own insignificant pursuits. "Being," he says, "in my chamber, one fair day in the summer, my casement being opened toward the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book, 'De Veritate,' in my hand, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words: 'Oh, thou Eternal God, Author of the light which now shines upon me, and Giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee, of thy infinite goodness, to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book, "De Veritate;" if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it.'

"I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud, though yet gentle noise came from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth), which did so comfort and cheer me that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded, whereupon, also, I resolved to print my book. This (how strange soever it may seem) I profess before the eternal God is true; neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky that ever I saw, being without all cloud, did to my thinking see the place from whence it came."

Lord Herbert was at least a conscientious

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deist. According to Aubrey, twice a day he had prayers in his house, and on Sundays a sermon was preached by his chaplain.

In his last illness, when he knew himself to be dying, he expressed a wish that Archbishop Usher might be sent for. When it was proposed to him to receive the sacrament, he said indifferently, that if there was good in anything it was in that, and at all events it could do him no harm. Under the circumstances the primate refused to administer it, for which he was afterward much blamed. Lord Herbert died serenely. Shortly before he breathed his last, he inquired the hour, and on receiving a reply, "An hour hence," he said, "I shall depart." He then turned his face to the opposite side, and shortly afterward expired.

His death took place in his house in Queen Street, St. Giles's in the Fields, in 1648. In his will, he gave directions that a white horse, to which he was much attached, should be carefully fed and attended to during its life. He also bequeathed a large collection of books to Jesus College, Oxford. On the 5th of August, 1648, he was buried in the chancel of St. Giles's Church in the Fields. "As a soldier," says Horace Walpole, "he won the esteem of those great captains, the Prince of Orange and the Constable de Montmorency; as a knight, his chivalry was drawn from the purest founts of the 'Faerie Queene.' Had he been ambitious, the beauty of his person

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would have carried him as far as any gentle knight can aspire to go. As a public minister, he supported the dignity of his country, even when its prince disgraced it; and that he was qualified to write its annals as well as to ennoble them, the history I have mentioned proves, and must make us lament that he did not complete, or that we have lost, the account he purposed to give of his embassy. These busy scenes were blended with, and terminated by, meditation and philosophic inquiries. Strip each period of its excesses and errors, and it will not be easy to trace out or dispose the life of a man of quality into a succession of employments which would better become him. Valour and military activity in youth; business of state in middle age; contemplation and labours for the information of posterity in the calmer scenes of closing life." Such is the outline of Lord Herbert's character, as sketched by another. He has himself completed the picture by his own curious delineation of his private thoughts and secret motives for action, forming, if not the most perfect, at least one of the most remarkable characters in the gallery of human portraits.

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CHAPTER VII.

ARCHEE, THE COURT FOOL.

Use and Importance in Former Days of the Office of Royal Fool — Character of Archibald Armstrong, King James's Jester — His Witty Sayings — His Success at Madrid — His Feud with Archbishop Laud — His Dismissal from Court — His Retirement after His Disgrace — His Gallantry.

In days when the blessings of literature were unknown, and when the sovereign could scarcely read or write, the royal fool, or jester, must have been a person of no slight importance in dissipating the dullness of a barbarous court. In the long nights and rainy days he must have been invaluable. At the insipid banquets of royalty, formality and stateliness disappeared before him; he enlivened illiterate boorishness, and gave spirit to flagging conviviality. The guests made him their butt, and he repaid their ridicule with impunity and applause. To the sovereign his society was almost indispensable. In the presence of his fool, the monarch could unbend and be perfectly at his ease. He could either amuse himself with his buffoonery, or he could vent on him his spleen.

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Sometimes this singular familiarity appears to have produced a real attachment on the part of the jester. We find him taking advantage of his peculiar license, and under the mask, and in the language of folly, communicating wholesome and important truths, to which the most powerful noble would scarcely have ventured an allusion.

The character of the court fool in former days is commonly somewhat undervalued. Generally speaking he was a compound of humour, tact, and impudence; and obtained his title less from being, than from playing, the fool. In many instances, the man who wore a cap and bells had quite as much sense as the man who was decorated with a coronet. Archibald Armstrong (for such was Archee's real name) was as shrewd, sensible, witty, and good-humoured an individual as ever filled the high station to which he had been called. In our times he would have probably been famous for conversational pleasantry, or as a writer of facetious fiction. Unfortunately, his good sayings are now almost entirely lost to the world. The book of "Jests," which bears his name, is too wretched a production to be genuine. The man who bearded and ridiculed the proudest prelate since the days of Wolsey could never have uttered such indifferent nonsense.

His conversation with King James, when the latter was weak enough to trust his heir in the Spanish dominions, is quite admirable: "I must

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change caps with your Majesty," said Archee. "Why?" inquired the king. "Why, who," replied Archee, "sent the prince into Spain?" "But, supposing," returned James, "that the prince should come safely back again?" "Why, in that case," said Archee, "I will take my cap from my head, and send it to the King of Spain."

Archee, however tender of the prince's safety, had no objection to trust his own person among the pleasures of the Spanish capital. Probably he followed in the train of some of the young courtiers, who hastened to join the prince in his romantic expedition. His wit and his impudence made him as much at home at Madrid as he had formerly been in London. While the prince could with difficulty interchange a syllable with his beloved infanta, Archee was not only admitted into her presence, but became a familiar favourite with the Spanish ladies. "Our cousin, Archee," says Howell, in one of his curious letters from Madrid, "hath more privilege than any, for he often goes with his fool's coat where the infanta is with her *meninas* and ladies of honour, and keeps a blowing and blustering amongst them, and flirts out what he lists." One day the subject of conversation was the gallantry of the Duke of Bavaria, who, at the head of an inconsiderable force, had routed a large army of the palsgrave. The latter, being son-in-law to King James, rendered the topic a displeasing one to an Englishman. "I will

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tell you a stranger circumstance," said Archee; "is it not more singular that one hundred and forty ships should have sailed from Spain, to attack England, and that not ten of them should have returned to tell what became of the rest?"

Archee's famous feud with Archbishop Laud must have been productive of considerable amusement to the more mischievous courtiers. He once asked permission to say grace, at a dinner where that dignified prelate was present. On his request being granted, "Great praise," he said, "be to God, and little *Laud* to the devil." Osborne says, in his "Advice to a Son," "He was not only able to continue the dispute for diverse years, but received such encouragements from the standers-by, as he hath oft, in my hearing, thrown in his face such miscarriages as he was really guilty of, and might, but for this foul-mouthed Scot, have been forgotten." There is a pamphlet in the British Museum, curious from its scarcity, entitled "Archee's Dream." Unfortunately, it contains no particulars respecting the history of this remarkable humourist, and is, in fact, little more than a malicious tirade against Laud, during whose imprisonment it was published. There is a poetical postscript, which concludes as follows:

"His fool's coat now is in far better case,
Than he who yesterday had so much grace.
Changes of time surely cannot be small,
When jesters rise, and archbishops fall."

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The discomfiture of the archbishop, when he attempted to introduce the English Liturgy into the Scottish Church, appears to have been highly gratifying to Archee. A stool had been thrown at the clergyman's head who first attempted to read it in St. Giles's Church, Edinburgh. Archee facetiously called it the stool of repentance. The religious commotions which followed excited considerable uneasiness at court. In the midst of them, Archee happened to encounter the archbishop on his way to the council-chamber. "Ah," said he, "who's the fool now?" For this, and other insolences, Laud laid a complaint before the king, who was present in council at the time. When brought before the council he pleaded the privilege of his cloth; but buffoonery was now out of place, and he was sentenced to be dismissed from his post. The order, dated Whitehall, 11th of March, 1637, is still preserved, and runs as follows:

"It is this day ordered by his Majesty, with the advice of the Board, that Archibald Armstrong, the king's fool, for certain scandalous words of a high nature, spoken by him against the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, his Grace, and proved to be uttered by him by two witnesses, shall have his coat pulled over his head, and be discharged of the king's service, and banished the court; for which the lord chamberlain of the king's household is prayed and required to give order to be

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executed. And immediately the same was put in execution."

The circumstances of Archee's dismissal are more fully described by Mr. Garrard, in a letter to the Earl of Strafford. He writes, 20th March, 1637; "Archee is fallen into a great misfortune; a fool he would be, but a foul-mouthed knave he has proved himself. Being in a tavern in Westminster drunk (he says himself he was speaking of the Scottish business), he fell a railing on my Lord of Canterbury; said he was a monk, a rogue, and a traitor. Of this his Grace complained at council, the king being present. It was ordered he should be carried to the porter's lodge, his coat pulled over his ears, and kicked out of the court, never to enter within the gates, and to be called into the Star Chamber. The first part is done, but my Lord of Canterbury hath interceded to the king, that there it should end. There is a new fool in his place, Muckle John, but he will ne'er be so rich, for he cannot abide money."

The writer of the "Scout's Discovery," printed in 1642, mentions his falling in with the discarded mountebank about a week after his dismissal. "I met Archee," he says, "at the abbey, all in black. Alas! poor fool, thought I, he mourns for his country. I asked him about his coat. Oh, quoth he, my Lord of Canterbury hath taken it from me, because either he or some of the Scots bishops may have the use of it themselves; but he hath

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given me a black coat for it; and now I may speak what I please, so it be not against the prelates, for this coat hath a greater privilege than the other had."

Archee, after his disgrace, retired to the scene of his birth, Arthuret, in Cumberland, where he died at an advanced age, in 1672. The fallen jester seems to have carried with him his court gallantry, inasmuch as the parish register of Arthuret bears record to his admiration for the fair sex. The following notices were extracted from it by Lysons:

"Francis, the base son of Archibald Armstrong, baptised December 17, 1643."
"Archibald Armstrong and Sybella Bell, married June 4, 1646."
"Archibald Armstrong, buried April 1st, 1672."

It appears by the Strafford Papers, and also by the following lines attached to the portrait which is prefixed to his "Jests," that Archee had contrived to make his fortune before he was disgraced:

"Archee, by kings and princes graced of late,
Jested himself into a fair estate;
And, in this book, doth to his friends commend,
His jeers, taunts, tales, which no man can offend."

He was buried in the churchyard of Arthuret, but there is no memorial there of the burial-place of the jester.

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CHAPTER VIII.

CHARLES I.

Public Character of Charles the First — His Domestic Virtues — Political Features of the Period — Infancy and Baptism of Charles — Pageant on His Being Created Duke of York — His Physical Infirmities — Placed under the Tuition of Murray — Anecdotes of Charles and Prince Henry — Juvenile Letters of Charles — Created Prince of Wales — His Progress in Theological Knowledge — His General Accomplishments and Prowess in Tilting — Projected Match between Charles and Mary of Spain — Intended Journey of Charles to Madrid — His Father's Feelings on the Subject, and Buckingham's Haughty Violence — Interview between the King and Sir Francis Cottington — Advice of the Latter as to Charles's Journey to Spain — Buckingham's Anger.

No monarch could be more disqualified to stem a great political torrent than was Charles the First. Had he been born in a private station, he would have adorned it by the purity of his morals and the refinement of his taste; or, indeed, had he lived at any other period of our history, he would at least have been regarded as an amiable and accomplished, if not as an illustrious prince. But it was his misfortune to live in troubled and extraordinary times. A people had been roused to a sense of their wrongs. The spirit of freedom was

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abroad; and a watchword was merely wanting to arm a nation in favour of those privileges, of which, in times of darkness and slavery, they had been fraudulently deprived. Under such circumstances, the errors and oppressions of a long line of kings were easily associated with their reigning representative; and Charles became the sacrifice to a long established system of misrule, as much, if not more, than to individual offence.

The hero and the martyr of one faction, and the reputed tyrant of another, few monarchs have been more exalted by their friends, or execrated by their enemies. Let us, however, in discussing the character of Charles, divest ourselves as much as possible from the curse of party prejudice. Let us separate the monarch from the man, the pious Christian from the wavering politician; ever bearing in mind that the faults of the prince were the dictates of conscience, that his failings were the result of education, but that all his virtues were his own.

On the one hand, then, we discover a weak and vacillating monarch, submitting to the narrow counsels of inferior minds, neither compromising with grace, nor refusing with dignity; enforcing religious intolerance; and contending with the energies of a great people, and the genius of a remarkable period, by unmeaning promises and paltry intrigues. Unfortunately, in the political and most contemptible school of his father, he

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had early been initiated in kingcraft and insincerity; and the same prince whose high sense of honour was remarkable in private life proved lamentably deficient in political integrity. It was this great moral failing which rendered his war with his subjects a war to the knife. Where truth was made subservient to policy on the one hand, submission was rendered impracticable on the other; for how could his subjects restore to him a power, which they imagined, however solemn the compact, would be turned against themselves? If reliance is to be placed in the assurances of Cromwell, it was this trait in the political character of his victim which signed the death-warrant of Charles.

Notwithstanding the ingenious defence of Hume and of other writers, such, it is to be feared, is the public character of Charles the First. On the other hand, he was brave, chaste, temperate, and humane; a pious Christian, an affectionate husband, and an indulgent father. Let us follow him through his many misfortunes. Let us regard him through the gratings of his prison, or amidst the dark solemnity of the scaffold. Let us recall his many griefs. A king deprived of his inheritance; the husband torn from his wife, and the father from his children; reviled and spit upon by the meanest of his subjects; dragged to a public trial, and trusting only to a still more public execution for release from his miseries; he yet

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endured all with a meekness and a dignity so beautiful as to be almost unparalleled in the history of human suffering or of human fortitude.

Charles the First was born at Dumfermline, in Scotland, the 19th of November, 1600. So weak was he at his birth, that it was hardly expected he could survive his infancy, and consequently, on the 23d of December following, he was hastily christened according to the rites of the Episcopalian Church of Scotland, but without any of those ceremonies which usually attend the baptism of royal infants. When only four years old, on Twelfth-day, 1605, he was created Duke of York, as well as Knight of the Bath, with ridiculous solemnity: a sword was girded on his side, a coronet of gold placed on his head, and a golden verge in his hand. The absurdity of the solemnity was exaggerated by his being carried in the arms of the venerable and illustrious hero of the Armada, Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England.

A pageant, which followed the ceremony, is described by Sir Dudley Carleton in a letter to Winwood, dated January, 1605, and affords a very curious picture of the manners of the time. "There was a public dinner in the great chamber, where there was one table for the duke and his earls assistants, another for his fellow Knights of the Bath. At night we had the queen's mask in the Banqueting-house, or, rather, her pageant.

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There was a great engine at the lower end of the room, which had motion, and in it were the images of sea-horses, with other terrible fishes, which were ridden by Moors. The indecorum was that there was all fish and no water. At the further end was a great shell, in the form of a scallop, wherein were four seats. In the lowest sat the queen with my Lady Bedford; in the rest were placed my Ladies Suffolk, Derby, Rich, Effingham, Ann Herbert, Susan Herbert, Elizabeth Howard, Walsingham, and Bevil. Their appearance was rich, but too light and courtesan-like for such great ones. Instead of visards, their faces and arms, up to the elbows, were painted black, which was disguise sufficient, for they were hard to be known; but it became them nothing so well as their red and white, and you cannot imagine a more ugly sight than a troop of lean-cheeked Moors. The Spanish and Venetian ambassadors were both present, and sat by the king in state, at which Monsieur Beaumont quarrels so extremely, that he saith the whole court is Spanish. But, by his favour he should fall out with none but himself, for they were all indifferently invited to come as private men to a private sport, which he refusing, the Spanish ambassadors willingly accepted, and, being there, seeing no cause to the contrary, he put off Don Taxis, and took upon him El Señor Embaxadour, wherein he outstripped our little Monsieur. He was privately at the first

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mask, and sat amongst his men disguised; at this he was taken out to dance, and footed it like a lusty old gallant, with his countrywoman. He took out the queen, and forgot not to kiss her hand, though there was danger it would have left a mark on his lips. The night's work was concluded with a banquet in the great chamber, which was so furiously assaulted that down went table and trestles before one bit was touched. They say the Duke of Holst will come upon us with an after reckoning, and that we shall see him on Candlemas night in a mask, as he hath showed himself a lusty reveller all this Christmas."

Previous to the young prince having been brought from Scotland, on the accession of his father to the English throne, many of the court ladies had been anxious suitors for the guardianship of the child. No sooner, however, were they made acquainted with his sickly condition, and the apparent probability of his dying in their charge, than all this anxiety vanished. Charles was eventually entrusted to the lady of Sir Robert Cary, afterward Earl of Monmouth, a man ever on the watch for preferment, and who, as appears by his own memoirs, had eagerly solicited the honour, notwithstanding the risk.

The chief infirmity of Charles was a weakness in his legs, by which, in his infancy, he was so much distressed that till his seventh year he had been compelled to crawl upon his hands and knees.

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Cary himself informs us that the prince was so weak in his ankles that he could not even stand alone, and that it was much feared there was a dislocation of the joints. The king was anxious to make the experiment of iron boots, but Lady Cary so strenuously protested against their being adopted, that his Majesty eventually submitted to her superior judgment.

Charles had also remained so long a period before he acquired the faculty of speech, that it was more than apprehended he had been born dumb. James proposed that the string under his tongue should be cut, but this remedy was also successfully opposed by Lady Cary. Probably it was these infantine infirmities that rendered Charles the especial favourite of his mother, Anne of Denmark. She used to say, observes Weldon, that she loved him as dearly as her own soul.

In his sixth year, one Thomas Murray, a layman, was appointed his tutor. Little more can be collected respecting this person than the brief notice of Perinchief, who describes him as well qualified for the office, though a favourer of Presbyterianism.[1] Under the tuition of Murray he made a creditable progress in learning. Prince Henry often jested with his young brother on the diligence

[1] Murray was afterward rewarded with the provostship of Eton by James I. He died in July, 1625, and was succeeded as provost by Sir Henry Wotton, Lord Bacon being an unsuccessful candidate for the appointment.

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with which he applied himself to his studies. On one occasion, when they were waiting with the court for the king to make his appearance, Henry caught up the cap of Archbishop Abbot and put it on his brother's head. If he continued a good boy, he said, and attended to his book, he would one day make him Archbishop of Canterbury. Henry used to say, at other times, that he would hereafter make his brother a bishop in order that he might wear a gown to hide his legs. This piece of pleasantry had, of course, allusion to Charles's weakness in those parts of his person, and is the least amiable trait which has been related of Henry. Osborne tells us that he would occasionally taunt his brother Charles till he wept; and yet, throughout the several childish epistles which passed between Henry and his younger brother, there is not the remotest trace of any unkindly feeling. The following juvenile letters are pleasing specimens of their good understanding, and especially of the affectionate disposition of Charles. They were severally addressed by Prince Charles to his brother Henry.

"SWEET, SWEET BROTHER:—I thank you for your letter. I will keep it better than all my graith; and I will send my pistols by Master Newton.[1] I will give anything that I have to you; both my horses, and my books, and my pieces,

[1] Probably Adam Newton, Prince Henry's tutor.

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and my crossbows, or anything that you would have. Good brother, love me, and I shall ever love and serve you.

"Your loving brother to be commanded,

"YORK."

"GOOD BROTHER: — I hope you are in good health and merry, as I am, God be thanked. In your absence I visit sometimes your stable and ride your great horses, that at your return I may wait on you in that noble exercise. So committing you to God, I rest,

"Your loving and dutiful brother,

"YORK.

"*To my brother the prince.*"

"SIR: — Please your Highness; I do keep your hares in breath, and I have very good sport; I do wish the king and you might see it. So longing to see you, I kiss your hands and rest,

"Yours to be commanded,

"YORK.

"My maid's service to you.

"*To his Highness.*"

Among the letters addressed to King James by his family, which are preserved in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, are several juvenile compositions, in Latin, French, and English, from Prince Charles, then Duke of York. The following is a specimen.

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"SWEETE: — Sweet father, I learn to decline substantives and adjectives, give me your blessing; I thank you for my best man.

"Your loving son,

"YORK.

"*To my father the king.*"

In his eleventh year, Charles was made a Knight of the Garter. At the death of his brother, in 1612, he succeeded to the Dukedom of Cornwall, and in 1616 was created Prince of Wales. His progress in learning, and especially in theological knowledge, afforded great pleasure to his father, King James. "Charles," said the king to his chaplains, "shall manage a point in controversy with the best studied divine of you all." Still, however, the prince neither despised, nor lost sight of, the amusements and elegancies of life. He was perfect, says Perinchief, "in vaulting, riding the great horse, running at the ring, shooting in crossbows,[1] muskets, and sometimes great pieces

[1] The crossbow was made use for the purposes of sport to a much later period than is generally supposed. About this time Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, when on a visit at Bramshall, the seat of Edward, Lord Zouch, had the misfortune to kill a keeper with this instrument, instead of striking the deer at which he had aimed. It is a curious fact that, by this mischance, it was rendered very doubtful whether the common law of England did not necessarily suspend the archbishop from all ecclesiastical function, and render the see vacant. The question was referred to sundry bishops (rather interested judges) and others, among whom there arose a great diversity of opinion. The decision appears to have been principally influenced by the question, —

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of ordnance." This account of his accomplishments is borne out by the testimony of other writers. He is mentioned by Sir Symonds D'Ewes as a successful tilter; and at a tournament which took place in 1619, his prowess and activity are specially mentioned.

The Comte de Brienne, also, mentions an occasion of Charles breaking some lances with laudable dexterity; and, again, we find Howell writing from Madrid, that the prince had been fortunate enough to be successful at the ring, before the eyes of his mistress, the infanta. His love for the fine arts was early displayed, and the correctness of his taste has never been disputed.

The match between Charles and Mary, second daughter of Philip the Third of Spain, was first set on foot in 1617, and was protracted, with various hopes of success, till 1622. The accomplishment of this matrimonial project was the darling object of King James. The immense fortune which it was expected would accompany the hand of the

whether a bishop or archbishop could lawfully hunt in his own or any other park? This difficulty was cleared away by Sir Edward Coke, who produced a law by which it was enacted that, at the demise of a bishop, the king had the disposal of his hounds; from whence it was inferred that the bishop could lawfully make use of the animals in his lifetime. — *Heylin, Life of Laud.* The method at this time, in sporting, was for the keeper to wound the deer with his crossbow, when two or three well-disciplined dogs were let loose, and pursued him till he fell. — *Life of Lord Keeper Guildford.* On the 28th July, 1620, Francis Norris, Earl of Berkshire, put an end to his existence with a crossbow.

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princess; the king's ambition to unite his son with a daughter of one of the great powers of France or Spain; and especially the restitution of the palatinate to his son-in-law, which he hoped would follow a marriage with the infanta, rendered the scheme, however obnoxious to his subjects, irresistibly tempting to himself.

A delay of five years, if it was displeasing to an old king, was no less so to a young and romantic prince; and Charles, fond of adventure, and enamoured with charms which he had never seen, was induced to enter eagerly into that chivalrous project of visiting the Spanish capital, which even in the annals of knight errantry has hardly been outmatched.

The journey of Charles to Madrid is believed to have been originally suggested by Buckingham. This fact, indeed, is not only asserted by more than one contemporary writer, but Buckingham himself imparted to his confidant, Gerbier, that he was the author of the project. The wily favourite, jealous lest the Earl of Bristol, the king's ambassador to Spain, should obtain all the credit of conducting the match, and, moreover, anxious to establish a lasting claim on the prince's gratitude, and to associate himself with his most private feelings, made use of every argument in his power in order to engage the prince in his designs. He was not without supporters. Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, endeavoured

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to soften all difficulties, and Bristol himself wrote from Madrid that the personal accomplishments of Charles would be sure to carry the day.

Everything having been duly concerted between the prince and Buckingham, the next step was to obtain the consent of the king. This, however, was no easy matter; for though a very wild enterprise might appear extremely smooth to two chivalrous young men, the monarch, who was anxious for his heir, and answerable to his subjects for his safety, was likely to think very differently on such a subject. An opportunity, however, was selected when the king was in an excellent humour, when Charles, throwing himself on his knees before his father, earnestly entreated him to give his consent to the expedition. Buckingham was the only bystander, and anxiously awaited the reply. James, after listening with great calmness to his son's proposition, turned imploringly toward Buckingham, as if desirous to ascertain his opinion. The duke, on his part, naturally made use of every persuasion in his power, and eventually enforced his arguments with so much vigour and ingenuity that, added to the warmth of the prince's entreaties, the king at length reluctantly consented to the undertaking and, moreover, promised to keep it a secret from the world.

James, however, was no sooner alone than he began to reflect more seriously on the wild folly of the scheme. The many dangers which might

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befall his son, and the responsibility which would accrue to himself, presented themselves so forcibly to his mind that, when the adventurers came to him at the last moment for their despatches, he told them with tears in his eyes how deeply he had repented of his former consent, adding that, if they renewed the subject, it would go far toward breaking his heart. Buckingham retorted with insolence that, after having broken a promise so solemnly pledged, nobody hereafter would believe a word he said. He told the old king, moreover, that he must already have been guilty of an untruth, for, unquestionably, he had communicated their project to some rascal, whose pitiful arguments had induced him to retract his promise; adding, that he had little doubt but that he should by some means discover who his counsellor had been, and that such an interference would neither be forgotten nor forgiven by the prince.

The haughty violence of Buckingham, and the renewed entreaties of Charles, had once more the desired effect. The weak monarch again yielded, — the day was named for their departure, their two attendants were fixed upon, and Sir Francis Cottington,[1] who was selected to accom-

[1] Created Lord Cottington of Hanworth, 10th July, 1631, by Charles I. In 1617 he had accompanied the English ambassador to Spain, and in 1649 was again sent there as ambassador by Charles II. He died at Valladolid in 1653, when the Barony of Cottington became extinct. Arthur Wilson says that "he always looked like a merchant, and had the least mien of a gentleman."

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pany them in consequence of having been long a resident in Spain, was even sent for before they parted. As Cottington entered the apartment, the duke whispered in the prince's ear that the newcomer would show himself averse to the expedition; Charles retorted in the same low tone that he durst not.

The king commenced by informing Cottington that he believed him to be an honest man, and would, therefore, entrust him with a secret which he must disclose to no person living. "Cottington," he added, "here is Baby Charles and Stenny, who have a great mind to go by post into Spain, and fetch home the infanta, and will have but two more in their company, and have chosen you for one, — what think you of the journey?" Cottington afterward repeatedly mentioned that when this important question was put to him, he trembled so violently he could with difficulty give utterance to his words. But the king peremptorily demanding his reply, Cottington told him fairly and openly that he believed such a step would be a death-blow to the completion of the match. He was convinced, he said, that when the Spaniards had the prince once in their hands, they would immediately make new overtures, and greatly increase their demands; especially as regarded the advancement of the Romish faith in England. On hearing this candid opinion, James, in the agony of his grief, actually threw himself on his bed, and,

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breaking out into the most pitiable lamentations, exclaimed passionately that he was undone, and that he should lose Baby Charles for ever.

The prince and Buckingham were both extremely disconcerted. The latter, turning to Cottington, told him, in an angry tone, that the king had merely asked his advice as to the best mode of travelling in Spain, of which he was competent to give some opinion, but that he had presumed to offer his advice on matters of state; adding, that he should repent the impertinence as long as he lived. "Nay, by G——, Stenny," said the king, "you are very much to blame to use him so. He answered me directly to the question I asked him, and very honestly and wisely; and yet you know he said no more than I told you, before he was called in." On this occasion, however, notwithstanding Cottington's opposition, the king kept his word, and the journey was definitely settled.

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CHAPTER IX.

CHARLES I.

Charles and Buckingham, in Disguise, Set Out on the Journey to Spain — Arrival at Boulogne — Court Ball at Paris — The Prince in Danger of Being Arrested at Bayonne — Arrival at Madrid — Reception of Charles by the King — Rejoicings at Madrid — Magnificent Conduct of Philip the Fourth — Reception of Charles by the Queen — Scene on the Prado, when Charles First Saw the Infanta — Restricted Intercourse between Charles and the Infanta — Charles's Romantic Affection for Her — Magnificent Presents to the Spanish Ladies — Letters from King James to His Son and Buckingham — Their Prodigality — Hopes Entertained by the Spaniards, of the Prince's Conversion to the Spanish Faith — Letters from the Pope to Charles — Aversion of the People of England to the Spanish Match — The Spanish Treaty — James's Meanness in Allowing the Spanish King to Dictate to Him.

On the 17th of February, 1623, the prince, retiring privately from court, proceeded to Buckingham's house, at Newhall, in Essex. From thence they set out on the following day (accompanied only by Sir Richard Graham, master of the horse to the duke), and arrived, though not without adventures, by way of Gravesend, at Dover. They had previously disguised themselves with false beards and adopted fictitious names,

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the prince passing as Mr. John Smith, and the duke as Mr. Thomas Smith.

They had not journeyed many miles, when an incident occurred which nearly arrested their progress. In crossing the river at Gravesend, for want of silver, they had given the ferryman a gold piece. The man, equally astonished and grateful for such liberality, imagining that his benefactors were proceeding across the Channel for the purpose of fighting a duel, thought the kindest step he could take was to hint his suspicions to the authorities of the nearest town. Accordingly information was instantly despatched to the Mayor of Canterbury; and just as the prince and Buckingham were about to mount fresh horses, they were summoned to the presence of that important personage. The duke, finding concealment impracticable, divested himself of his beard, and privately informed the mayor who he really was. He was going, he said, in his capacity of lord high admiral, to acquaint himself secretly with the condition and discipline of the fleet. His identity was easily proved, and the adventurers were allowed to proceed. A boy, who rode post with their baggage, had also recognised their persons, but the silence of this individual was not very difficult to be purchased.

The next accident which happened to them was encountering the French ambassador (who was, of course, well acquainted with their persons) on

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the brow of the hill, beyond Rochester. Their horses, however, though merely hired at the last post, were fortunately able to leap the hedge by the roadside, and thus enabled them to escape observation. This circumstance was the more fortunate, inasmuch as the ambassador (as was then usual) was travelling in one of the king's coaches, and their recognition by some of the royal servants must consequently have been inevitable.

At Dover they were joined by Sir Francis Cottington and Endymion Porter, who had been despatched beforehand to provide a vessel for their conveyance across the Channel. Both of these persons, from their long residence in Spain, were well acquainted with the Spanish language and customs. The party, which was now increased to five, arrived safely at Boulogne, whence they rode post to Paris. On their way they fell in with two German gentlemen, who had recently seen the prince at Newmarket, and who fancied they remembered his person. The improbability, however, of their being right in their conjectures, and the apparent astonishment and cool denial of Sir Richard Graham, when they hinted to him their suspicion, had the effect of convincing them they were mistaken.

At Paris, where the travellers remained a whole day, the prince and Buckingham, in order still more effectually to disguise their features, provided

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themselves with periwigs. Trusting to this further disfigurement, they contrived, through French politeness, and the fact of their being strangers, to obtain a sight of the queen-mother at dinner. The same evening they were spectators of a masked ball at court, where all the beauty of Paris was present, and at which Charles first beheld the princess, whom he afterward married, and Buckingham that young and light-hearted queen, whom at a later period he dared to address as a lover.

The famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury happened to be ambassador at the French court, during the short sojourn of Charles. Lord Herbert tells us, in his Memoirs, that the only person in Paris who recognised the features of Charles was a maid-servant, who had formerly sold linen in London, and who insisted to every one that she had seen the Prince of Wales.

Nothing of importance occurred from this period, till the travellers had almost set foot on Spanish ground, when their progress was again very nearly being arrested. Howell writes from Madrid: "The prince's journey was like to be spoiled in France, for if he had stayed but a little longer at Bayonne, the last town of that kingdom hitherwards, he had been discovered; for Monsieur Grammont, the governor, had notice of him not long after he had taken post." Charles was certainly subjected to an examination before he

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quitted Bayonne. Grammont, the governor, told Lord Herbert, that till the adventurers had quitted the place, he was ignorant of the prince's rank. Charles and his suite are described as wearing "fine riding coats, all of one colour and fashion, in a kind of noble simplicity."

Another escape which they had was from the hospitality of the Duc d'Épernon, who, as strangers, kindly invited them to his château. Cottington, however, informed him they were persons of such low degree as to be unfit for such splendid society, and thus eluded the invitation.

The arrival of Charles and Buckingham at Madrid was altogether a surprise even to the English ambassador, the Earl of Bristol, who, on the 10th of March, 1623, thus announces their safety to King James: "Upon Friday, which was the seventh of this month, about eight of the clock at night, the Prince and my Lord of Buckingham, without any other company but their postilion, arrived at my house; where my lord marquis meeting at the door with Henry Jermyn, a son of Sir Thomas Jermyn's, told him that his name was Smith, and that he had met my servant Gresly by the way, who had fallen into thieves' hands, by whom he had been very ill-used, and had all his letters taken away; he said he had got a fall, and hurt one of his legs, so that he could not come upstairs but with great pain. Whilst Henry Jermyn was making this relation unto me, Sim. Digby

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went to see who it was, and knew my Lord of Buckingham; but dissembled it so well, that before I could come to him, he had got him up to his chamber, and went presently down to the prince (who stood all this while in the street with his postilion), and brought him likewise so handsomely up to his chamber that there I found them both together, and we carried the business so dexterously that that night they were undiscovered by any, till the next morning, by the coming of Mr. Secretary Cottington and Endymion Porter, the secret was revealed."

"The prince," writes Howell, "and the Marquis of Buckingham arrived at this court on Friday last, upon the close of the evening. They alighted at my Lord of Bristol's house, and the marquis, 'Mr. Thomas Smith,' came in first, with a portmanteau under his arm; then 'Mr. John Smith,' the prince, was sent for, who stayed awhile on t'other side of the street, in the dark." Having written to announce his arrival to his father, the prince retired to rest.

The next day Buckingham waited on the Spanish king, and formally acquainted him with the arrival of the prince. The duke was introduced through a secret passage to his Majesty's private apartment. Bristol was present, and describes the interview. "I never," he says, "saw the Spanish gravity laid aside before, nor any man more overtaken with joy than the king was, for he secretly

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understood of the prince's being here." His Majesty despatched his prime minister, Olivarez, to do honour to his illustrious visitor. Olivarez threw himself on his knees before Charles, and, in the course of the day, the king himself waited on the prince. Nothing could be more cordial than their interview; nor was it till after many "salutations and divers embraces," that at a late hour they separated.

From this period Madrid became a constant scene of magnificence and rejoicing. Nothing was omitted that could make the prince's stay agreeable to himself, or that might banish from his mind any apprehension of being detained as a captive, — a consummation, however, of this wild adventure, which was much dreaded at home, and which, to all appearance, was not unlikely to happen. In order fully to appreciate the generous forbearance of the Spanish court, we must advert to an inhospitable practice of former times, — that of treating as a captive any prince who might happen to set his foot uninvited in the dominions of another. Richard the First, of England, passing in disguise through the territories of the Archduke of Austria; Philip the First, of Spain, having been cast by a tempest on the coast of England; James the First, of Scotland, whose vessel was seized by the English; and lastly, Mary Queen of Scots, trusting herself in the hands of Elizabeth, were alike detained as prisoners. But

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this dishonourable practice, of which so many examples had been set by the English themselves, was so far from being followed by the high-minded Spaniards that they refrained even from imposing a single fresh condition in the marriage treaty.

The people of Madrid were much struck with the romance and gallantry of the visit. The famous Lopez de Vega aroused his rapid muse on the occasion, and his verses were everywhere chanted in the streets.

"Carlos Estuardo soy
Que, siendo Amor mi guia
Al cielo d' España voy
Per ver mi estrella Maria."

"Charles Stuart I am,
Love has guided me far;
To the heaven of Spain,
To Maria my star."

Only a short time before, the Spaniards are said to have pictured the English as a nation little removed from savages. This notion had been fostered by the priests, who even described Sir Francis Drake to their congregations as a monster, half dragon and half man. These ridiculous prejudices had been dissipated in a great degree by the recent embassy of the Earl of Nottingham; on which occasion the Spaniards had been much astonished at the splendour of his train and the handsome persons of the heretical English. But

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when they beheld the heir to a great monarchy risking liberty and life in furtherance of a romantic enterprise; when they became eye-witnesses of an act of gallantry, which, even in their own chivalrous annals, had scarcely been surpassed; and when there arrived at Madrid that brilliant band of courtiers, who had hastened from England as soon as the prince's departure was publicly known, the astonishment and enthusiasm of the Spaniards knew no bounds.

Moreover, the conduct of the Spanish king, Philip the Fourth, was beyond all praise. He insisted on Charles taking precedency of himself; he set apart a principal quarter of the royal palace for his accommodation; he appointed a guard of one hundred men to attend his person; and also presented him with a golden key, which, at any hour, would give him access to the royal bedchamber. The prisons were everywhere thrown open; hundreds of captives were set at liberty, and a recent proclamation against excessive costliness in dress was suspended in honour of the occasion. A day was appointed for the ceremony of a public entrance into Madrid; on which occasion the prince was attended by Gondomar and the ministers of state to St. Jerome's Monastery, the place from whence, on the days of their coronation, the Spanish monarchs were in the habit of making their entry into the capital. Here he was magnificently feasted, the officers of state waiting

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on him bareheaded. As soon as the banquet was over, the king came in person to escort him into Madrid. Placing the prince on his right hand, they rode together under a rich canopy, followed by a brilliant train; the houses hung with pictures and tapestry, and the people shouting enthusiastically as they passed. The reception of Charles by the queen was no less gratifying. She presented him with several rich presents, among which were perfumes and fine linen.[1]

It was on the Sunday after his arrival that Charles for the first time beheld the infanta on the Prado at Madrid. "The king" (writes Howell), "with the queen, his two brothers, and the infanta, were all in one coach, but the infanta sat in the boot with a blue ribbon about her arm, on purpose that the prince might distinguish her; there were about twenty coaches besides, of grandees, noblemen, and ladies, that attended them. As soon as the infanta saw the prince, her colour rose very high, which we hold to be an impression of love and affection, for the face is oftentimes the true index of the heart. The people here do mightily magnify the

[1] These presents consisted of a great basin of massy gold, which was borne by two men; a curiously embroidered night-gown was folded in it. Two trunks bound with bands of pure gold, and studded with nails of gold, with locks and keys of gold; the coverings and linings of amber leather, and filled with fine linen and perfumes. These were accompanied by a rich writing-desk, every drawer of which was full of varieties and curiosities. — *D'Israeli's Commentaries on Charles I.*

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gallantry of the journey, and cry out that the prince deserved to have the infanta thrown into his arms the first night he came."

According to a curious tract, published at the period, the meeting on the Prado was a preconcerted measure.[1] The prince was of course extremely anxious to obtain a sight of the mistress for whom he had ventured so much, but as the strictness of Spanish etiquette precluded a formal introduction till a dispensation had been received from the Pope, the King of Spain kindly hit upon the expedient of the blue ribbon and the Prado. The following passage is from the little work above alluded to: "In conformity to the prince's desire, his Majesty being that night acquainted with it by the conde, resolved to give his Highness all satisfaction. And so he went abroad next day, at the hour appointed, which was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and to the Prado, being the certain place agreed upon between them, his Majesty conducting with him the queen, his sister, the infanta, the Infantes Don Carlos and the Car-

[1] The fact is corroborated by the Earl of Bristol in a letter to King James. "My lord marquis," he says, "having intimated the great desire the prince had, as soon as might be, to see his mistress, they acquainted the king therewith, who was so forward therein, that, notwithstanding the next day was Sunday, and in Lent, yet he dispensed with his gravity so far as to go in a coach abroad to a place called the Prado, — which is a hole without the town where men do take air, — with his sister with him, and all the court, where the prince was to stand disguised in a coach to see them." — *Dalrymple's Memorials*, p. 154.

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dinal Don Fernando, his brethren; the Conde de Olivarez and the Conde de Gondomar following him with much of the nobility of that court, both of ladies and lords. The prince, on the other side, went disguised in the Duke of Cea's coach, and was attended in the same coach by the lord marquis [Buckingham], the Earl of Bristol, and the Conde de Gondomar, and Sir Walter Aston; and both the king and the prince made diverse turns and returns in their several coaches and in several parts of the town and Prado (which is a place of recreation where the nobility is often wont to take the air), and every one of them saw each other in a clear light, not being able to sustain from saluting each other with the hat as they passed by, though they had agreed to take no kind of notice of one another; and this was all they did for that time. The king and all that royal company returned by night by a world of torchlight, which made a most glorious show."[1] Howell describes the infanta as a "very comely lady, rather of a Flemish complexion than Spanish, fair-haired, and carrieth a most pure mixture of red and white in her face."[2]

[1] "A true relation and journal of the manner of the arrival and magnificent entertainment given to the high and mighty Prince Charles, Prince of Great Britain, by the King of Spain, in his court at Madrid." London, 1623.

[2] Like a true courtier, Howell afterward changed his opinion as to the personal charms of the infanta. The star of Henrietta Maria was then in the ascendant.

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The personal appearance, however, of Charles at Madrid produced but little effect in hastening the marriage. He was constantly refused a private interview with the infanta, her family giving as their reason the non-arrival of the dispensation. Subsequently they were allowed to meet and converse in public, on which occasion the Earl of Bristol acted as interpreter; the king, however, always took care to be at hand, in order that he might overhear the conversation. Charles would appear to have been really in love with the infanta's person. Howell tells us that he has seen him in a thoughtful mood, with his eyes immovably fixed on his mistress for half an hour at a time, and that he has known him to remain an hour in a close coach in a particular street watching for the infanta to come abroad. Olivarez, the Spanish minister, remarked pointedly that the prince watched the infanta as a cat does a mouse.

The infanta on her part appears to have been dazzled by the accomplishments of Charles, and gratified by so chivalrous a courtship. Sir Francis Cottington writes to King James from Madrid, in a letter dated the 8th of April, 1623: "I was interpreter for my lord marquis when he spoke with the Infanta Donna Maria. She inquired for your Majesty's health before she would hear anything else. But when my lord came to speak of the prince, she blushed extremely, and his high-

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ness hath since spoken with her himself (having often seen her), and likes her so well, as, without all doubt, she will be with child before she get into England."

It certainly was not his own fault that Charles did not address his mistress with all the passion of youth and romance. The following incident proves him to have been no timid wooer. The princess was in the habit of spending the summer mornings at a suburban residence of her brother, known as the Casa de Campo. Here she used to wander by the riverside, gathering may-dew, and, perhaps, musing on the gallantry and accomplishments of her chivalrous lover. Charles, hearing of these visits, rose purposely one morning very early, and, with only one companion, found his way into the garden of the Casa. The infanta, however, was in the orchard, and the door between them was double-locked. Charles, determined not to be baffled, climbed the wall, and, though the height was considerable, sprang to the ground. The infanta was the first to perceive him, and gave a loud scream. An old marquis, who was her guardian, immediately approached the prince, and, falling on his knees, conjured him to retire, adding that he would probably lose his head should he allow him to remain. The door, consequently, was unlocked, and the prince reluctantly departed.

Jewels, the value of which is said to have

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amounted to one hundred thousand pounds, were forwarded from London to Madrid, and lavished by Charles and Buckingham on the Spanish ladies. "The prince," says Arthur Wilson, "presented his mistress with a necklace which all Spain could not parallel; pearls that had not been long plucked from their watery bed, and had left there but few fellows." The infanta, however, declined receiving them for the present, and they were deposited in the hands of the ministers of the Crown till her marriage day. It was much to the honour of the Spanish court that, when the match was broken off, and a war threatened, these jewels were returned.

James appears to have been to a childish degree desirous that the prince and Buckingham should appear with unusual splendour at the Spanish court. In a letter to Charles, dated 17th March, 1623, he writes: "I send you the robes of the Order [of the Garter], which you must not forget to wear upon St. George's Day, and dine together in them, which I hope in heaven you may; for it will be a goodly sight for the Spaniards to see my two boys dine in them. I send you also the jewels I promised, with some of mine, and such of yours, I mean both of you, as are worthy the sending, for my Baby's presenting his mistress." The king concludes: "God bless you both, my sweet boys, and send you, after a successful journey, a joyful and happy return to the arms of your dear dad.

"JAMES REX."

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Another extract from one of King James's letters (in reply to the requisitions of the prince and Buckingham for fresh supplies of jewels) will show how ready he was to grace his son and favourite, and to gratify their exorbitant demands: "For my Baby's presenting his mistress, I send him an old double cross of Lorrain, not so rich as ancient, and yet not contemptible for the value; a good looking-glass, with my picture in it, to be hung at her girdle, which ye must tell her ye have caused so to be enchanted by art magic, as whenever she shall be pleased to look in it, she shall see the fairest lady that her brother or your father's dominions can afford: ye shall present her with two pair of long diamonds set like an anchor, and a fair pendant diamond hanging at them; ye shall give her a goodly rope of pearls; ye shall give her a carcanet or collar; thirteen great ball rubies, and thirteen knots or conques of pearls; and ye shall give her three goodly peak pendants diamonds, whereof the biggest to be worn at a needle on the midst of her forehead, and one in every ear. As for thee, my sweet gossip, I send thee a fair table diamond, which I would once have given thee before, if thou would have taken it, for wearing in thy hat, or where thou pleasest; and if my Baby will spare thee the two long diamonds in form of an anchor, with the pendant diamond, it were fit for an admiral to wear, and he hath enough better jewels for his mistress,

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though he has of thine own, thy good old jewel, thy three Pindars diamonds, thy picture-case I gave Kate,[1] and the great diamond chain I gave her, who would have sent thee the last pin she had, if I had not stayed her."

The Lord Treasurer Middlesex made great complaints of the prodigality of Charles and Buckingham. The following is a MS. note of Sir William Musgrave to one of the tracts in the British Museum which treat of the prince's journey: "It appears by the enrolment book in the office for auditing the public accounts (vol. iii., fol. 175), that the prince's expenses for his journey into Spain, during his abode there, and for his return from thence, amounted unto 50,027*l.*, which was paid in part out of the king's exchequer, and in part out of the prince's treasury." It is even asserted, in a letter from Mr. Meade to Sir Martin Stuteville, that 600,000*l.* worth of jewels had been sent from the Tower into Spain, to be at the disposal of Charles and Buckingham.

That the Spaniards entertained strong hopes of the prince's conversion to the Romish faith, and of the consequent reëstablishment of the Pope's ascendency in England, there can be little doubt; indeed, it was almost generally believed by the Spanish court that the prince had made up his mind to become a Catholic before he left his country. The Pope even wrote to the Bishop of

[1] The Duchess of Buckingham.

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Couchen, conjuring him not to let slip so glorious an opportunity of advancing the interests of their church. To Charles and Buckingham, also, he addressed letters of expostulation. To the latter he writes on the 19th of May, 1623, exhorting him not only to become a Roman Catholic himself, but to use his utmost endeavour to bring over the court and kingdom of England to that persuasion. His Holiness's letter to Charles is dated the day following. "We have commanded," he writes, "to make continually most humble prayers to the Father of Lights, that he would be pleased to put you as a fair flower of Christendom, and the only hope of Great Britain, in possession of that most noble heritage that your ancestors have purchased for you, to defend the authority of the Sovereign High Priest, and to fight against the monsters of heresy." He speaks also of the projected marriage, as "having elevated him to the hope of an extraordinary advantage." Charles returned an answer which he should never have written, and in which, if he does not actually profess himself a papist, he at least intimates that he is well inclined to the Pope's authority, and that he may eventually become a proselyte to the Romish faith. Hume, alluding to this correspondence, merely observes that the prince, having received a very civil letter from the Pope, was induced to return a very civil answer.

The court of Madrid was far from discovering

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any backwardness in supporting the views of the Holy Father. Olivarez, and others about the prince's person, were entrusted with arguments by the heads of the Church, which they constantly and ingeniously enforced. It was of course intimated to Charles how much his conversion would smooth the path to his marriage; and, when this inducement appeared insufficient, Archbishop Spotswood says that it was even hinted to him that, unless he embraced their religion, he could scarcely think of winning the infanta. It was objected by the prince, among other arguments, that his apostasy would, in all probability, produce a rebellion in England. To this it was coolly replied by the Spanish court that they would gladly assist him with an army against such a rebellious people.

Among other incentives to effect his conversion, all the splendours of religious pageantry were brought into action. The architectural magnificence of their churches, the inspiration of their music, and the solemn sacrifice of the mass, would instil, it was hoped, into the heart of Charles an exalted notion of the Catholic mode of worship, and an equal contempt of his own. The most pompous processions were exhibited before him; he was carried to such persons as were famous for pretended miracles. Popish books were dedicated, and popish pictures presented to him; nor was anything omitted that could either

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fire the imagination or awe the heart into reverence. Neither arguments, however, nor temptations could allure Charles from the religion of his country and his conscience. Indeed, his visit was very far from infecting him with a more favourable opinion of the Romish tenets. On the 5th of April, 1623, the Earl of Carlisle writes to King James from Madrid: "I dare boldly assure your Majesty that his Highness's well-grounded piety, and knowledge of the religion wherein he was bred, is infinitely confirmed and corroborated by the spectacles which he hath seen of their devotions here." After the decease of Archbishop Usher, the following memorandum was discovered in the handwriting of that prelate: "The king [Charles I.] once at Whitehall, in the presence of George, Duke of Buckingham, of his own accord, said to me that he never loved popery in all his life, but that he never detested it before his going into Spain.

The wishes of King James, and the prejudices of the people of England, were directly at variance as regarded the Spanish match. The latter had been long murmuring at the increase of the Roman Catholics, and the encouragement which they received; but, now, when the heir to the throne was actually engaged to a Catholic princess; when articles were being drawn up, which permitted the children of the Prince of Wales to be educated among papists, and by which com-

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pact their being members of that faith would be no bar to their succession to the crown, we cannot wonder that the Protestants were greatly incensed at the conduct of James. But the king was alike deaf to the murmurs of his people and the remonstrances of the House of Commons. His only feeling was anger at their interference; and, while the latter were drawing up their protest, he withdrew himself discontentedly to Newmarket, — nominally on the plea of impaired health, though in reality to escape from their wise but unwelcome importunities.

It would be impertinent to detail the many objections which preclude a union between the heir to the throne of England and a daughter of the Romish persuasion. The general fact of inexpediency is sufficiently proved by the misfortunes which the union of Charles and Henrietta Maria eventually entailed upon their posterity and the people of England at large. Strange indeed as it may appear, no one better understood than James himself the miseries which would probably result from such a step. In his Basilikon Doron, written expressly for the benefit of his son, Prince Henry, he had published but a few years previously the following sensible remarks on the subject: "I would rather have you marry one that was fully of your own religion, her rank and other qualities being agreeable to your estate; for although, to my great regret, the number of any princes of power

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and accounts, professing our religion, be but very small, and that therefore this advice seems to be the more strait and difficult; yet we have deeply to weigh, and consider upon these doubts, how ye and your wife can be of one flesh, and keep unity betwixt you, being members of two opposite churches. Disagreement in religion bringeth ever with it disagreement in manners; and the dissension betwixt your preachers and hers will breed and foster dissension among your subjects, taking their example from your family; besides the peril of the evil education of your children."

But the prospect of a splendid alliance, and a no less splendid marriage portion, was too tempting to be resisted. The articles of the Spanish treaty are still extant, and exhibit singular proofs of the indifference of James to the interests of the Protestant religion. Indeed, when we discover the degrading terms which are there insisted upon by the court of Spain; when we find the King of England, and the head of the Reformed Church, affixing his name and approval to a document, in which a sect so hostile to the interests of his people is styled officially the Holy Roman Church;[1]

[1] Sully tells us that James once reproved him for giving the Pope the title of Holiness, telling him that it was an offence against God, to whom alone this title could justly belong. There is, however, a letter extant from James to Pope Gregory the Fifteenth, dated 30th September, 1622, relative to the most expedient method of settling the differences, which commences formally, "Most Holy Father."

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when it is approved that the infanta shall not only have a private chapel for the exercise of the Romish faith, but also a public church in the metropolis; when the King of England is content to be dictated to by the King of Spain, as to the manner in which he shall govern his own subjects; when a foreign prince is allowed to alter the laws of his country; and finally, when a Protestant king consents that every separate stipulation shall be allowed and approved by the Pope, we cannot view the conduct of James in any other light than that of wonder and disgust. As the treaty itself is a curious document, and as it may be interesting to compare it hereafter with the no less disgraceful compact between Charles and Henrietta Maria, we will transcribe the most important of the articles:

"3d.— That the gracious infanta shall take with her such servants and family as are convenient for her service; which family, and all her servants to her belonging, shall be chosen and nominated by the Catholic king, so as he nominate no servant which is vassal to the King of England without his will and consent."

"5th.— That she shall have an oratory and decent chapel at her palace, where, at the pleasure of the most gracious infanta, masses may be celebrated; which oratory or chapel shall be adorned with such decency as shall seem convenient for

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the most gracious infanta, with a public church in London," etc.

"6th.— That the men-servants and maid-servants of the most gracious infanta, and their servants, children, and descendants, and all their families of what sort soever, serving her Highness, may be freely Catholics."

"9th.— That the chapel, church, and oratory may be beautified with decent ornaments, of altar and other things necessary for divine service, which is to be celebrated in them according to the custom of the Holy Roman Church; and that it shall be lawful for the said servants, and others, to go to the said chapel and church at all hours, as to them shall seem expedient."

"11th. — That to the administration of the sacraments, and to serve in chapel and church aforesaid, there shall be so many priests, and assistants, as to the infanta shall seem fit, and the election of them shall belong to the lady infanta, and the Catholic king her brother: provided that they be none of the vassals of the King of Great Britain; and if they be, his will and consent is to be first obtained."

"15th. — That the servants of the family of the lady infanta, who shall come into England, shall take the oath of allegiance to the King of Great Britain, provided that there be no clause therein which shall be contrary to their consciences and the Roman Catholic religion; and if they happen

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to be vassals to the King of Great Britain, they shall take the same oath that the Spaniard doth."

"17th. — That the laws made against Catholics in England, or in any other kingdom of the King of Great Britain, shall not extend to the children of this marriage, and though they be Catholics, they shall not lose the right of succession to the kingdom and dominions of Great Britain."

"18th. — That the nurses which shall give suck to the children of the lady infanta (whether they be of the kingdom of Great Britain or of any other nation whatsoever) shall be chosen by the lady infanta as she pleaseth, and shall be accounted of her family, and enjoy the privileges thereof."

"19th. — That the bishop, ecclesiastical persons, etc., of the family of the lady infanta shall wear the vestment and habit of his dignity, profession, and religion, after the custom of Rome."

"21st. — That the sons and daughters which shall be born of this marriage shall be brought up in the company of the most excellent infanta, at the least until the age of ten years, and shall freely enjoy the right of succession as aforesaid."

"24th. — That conformably to this treaty, all these things proposed are to be allowed and approved of by the Pope, that he may give an apostolical benediction, and a dispensation necessary to effect the marriage."

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CHAPTER X.

CHARLES I.

King James the Dupe of Spanish Policy — Duplicity of Philip the Third — Arrival from Rome of the Dispensation Respecting the Infanta's Projected Marriage with Charles — New Difficulties — Concessions on the Part of James and the Prince — Charles's Departure from Spain, and Narrow Escape at Sea — His Arrival at Portsmouth, and Enthusiastic Reception in London — The Infanta's Attachment to Charles, and Her Feelings on His Departure — The Match Finally Broken off.

IT has been doubted, even if Charles had become a convert to the Church of Rome, whether the Spanish match could ever have been accomplished; or, indeed, whether the Spanish court ever sincerely intended its fulfilment. Certainly, in the early stages of its discussion, James was the mere dupe of Spanish policy.[1] It must be remembered, however, that the negotia-

[1] Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, perfectly succeeded in convincing James of the sincerity of his court. In a letter to the Duke of Lerma, he boasts that he has lulled King James so fast asleep, that he flatters himself that neither the cries of his daughter, the Queen of Bohemia, nor of her children, nor the repeated solicitations of his Parliament and his subjects in their behalf, will have the effect of arousing him from his lethargy. — *Acta Regia.*

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tion was protracted during a part of the reigns of two successive monarchs, whose opinions on the subject appear to have been widely different. Philip the Third, the father of the infanta, who died during the progress of the discussion, had certainly not the remotest intention that the treaty should ever terminate in marriage. This fact is sufficiently apparent from the following letter addressed by his son, Philip the Fourth, to his minister, Olivarez; it is dated 5th November, 1622, about three months before the prince set out on his romantic expedition.

"The king, my father, declared at his death that his intent never was to marry my sister, the Infanta Donna Maria, with the Prince of Wales, which your uncle Don Balthazer understood, and so treated this match, ever with intention to delay it, notwithstanding it is now so far advanced, that (considering all the averseness of the infanta to it)[1] it is time to seek some means to divert the treaty, which I would have you find out, and I will make it good, whatsoever it be. But in all other things procure the satisfaction of the King of Great Britain (who hath deserved much), and it shall content me, so it be not in the match."

It appears, by this curious document, that Philip the Fourth had originally been as much averse to the fulfilment of the treaty as had been his father, Philip the Third. The hope, however,

[1] She had not then seen the prince.

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of converting Charles from heresy; the latter's great popularity in Spain, and the personal interest which he had acquired in the heart of the infanta, probably turned the scale in his favour. Certainly, Bristol, the English ambassador, was at this time fully satisfied with the sincerity of the court of Madrid. He writes to the Bishop of Lincoln: "It may be, your lordship will hear many complaints, that the match never was, nor yet is, intended; I beseech your lordship to give little belief in that kind, and the effects will now speedily declare the truth, if the fault be not on our side." Lord Herbert of Cherbury, a man of strong sense, and who, from his situation as ambassador at Paris, had much intercourse with the elder sister of the infanta, the Queen of France, was also fully satisfied with the sincerity of the Spanish court at this period; the queen, moreover, candidly confessed to him that her sister was very well inclined toward the prince.

At last, about six months after the arrival of Charles at Madrid, the dispensation was received from Rome. The affair, to all appearance, was now concluded, and all anxiety at an end. But whether this important document was accompanied by secret instructions from the Pope, or whether the court of Spain was willing to take further advantages of the prince's undisguised anxiety to make the infanta his bride, new difficulties unexpectedly arose. The Spaniards insisted on some

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fresh articles, as regarded religion, being inserted in the marriage treaty, and consequently the correspondence between the courts of London and Madrid was again renewed.

Among other articles, it was required, and, we are sorry to say, was eventually agreed to on the part of Charles, that he should be prepared at all times to listen to the arguments and exhortations of the adversaries of his faith; while, on the other hand, no one was to presume to tamper, either directly or indirectly, with the religious principles of his bride. An oath was also privately taken by James that the papists should have free exercise of their religion throughout his dominions. These additional articles having been at length duly subscribed to, so satisfied was James once more of the successful termination of the treaty, that he was heard to exclaim in the fullness of his satisfaction: "Now all the devils in hell cannot hinder it." A bystander wittily observed that there were no devils left in hell, for they had all gone to Spain to assist in the match.

But again new difficulties arose. When apparently on the eve of fulfilment, the demise of Pope Gregory the Fifteenth proved the final hindrance to the marriage. The Spaniards insisted that a fresh dispensation was necessary from the new Pope. Charles naturally became annoyed by the frequent delays, and Buckingham, having quarrelled with Olivarez, was no less disgusted with

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the Spanish court, and consequently made use of every argument to persuade the prince to return to his own country. Even James himself, sanguine as he had so lately been, began to entertain doubts of the sincerity of the Spaniards. He wrote to Buckingham that the court of Madrid could hardly entertain any cordial intention to complete the treaty, conjuring him to bring back the prince with all speed; or, if the latter should be still unwise enough to remain, he charges his beloved favourite, on his allegiance, to come away, and to leave the prince to the prosecution of his own affairs.

On the 12th of September, 1623, after having been admitted to an audience with the queen and the infanta, Charles, leaving the marriage to be performed by proxy, at length turned his back upon Madrid. Some suspicions there certainly were that the Spanish court intended to detain him, and it was whispered that his departure would be a secret one. When Olivarez mentioned the latter suspicion to Buckingham, the reply of the duke did him great credit; he retorted haughtily, that "if love had induced the prince to steal out of his own country, fear should never make him run out of Spain; and that he would depart with an equipage such as became the Prince of Wales." The Earl of Rutland was at the time cruising along the Spanish coast, ready to support the vaunt of Buckingham, with a pow-

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erful fleet. The prince's attendants were overjoyed at their approaching departure. They had long complained that they had nothing to do but to play at cards.

The King of Spain and his two brothers accompanied Charles as far as the Escurial, about twenty miles from Madrid, and would even have attended him to the place of embarkation, had not the queen been fast approaching her confinement. At the spot where they parted, writes Howell, "there passed wonderful great endearments and embraces in divers postures between them a long time; and in that place there is a pillar to be erected as a monument to posterity. There are some grandees, and Count Gondomar, with a great train besides, gone with him to the Marine, to the seaside, which will be many days' journey, and must needs put the King of Spain to a great expense, besides his seven months' entertainment here. We hear that when he passed through Valladolid, the Duke of Lerma was retired thence for a time by special command from the king, lest he might have discourse with the prince, whom he extremely desired to see; this sunk deep into the old duke, insomuch that he said, that of all the acts of malice which Olivarez had ever done him, he resented this more than any. He bears up yet under the cardinal's habit, which hath kept him from many a foul storm, that might have fallen upon him else, from the temporal power." The name of

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this personage carries back our recollection to the part assigned to him in the inimitable novel, "Gil Blas;" while the narrative of the prince's visit to Valladolid is not rendered less interesting, from its having taken place during the period when Le Sage sketched the manners of the Spanish grandees. This was the same Duke of Lerma who was the patron of Gil Blas, and it was for Philip the Fourth, the brother of the infanta, that Gil Blas is represented as procuring the frail Catalina, and as suffering his memorable imprisonment in the Tower of Segovia.

At St. Andero, where the English fleet awaited him, Charles narrowly escaped being drowned. He had been entertaining the Spanish grandees on board his own ship, and was courteously conducting them to the shore in his barge, when the wind suddenly arose. The darkness of the night, and the fury of the storm, prevented them alike from reaching the land, or regaining the ship. The rowers becoming faint from exertion, nothing appeared left but to trust themselves to the mercy of the ocean, when fortunately they observed a light from one of the vessels of the fleet. It was, however, not without extreme difficulty and hazard that they reached the ship, nor without encountering a further risk of being dashed to pieces, that they were at length safely assisted on board. Waller celebrated the prince's escape in a juvenile poem, remarkable, to the curious in

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poetical anecdote, as having been written only twenty-five years after the death of Spenser.

> "Now had his Highness bid farewell to Spain,
> And reached the sphere of his own power, the main;
> With British bounty in his ship he feasts
> The Hesperian princes, his amazed guests,
> To find that watery wilderness exceed
> The entertainments of their great Madrid."

Charles was no sooner in safety on the bosom of that element, upon which an Englishman seldom knows fear, than his first remark was on the "great weakness and folly of the Spaniards," in having allowed him to depart out of their dominions. It was the highest compliment he could have paid to their generosity. Charles arrived at Portsmouth on the 5th of October, 1623. The event is recorded by a bust of the prince, which, with a suitable inscription, is affixed to the walls of that town, where it may still be seen. Under what circumstances this interesting memorial escaped the fury of the civil wars does not appear.

The return of Charles to his native country was hailed by the populace of London with a warmth of enthusiasm which he scarcely deserved. Tables were spread in the streets; wine and sack flowed everywhere abundantly, and bonfires and the joyous peal of bells enlivened the night. Passing directly through London, Charles and Buckingham hastened to Royston, to pay their respects to the king. Apprised of their arrival,

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James met them on the staircase, and, throwing his arms around the necks of "Babie Charles and Dogge Steenie," wept like a child.

The infanta is the person most to be pitied throughout the whole of this memorable affair; can we but regret that a young and interesting princess should have been rendered the victim of mere political expediency? She appears to have become really attached to Charles, and is said to have feelingly observed that, had he really loved her, he would never have quitted her. At his departure she caused mass to be performed daily for his prosperous voyage. She had applied herself to learn the English language, and even went down on her knees to the king to persuade him to consent to the restitution of the palatinate. Bristol, the English ambassador, dwells almost with enthusiasm on the infanta's feelings and her constancy. In a letter from Madrid, dated 21st of September, 1623, after alluding to the prevalence of a report that Charles had no intention to fulfil his engagement, he thus writes to the prince: "I dare assure your Highness, it hath not been possible for any to raise in her the least shadow of mistrust or doubt of want of your Highness's affection, but she hath with shew of displeasure reproved those that have presumed to speak that kind of language; and herself never speaketh of your Highness, but with that respect and shew of affection, that all about her tell me of it with a

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little wonder. There was of late in some a desire here, that, before your Highness's embarking, the princess ought to have sent unto your Highness some token, whereunto I assure your Highness that the Countess of Olivarez was not backward, nor, as I am assured, the princess herself; but this was not to be done without the allowance of the Junta; and they, for a main reason, alleged that, in case your Highness should fail in what had been agreed, she would by these further engagements be made unfit for any other match; which coming to her knowledge, I hear she was infinitely much offended, and said that those of the Junta were *maxaderos*, to think her a woman for a second wooing, or to receive the *parabien* twice for several husbands. The truth is, that now, in your Highness's absence, she much more avowedly declareth her affection to your Highness than ever she did at your being here; and your Highness cannot believe how much the king, and she, and all the court, are taken with your Highness's daily letters to the king and her." [1]

[1] Archbishop Spotswood writes that the prince left Madrid because he saw nothing was really intended. He adds that it was intimated to Charles, that "if the match should be further pressed, the infanta, to eschew the same, should presently into the house of *los Discalceatos*, a monastery of bare-footed nuns." The archbishop was certainly in a situation to acquire the best information, and his book is even dedicated to Charles, but his account is so different from that of other writers (some of whom were as likely to be as well informed as himself) that it is impossible to regard his version as correct.

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In the meantime, it seems to have been still believed, both in London and Madrid, that the match was progressing in the most prosperous manner, and that the arrival of the second dispensation was all that was wanting to render it definitive. At St. James's a Catholic chapel was in the progress of being built, of which the Spanish ambassador had laid the foundation-stone. The infanta's portrait was to be seen in every street in London, and her arrival was almost daily expected. At Madrid, also, she was already styled the Princess of England; her suite had not only been selected, but had even provided themselves with their liveries; and the English ambassadors, the Earl of Bristol and Sir Walter Ashton, refused, as Princess of England, to stand covered before her. "The infanta," writes Howell, "is providing divers suits of rich cloaths for his Highness of perfumed amber leather; some embroidered with pearl, some with gold, some with silver. Her family is a settling apace, and most of her officers and ladies are known already: we want nothing now but one despatch more from Rome, and then the marriage will be solemnised, and all things consummated." The admiration which the prince's gallantry had excited in Madrid by no means subsided after his departure, and even to this period is not quite forgotten. "Never," they said, "was princess so bravely wooed." In the collection of royal letters in the British Museum

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there is an interesting one in Spanish from the infanta to James. The neglected infanta afterward formed a splendid alliance with the Emperor Ferdinand the Third. She died in 1646.

At last, the second dispensation actually arrived from Rome. A day was fixed by the Spanish court for the performance of the marriage by proxy; cannons were fired off as soon as the tidings became publicly known; a church was covered with tapestry for the occasion, and bonfires were lighted throughout the whole of Spain. But whether the sincerity of the Spaniards was still doubted, or whether, as is generally supposed, the arguments and personal prejudices of Buckingham induced Charles to secede from his engagement, it is now impossible to ascertain: certain it is, however, that from the court of England emanated the final interruption of the match. A message was despatched by James to Madrid, insisting that, unless the restitution of the palatinate was positively conceded, the treaty must be considered as at an end. It was replied by the Spanish monarch, that the concession did not rest in himself, but that he was ready to assist England with an army. His word was either really doubted, or was affected to be disbelieved; and Philip, observing the English court to be determined on a breach, refused to admit the Earl of Bristol to any further audience. He insisted, also, that all correspondence with the infanta should

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instantly cease, and that she should no longer be regarded or addressed as Princess of England. Such was the termination of the famous Spanish match, in which the duplicity manifested by the court of Madrid at the commencement of the negotiations was met, it would appear, by a scarcely less creditable line of conduct on the part of the court of England at their close.

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CHAPTER XI.

CHARLES I.

Charles Proclaimed King — Base Accusations against Charles — Curious Omens — Private Vows Made by Charles — The Sortes Virgilianæ — Treaty of Marriage between Charles and Henrietta Maria of France — Deed of Dispensation — Solemnisation of the Marriage — Arrival of the Queen — Influence of Henrietta over Her Husband — The Queen Subjected to Humiliating Penances — Ecclesiastical Retinue of the Queen — Insulting Conduct of the Foreign Priests — The French Retinue Ordered by Charles to Quit the Kingdom — Interview between the King and Marshal de Bassompierre — Presumption of Madame St. George — Henrietta's Passionate Conduct on the Departure of Her Favourites — Contumacy of the Foreigners — Their Expulsion from Somerset House, and Embarkation at Dover.

On the 27th of March, 1625, died King James, and within a quarter of an hour afterward Charles was solemnly proclaimed at the Court-gate of Theobalds, where his father had breathed his last. It was considered as rather ominous, that Sir Edward Zouch, the knight marshal, instead of styling the new king the "rightful and indubitable heir," proclaimed him as the rightful and dubitable one. He was corrected in his error by the secretary.

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Such is the malignity of human nature, that Charles was actually accused of having been a participator in the murder of his father. Peyton, in his "Divine Catastrophe," and Lilly, in his "Life of Charles," speak openly of the charge; but Milton goes further, and has even lent the credit of his name to an infamous and contemptible slander, which he could not but have known to be false. Addressing Salmasius, he writes: "I will let you see how like Charles was to Nero; Nero, you say, put to death his own mother; but Charles murdered both his prince and his father by poison. For to omit other evidences, he that would not suffer a duke that was accused of it to come to his trial, must needs to have been guilty of it himself." Whatever the other evidences, alluded to by Milton, may have been, they have certainly not descended to posterity. Doubtless they owed their fanciful birth to the acrimonious republicanism of the great poet. The insinuations of Peyton and Lilly are beneath contempt, and appear solely to have originated in Charles having dissolved the Parliament which accused Buckingham of having poisoned his father. Charles undoubtedly believed his favourite to be innocent, and though the line of conduct which he pursued on this occasion may be considered blamable, or at least unwise, yet the whole tenor of his life must defend him from so foul a charge. It must not be omitted, that, on the 24th of February, 1648, the absurd and

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wicked charge was revived by the republican party in the House of Commons. As the attack was idle, it fell harmless, and alone reflected discredit on the maligners.

Notwithstanding that it was opposed to all former precedents, Charles affectionately insisted on presiding as chief mourner at the funeral of his father. Young as he was, it was the third time that he had performed the same melancholy office; having previously attended his mother, and his brother, Prince Henry, to their last homes. The superstitious argued from the circumstance that a career of sorrow was in store for the survivor.[1]

Many, indeed, were the incidents on which, even when in the very height of his prosperity, his contemporaries founded a similar belief; and when we remember the subsequent misfortunes which befell the unhappy Charles, we cannot but regard them as very curious coincidences. Among other instances may be mentioned the verse which Senhouse, Bishop of Carlisle (who had been his chaplain when Prince of Wales), selected as

[1] The fact that the plague was raging at the time of his accession was also considered to be a prognostic of future evil. The same disease, however, was committing its havoc when his father commenced his prosperous reign. It is said that these two plagues were both generated in one parish, Whitechapel; that they broke out in the same house, and on the same day of the month. — *Kennett*, vol. iii. The fact of the blood of a wounded falcon falling on the neck of the famous bust of Charles, by Bernini, when on its way to Whitehall, is a singular and well-known coincidence.

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the text for his coronation sermon, Rev. ii. 10, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," etc. This passage was considered by the superstitious as far more suitable for his funeral sermon, than as adapted to the brilliant occasion on which it was delivered. No less ominous importance was attached to the fact of the wing of the gold dove having been completely broken off during the ceremony.

Charles himself, probably to denote the purity of his intentions, had selected a robe of white, instead of purple, as his coronation dress. Purple having been ever considered the badge of sovereignty, as white was the emblem of innocence, it was inferred that hereafter he would have to rely upon his own virtues and integrity, rather than upon the greatness of regal power. His neglecting to ride through the city, attended with that state which had graced his forefathers on the days of their coronation, was also deemed portentous and ill-advised. Even the melancholy expression of his countenance was held to be ominous of future ill. When his picture was conveyed to Rome, to afford the design of a bust, the artist turned to the gentleman who brought it. He hoped, he said, it was not the face of a near relation, for it was one of the most unfortunate he had ever seen, and, "according to all the rules of art, the person whose it was must die a violent death."

Charles himself was singularly superstitious,

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even for the age in which he lived. It was a strange infirmity in an otherwise strong and religious mind. We are assured by Lilly, the astrologer, that he sent, on more than one occasion, to consult him during his misfortunes; indeed, the fact of his having done so is supported by other authority. Charles himself mentioned to the Bishop of London a remarkable shock which he experienced in later years, at his trial. As he was leaning on his staff, the gold head broke off and fell to the ground. He considered it, as it certainly was, a remarkable omen.

Another weakness of Charles was to bind himself to a particular line of conduct by secret obligations. On one occasion, when on a visit at Latimers, a seat of the Earl of Devonshire, he drew aside Doctor Sheldon, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, and placed in his hands a paper, which he desired him to copy, and afterward to return it to him. This document detailed certain measures which he proposed hereafter to adopt for the glory of God, and for the advancement of the Church, intimating that he had privately bound himself by the most awful vow to ensure their accomplishment. One particular obligation, which the paper contained, was to perform public penance for the injustice he had been guilty of to Lord Strafford, in consenting to his death. In delivering this paper to Sheldon, Charles conjured him in the most solemn manner to remind him of

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his contract, should he hereafter ever find him in a condition to perform any one of the articles which it contained.

A similar instance of mental infirmity is recorded in the king's own language, and bears the following attestation of Sheldon :

"This is a true copy of the king's vow, which was preserved thirteen years underground, by me,

"GILB. SHELDON."

The document itself is dated Oxford, 13th April, 1646, and runs as follows:

"I do hereby promise and solemnly vow, in the presence and for the service of Almighty God, that if it shall please the Divine Majesty, of his infinite goodness, to restore me to my just kingly rights, and to reëstablish me in my throne, I will wholly give back to his Church all those impropriations which are now held by the Crown; and what lands soever I do now, or should now, or do enjoy, which have been taken either away from any episcopal see, or any cathedral or collegiate church, from any abbey, or other religious house. I likewise promise for hereafter to hold them for the Church, under such reasonable fines and rents as shall be set down by some conscientious persons whom I propose to choose, with all uprightness of heart, to direct me in this particular. And I most humbly beseech God to accept of this my

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vow, and to bless me in the design I have now in hand through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

"CHARLES REX."

Charles was one day sauntering with the ill-fated Lord Falkland in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, when a splendid copy of Virgil was brought, among other books, for his inspection. Lord Falkland proposed to his Majesty to try his fortune by the Sortes Virgilianæ, — that is, to open the volume, and from the passage on which the eye first falls to glean a fanciful prognostication of future events. Charles accordingly dipped into the book, and hit, ominously enough, on the following passage. It forms part of the imprecation which Dido pours forth against Æneas, and is thus translated by Dryden:

"Yet let a race untamed, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose;
Oppressed with numbers in the unequal field,
His men discouraged, and himself expelled;
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace!
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain;
And when at length the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace,
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
And be unburied on the barren sand." [1]

[1] Æneid, lib. iv., v. 615.
"At bello audacis populi vexatus et armis,
Finibus extorris, complexu avulsus Iüli,

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Lord Falkland, observing by the king's countenance that he was concerned at the circumstance, and imagining that, should he himself open the book, he might fall upon some indifferent passage, which would rob the preceding incident of its importance, instantly proposed to try his own fortune. The lines which he chanced to select were still more applicable to his future fate. It was the beautiful lament of Evander at the untimely death of his son Pallas:

"O Pallas! thou hast failed thy plighted word:
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword;
I warned thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour will pursue:
That boiling blood would carry thee too far;
Young as thou wert to dangers, raw to war!
O curst assay of arms, disastrous doom,
Preludes of bloody fields, and fights to come." [1]

Auxilium imploret, videatque indigna suorum
Funera: nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquæ
Tradiderit, regno aut optatâ luce fruatur;
Sed cadat ante diem, mediâque inhumatus arenâ."

[1] Æneid, lib. xi., v. 152.

"Non hæc, O Palla, dederas promissa parenti:
Cautiùs ut sævo velles te credere Marti.
Haud ignarus eram, quantum nova gloria in armis,
Et prædulce decus primo certamine posset.
Primitiæ juvenis miseræ, bellique propinqui
Dura rudimenta."

The story of Charles and Lord Falkland dipping into the Sortes Virgilianæ has been often related; the author, however, has been able to trace it no further than to Doctor Welwood's

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In 1624, during the lifetime of King James, the Earl of Holland had been sent into France, to sound the feelings of the French court regarding a match between Charles and Henrietta Maria. This princess was the third daughter of Henry the Great, and sister of Louis the Thirteenth, the reigning King of France. After a complicated and rather lengthy negotiation, a treaty of marriage was definitively signed at Paris, on the 10th of November, 1624. It consists of articles scarcely less disgraceful to the English court, or disadvantageous to the English nation, than those of the celebrated Spanish treaty. Indeed, so similar are the two instruments, as well in terms as in spirit, that the one would appear almost to be a transcript of the other. The only really important alteration is in the nineteenth article of the French treaty, in which it is provided that the children born of the marriage shall be brought up by their mother, not merely to the age of ten years, as had been agreed upon in the Spanish compact, but till they should attain their thirteenth year; a dangerous concession, considering the unwearying vigilance of the Romish priests, and that it comprehended a period of life when the heart is most open to impressions, whether good or evil. Some secret articles were also sworn to by James and Louis.

Memoirs of the last hundred years which preceded the Revolution of 1688, p. 90. Welwood, unfortunately, omits to mention his authority for the narration.

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By these it was provided that, throughout England, all Catholic prisoners should be set at liberty; that they should no longer be liable to be searched, or otherwise molested, on account of their religion, and that the goods of which they had been deprived should be restored.

The deed of dispensation, by which Louis the Thirteenth guaranteed to the See of Rome that the King of England should faithfully fulfil the articles of the treaty, is another curious document. D'Israeli, in his ingenious work, the "Curiosities of Literature," speaks of a "remarkable and unnoticed document," namely, "A most solemn obligation contracted with the Pope and the queen's brother, the King of France, to educate her children as Catholics, and only to choose Catholics to attend them." "Had this been known," he adds, "either to Charles, or to the English nation, Henrietta could never have been permitted to ascend the English throne." It is a pity to disturb this justification of Charles, but unfortunately for that monarch, there can be little doubt but that he was perfectly well acquainted with all the circumstances; indeed, the articles mentioned by Mr. D'Israeli as most objectionable in the deed of dispensation are inserted, at least in spirit, in the treaty itself; a document which, as a matter of course, had not only been seen, but had been solemnly sworn to, by Charles. The subject is rendered of considerable importance, when we

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remember that the two sons of Henrietta Maria, — Charles the Second and his brother James, — who afterward successively inherited the crown, lived and died Roman Catholics.[1]

[1] It may not be uninteresting to transcribe the particular passages in the deed of dispensation, which have been referred to by D'Israeli, in order that we may compare them with the parallel ones in the actual treaty:

EXTRACT FROM THE DEED OF DISPENSATION.

"Art. 3. — Conveniunt, ut serenissima Madama Henrietta Maria, omnesque ejus domestici, familiares, servi, necnon domi forisque ministri, et familia universa familiarum eidem pro tempore servientium, eorumque filii et descendentes, liberè profiteri et exercere possint religionem apostolicam Catholicam Romanam; ac propterea non solùm Londini, sed etiam in omnibus locis et regnis ipsi Regi Magnæ Britanniæ subjectis, in cunctis regis ipsius palatiis, et ubicunque prædicta Madama habitaverit aut extiterit, habeat unam ecclesiam," etc.

"Art. 7. — Conveniunt, ut liberorum qui, ex regio hoc matrimonio nascentur, cura et educatio, omni modo, ex eorum ortu usque ad annum ætatis decimum tertium completum, ad Madamam illorum matrem pertineant; ac omnes personæ proli ministerium quodcumque prestituræ usque ad annum tertium decimum completum, ut supra, á prædictâ Madamâ liberè eligantur, atque ejusdem familiæ annumerentur, juribusque et privilegiis aliorum familiarium gaudeant et potiantur."

EXTRACTS FROM THE MARRIAGE TREATY.

"Art. 7. — The free exercise of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion shall be granted to Madame, as likewise to all the children that shall be born of this marriage."

"Art. 14. — All the domestics Madame shall bring into England shall be French Catholics, chosen by the most Christian king; and in the room of those that shall die, she shall take other

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The marriage of Charles and Henrietta was solemnised at Paris with great splendour, the Duke de Chevreuse performing the office of proxy for Charles. The ceremony took place on a theatre, erected for the purpose before the Cathedral of Notre-Dame. On the 12th of June, 1625, Henrietta arrived at Dover, and on the following night the marriage was consummated at Canterbury. The private account of these events is deferred to the memoir of the queen.

Considerable pains have been taken to prove that Henrietta exercised an undue influence, both domestic and political, over her husband. One writer, without even hinting at his authority, speaks of her peremptorily insisting upon having charge of the Prince of Wales. Another writer, Horace Walpole, solely, we believe, on the suspicious authority of Peyton, informs us that when Charles, on the occasion of some jealousy, restrained the Earl of Holland to his house, Henrietta refused to be reconciled to the king till the restraint was taken off. Such and similar instances have been frequently brought forward as proofs of the uxoriousness of Charles, and

French Catholics, with the consent, however, of the King of Great Britain."

"Art. 19. — The children which shall be born of this marriage shall be brought up by Madame, their mother, till the age of thirteen years.

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many passages have been quoted, from his letters to his queen, as proofs of his spiritless submission. Certainly it was Charles's great misfortune that he was too easily wrought upon to follow the advice of others, and not unfrequently of persons less gifted than himself. Milton says of him, in his panegyric on Cromwell: "Whether with his enemies or his friends, in the court or in the camp, he was always in the hands of another; now of his wife, then of the bishops; now of the peers, then of the soldiery; and last, of his enemies; that for the most part he followed the worser counsels, and, almost always, of the worser men." There is much justice as well as acrimony in this remark.

But the private history of the dismissal of the queen's French servants is alone sufficient to redeem the character of Charles from a sweeping charge of connubial subserviency. The insufferable insolence of these people is scarcely to be conceived. Nothing could be more degrading, than that a Queen of England should have been compelled, by a foreign priesthood, to walk barefooted to Tyburn; not merely, too, in the common exercise of her faith, but to glorify the memory of the detestable contrivers of the Gunpowder Conspiracy. Neither, as appears by a letter of the period, did the indignity stop here. "Had they not also," says a writer of the time,

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"made her dabble in the dirt in a foul morning from Somerset House to St. James's, her Luciferian confessor riding along by her in his coach! Yea, they have made her to go barefoot, to spin, to eat her meat out of tryne (wooden) dishes, to wait at the table and serve her servants, with many other ridiculous and absurd penances."

Charles and Henrietta had been married but a short time, when the priests, French as well as English, flocked in such numbers to the queen's private apartments as to cause the greatest disquietude to Charles. He told them, on one occasion, that he had already granted them so much liberty in public that he had at least a right to expect exemption from domestic intrusion. More than one disgraceful scene was the consequence of this importation of foreign zealots. The king and queen were on one occasion banqueting in public, when the queen's confessor impudently placed himself side by side with the king's officiating chaplain. As soon as the latter commenced the usual grace, the confessor struck up with a Latin benediction. Provoked by the interruption, the chaplain thrust his adversary on one side, and continued the grace. The priest then went over to the queen's side, and recommenced his benediction with renewed energy. The king, however, very sensibly cut the matter short by drawing one of the dishes toward him, and making signs to the carvers to commence their duties. As soon as

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dinner was over, the confessor proceeded, in like manner, to return thanks; the chaplain, however, had obtained the start, when each endeavoured to silence the other by the loudness of his voice. Charles very properly took the queen by the hand, and hastily withdrew her from the disreputable scene.

The queen's ecclesiastical retinue consisted of a young bishop, whose age was under thirty, and twenty-nine priests. Fifteen of these were scholars, and the remainder Theatines, — an Order of friars, whose principal occupation consisted in singing psalms. In addition to this promising party, there were a number of male and female attendants, who, it is asserted, swelled the French train from the originally stipulated number of sixty to as many as four hundred and forty persons. These people lost no opportunity of fomenting quarrels between Charles and his queen; while, naturally enough, the priests, on their part, used every exertion to restore the Pope's authority in England. Seminaries were formed for educating children in the Romish faith; the houses of the French attendants became a rendezvous for the discontented papists; the Catholic members of Parliament were secretly tampered with; and, indeed, no opportunity was neglected of obtaining proselytes to the ancient faith.

The perpetual discords and captious discontent

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of this foreign establishment are alluded to in most of the letters of the period. Not satisfied with the numberless immunities which had been provided for them by the marriage contract, these foreign grumblers, forgetting that the King of England was put to the charge of 240*l.* a day for their subsistence, persisted in the most frivolous and harassing complaints of ill-usage and discomfort. "The French," observes a letter of the period, "seem to be discontented, because they have not allowance to keep themselves, their wives, and children; though they have more by 7,000*l.* a year than even Queen Anne had." Charles was not by nature inclined to be petulant, but his temper was at length entirely overcome by the continual broils of his wife's domestics, and the manner in which they insulted the prejudices of his people. On one occasion, the priests sent to complain to him that a chapel at St. James's, which had been provided for their use by the marriage treaty, was progressing but slowly toward completion. "Tell them," said the king, indignantly, "that if the queen's closet is not large enough, they may use the great chamber; and if the great chamber is not wide enough, they may make use of the garden; and if the garden does not suit their purpose, they may go to the park, which is the fittest place of all." This last remark, it would seem, did not so much apply to the number of the French Catholics in general, as

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to the concourse of English priests, who seized every opportunity of attending the celebration of mass in the queen's apartments. This assemblage, illegal as far as the English ecclesiastics were concerned, became eventually so numerous, that even the queen herself, on one occasion, rose from her seat, and, rebuking the latter for their indelicate zeal, commanded them peremptorily to retire. Their numbers, however, still increasing, proper officers were at length stationed at the entrance of the queen's chapel, in order forcibly to prevent their ingress. Some indecent scenes were the consequence, the French Catholics drawing their swords in defence of their English brethren, and resisting the interference of the guard.

On one occasion, in the Royal Chapel, a popish nobleman is described as "prating on purpose louder than the chaplain prayed." Charles sent him a message to be silent. "Either," he said, "let him come and do as we do, or else I will make him prate further off." One of these squabbles nearly cost James the Second, then a baby, his life. His nurse, being a Roman Catholic, refused to take the oath of allegiance. As she was a favourite with the queen, instead of her being sent away, some zealous persons were employed to attempt her conversion. Their arguments and threats, however, so terrified the poor young woman that it spoiled her milk, and the health of the infant materially suffered. It was

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now proposed to send her away, but the queen took her dismissal so much to heart that the oath was dispensed with, and her milk probably recovered its virtue.

At length, so effectually was the indignation, both of Charles and his subjects, aroused by a long series of impertinences and insults, that the former came to the determination of ejecting the entire party, whether by forcible or by pacific means, from his dominions. Anxious, however, if possible, to effect their departure without resorting to violent measures, which might possibly have led to a rupture with the court of France, he wrote in the first instance to the Duke of Buckingham, who was then in Paris, desiring him to communicate with the queen-mother on the subject.

"You must advertise my mother-in-law," writes Charles, "that I must remove all those instruments that are causes of unkindness between her daughter and me, few or none of her servants being free of this fault in one kind or other; therefore, I would be glad that she might find a means to make themselves suitors to be gone. If this be not, I hope there can be no exceptions taken at me to follow the example of Spain and Savoy in this particular.[1] So requiring of thee

[1] The servants of a Spanish princess, who had misbehaved themselves under similar circumstances, had been expelled from France some years before. — *Howell's Letters.*

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a speedy answer of this business (for the longer it is delayed the worse it will grow), I rest,

"Your loving, faithful, constant friend,

"CHARLES REX.

"*Hampton Court, the 20th of November, 1625.*"

This and other repeated remonstrances producing no effect, and his domestic infelicity increasing more and more, Charles resolved to submit to the intolerable nuisance no longer, but at once to carry his threats into execution. It may be readily imagined that no time was lost by Henrietta and her alarmed favourites in communicating the intentions of Charles to the French king. Accordingly, the Marshal de Bassompierre (perhaps the fittest person in Europe to conduct so delicate a negotiation) was forthwith despatched to England by the court of France, with the object of effecting a compromise. It was not without difficulty that Charles could be persuaded even to admit the ambassador to an audience. When they did meet, the interview, as might have been expected, proved a stormy one. Thoroughly provoked, the king, in the heat of argument, inquired of Bassompierre why he did not at once execute his commission, and declare war. "I am not a herald," replied the other, "to declare war, but a marshal of France to make it when declared." Bassompierre has himself described the meeting. "The king," he says, "put himself into a great

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passion, and I, without losing my respect to him, replied to him in such wise, that at last, yielding something, he conceded a great deal to me." He adds, "I witnessed there an instance of great boldness, not to say impudence, of the Duke of Buckingham, which was, that when he saw us the most warmed, he ran up suddenly, and threw himself between the king and me, saying, 'I am come to keep the peace between you two.'" However, not all the art of the accomplished Bassompierre, not even the fear of incurring a war with France, nor the tears and entreaties of Henrietta, could induce Charles to grant any important concession, and the negotiation terminated by the foreigners receiving renewed orders to depart.

It was not till the very last moment, however, when the carriages and vessels were in actual readiness for their removal, that Charles thought proper to communicate to Henrietta and her minions that he was inexorable, and that the hour of their departure had actually arrived. Entering the queen's apartments for the purpose of announcing to her the unwelcome tidings, to his great indignation, we are told, he beheld a number of her domestics irreverently dancing and curvetting in her presence. Taking Henrietta by the hand, he led her to a private chamber, in which he locked himself up with her alone. In the meantime, Lord Conway had invited the French bishop, and others of the ecclesiastics, to accompany him into St.

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James's Park. Here, in a straightforward manner, he laid before them the king's unquestionable causes for complaint, informing them, in plain terms, that every one of the party, priests as well as laymen, young and old, male and female, must instantly depart the kingdom. The bishop replied that, as regarded himself, he stood in the light of an ambassador, and therefore could not possibly think of quitting the English court, unless by the express directions of the king his master. However, Lord Conway informed him, unhesitatingly, that if he did not depart peacefully there would not be the least scruple in getting rid of him by force.

Having thus communicated with the priests, Lord Conway, attended by the treasurer and comptroller of the household, suddenly made his appearance among the rest of the establishment at Whitehall. Having acquainted them with the king's resolution, he further told them it was his Majesty's pleasure that they should instantly depart for Somerset House, and there await his final instructions. The women, we are informed, commenced howling and lamenting as if they were going to execution ; and, as they evinced the most dogged determination not to move, they were eventually thrust out by the yeomen of the guard, and the doors of their apartments locked behind them.

The same evening, when they were all assembled

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at Somerset House, the king appeared in person among them. He hoped, he said, that the step he had taken would not be taken amiss by his brother, the King of France; that particular persons among them, for he would mention no names, had fostered discontent between the queen and himself; and that his domestic happiness had been thereby so entirely embittered that further endurance was out of the question, and he had no choice but to insist on their instant departure. He asked their pardon, he said, if, by thus seeking his own safety and peace of mind, he interfered with their interests, adding that his treasurer had received orders to remunerate every one of them for their year's service.[1] Madame Saint George, a handsome and flippant French lady, was spokeswoman on the occasion. In vain, however, she endeavoured to expostulate with Charles; his language was even more peremptory than when he had first addressed them. This lady, it seems, had bred more mischief between Charles and his queen than all the rest of the colony put together,

[1] In a little work, published at this time, entitled "The Life and Death of that matchless mirror of magnanimity, Henrietta Maria de Bourbon," the king's speech is given as follows:

"GENTLEMEN AND LADIES: — I am driven to that necessity as that I am personally come to acquaint you, that I very earnestly desire your departure into France. True it is, the deportment of some amongst you hath been very offensive to me, but others again have so dallied with my patience, and so highly affronted me, as I cannot, I will not, longer endure it."

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and consequently was personally obnoxious to the king. She had even had the impudence to intrude herself into the coach with the king and queen, at a period, too, when that honour was on no occasion allowed to a subject.

But the bitterest task for Charles to perform was to encounter the sobs and remonstrances of Henrietta. That she might not behold the departure of her favourites from Whitehall, Charles, when he parted from her, had locked the door of her apartment. Her furious conduct on this occasion exceeded all bounds; she actually tore the hair from her head, and cut her hands severely by dashing them through the glass windows.

These events took place in the early part of July, 1626; and yet, notwithstanding the king's firmness and extreme anxiety on the subject, we find the French still domiciled at Somerset House after more than a month had elapsed. The patience of Charles being now entirely worn out, he dictated the following note — evidently written in hearty anger — to the Duke of Buckingham:

"STEENIE: — I have received your letter by Dic Græme; this is my answer: I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of the town, if you can by fair means (but stick not long in disputing), otherwise force them away, driving them away like so many wild beasts until you have shipped them, and so the devil go with them. Let

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me have no answer, but of the performance of my command. So I rest,

"Your faithful, constant, loving friend,

"CHARLES REX.

"*Oaking, the 7th of August, 1626.*"

(*Superscribed*) "*The Duke of Buckingham.*"

Four days afterward appears the following passage in a letter of the period, dated 11th August, 1626. "On Monday last was the peremptory day for the departure of the French; what time the king's officers attending with coaches, carts, and barges, they contumaciously refused to go, saying they would not depart till they had order from their king; and above all, the bishop stood upon his punctilios. This news being sent in post to the king, on Tuesday morning his Majesty despatched away to London the captain of the guard, attended with a competent number of his yeomen, as likewise with heralds, messengers, and trumpeters, first, to proclaim his Majesty's pleasure at Somerset House gate; which, if it were not speedily obeyed, the yeomen of the guard were to put it in execution, by turning all the French out of Somerset House by head and shoulders, and shutting the gate after them. Which news as soon as the French heard, their courage came down, and they yielded to be gone next tide."

The appointed hour having arrived, Lord Conway, accompanied by the treasurer and comptroller,

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proceeded to Somerset House, to witness the departure of the malcontents. Lord Conway, with his colleagues, first attended the bishop to the door of his coach, where this captious gentleman again made a stand, praying, as a last favour, that he might be allowed to wait for the midnight tide, and thus escape the observation and ridicule of the crowd. The request was a natural one, and was civilly granted.

It required four days, and nearly forty carriages, to transport the expelled Catholics to Dover. At first they appeared extremely dogged and sullen, but the good fare, and kind entertainment, which everywhere awaited them on the road, as well as the natural vivacity of their country, gradually dispelled their feelings of disgust. Nevertheless, the derision, with which they were occasionally treated by the mob, must have been anything but agreeable. As Madame Saint George was stepping into the boat at Dover, a bystander took an aim at her strange head-dress with a stone. An English gentleman, who was escorting her, instantly quitted her side, and, running his sword through the offender's body, killed him on the spot.

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CHAPTER XII.

CHARLES I.

Charles's Liberality to the Queen's French Attendants — Their Attempt at Extortion — Misunderstandings between Charles and His Queen — Accusations against the Conjugal Faith of Charles — Letter from Him to the Duke of Buckingham — The White King — Strict Decorum of Charles's Court — Magnificent Entertainments — Patrician Actors — Charles's Exaction of Court Etiquette — His Unconciliating Manners — His Learning and Accomplishments — His Respect for Literature — His Love of the Arts — Sale of His Magnificent Collection.

THE liberality of Charles, when he found it imperative on him to dismiss the queen's French attendants, was munificent in the extreme. The list of donations is preserved among the Harleian MSS., and amounts to *22,672l.* Not content, however, with this profuse generosity, the women commenced such a disgraceful and sweeping attack on the queen's wardrobe, that they actually left but one gown and "two smocks to her back." Probably jewels and other articles of value were likewise purloined, for the lords of the council thought it necessary to interfere, and to attempt to enforce a restitution; we are informed,

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however, that an old satin gown was all they could prevail on the foreigners to return. The same roguery was also attempted in the queen's stables, her master of the horse, the Count de Scipieres, laying claim to all the horses and furniture under his charge.

But the most ingenious attempt was one of extortion, in which the queen herself, from a weak regard for her favourites, consented to be a party. They drew up a long list of various sums, amounting in all to 19,000*l.*, for which they asserted Henrietta to be their debtor. The queen admitted the validity of the claims; but, on being closely interrogated by Charles, eventually acknowledged the imposture.

Surely every part of the foregoing narrative tends to exonerate Charles from the sweeping accusation of matrimonial tameness, which has been so often and so sedulously brought against him. He has himself left us an account of what he endured at this period. Naturally anxious to justify his conduct to his brother-in-law, the French king, he despatched Lord Carlton as his ambassador to Paris, and, in his instructions to that nobleman, enters into a full detail of the queen's behaviour, and of his own feelings. This curious document was originally published by order of the Parliament, in the "King's Cabinet Opened," in which interesting collection it may be consulted by the curious.

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That Charles, at this period, had frequent misunderstandings with his queen there can be no question. The fault, however, was most decidedly on the part of Henrietta; indeed, if we are to consider as authentic the instrument just alluded to, and it certainly bears all the features of truth, there can be little doubt but that, at this period of their married life, she constantly behaved herself toward him with the most insufferable insolence. Their quarrels were doubtless fomented by Buckingham, who trembled lest the queen should obtain an undue influence over her husband. "The Queen of England," says Madame de Motteville, "related to me that, quickly after her marriage with King Charles the First, she had some dislike to the king her husband, and that Buckingham fomented it; that gentleman saying to her face that he would set her and her husband at variance, if he could." It is evident, from the account given by Bassompierre of his embassy into England, and also from the letters of the time, that Henrietta was almost daily either in tears or in a passion. Bassompierre mentions an occasion of the king entering an apartment in which he happened to be conversing with Henrietta, when, it appears, she instantly "picked a quarrel" with her husband. "The king," he says, "took me to his chamber, and talked a great deal with me, making me complaints of the queen, his wife." With the dismissal of the French train, peace and comfort

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seem for the first time to have gladdened the domestic privacy of Charles.

The accusation which has been brought against Charles, of having broken his marriage vows, rests almost entirely on the assertions of the republican triumvirate, Milton, Peyton, and Lilly, whose charges are as vague as their minds were prejudiced. Lilly remarks "that he had not heard of above one or two natural children whom the king had, or left behind him." Peyton enters rather more into detail. "The queen," he says, "was very jealous of the king, insomuch as he, loving a very great lady now alive, whom he had for a mistress, sent her lord into the Low Countries; in the meanwhile daily courts her at Oxford, in her husband's and the queen's absence; but the lord returning, the king diverted his affectionate thoughts to another married lady, of whom the queen was jealous on her return from France, so that on a time this lady being in Queen Mary's presence and dressed *à la mode*, the queen viewing her round, told the lady she would be a better mistress for a king than a wife for a knight. The lady replied, 'Madam, I had rather be a mistress to a king, than any man's wife in the world.' For which answer she was constrained to absent herself from court a long time." The same writer alludes to the jealousy and indignation of Charles, on seeing a certain nobleman handing through the court at Whitehall a lady whom he "dearly loved."

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But the most unfair attack is that of Milton. "Have you the impudence," he writes to Salmasius, "to commend his chastity and sobriety who is known to have committed all manner of lewdness in company with his confidant, the Duke of Buckingham? It were to no purpose to inquire into the private actions of his life who publicly at plays would embrace and kiss the ladies." All this the republican and "holy poet" must have well known to be false. Let us remember that no authority whatever is adduced to substantiate any one of these charges; that the name of no lady is even so much as hinted at; and, moreover, that the writers of this wretched scandal, especially Milton and Peyton, were rancorous and bigoted to the last degree, and we shall have little difficulty in acquitting Charles of the charge of immorality, with which his maligners have so confidently endeavoured to sully his character.

So little ground is there, indeed, for accusing Charles of being unfaithful to the marriage vow, that it may be questioned whether (even before marriage, and when surrounded by the temptations of his father's court) any single instance can be brought forward of his having been engaged in an intrigue. Peyton, indeed, comes forward with one of his unsupported scandals, and informs us that, when unmarried, he "had for his mistress a great married lady," by whom he had a son, and that at the christening he presented the child with

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8,000*l.* But this story is also unsupported by any corroborative evidence.

With half a nation for his enemies, including numbers only too willing to blacken his character on little or no foundation; filling, moreover, an exalted situation, where the most unimportant action was eagerly watched and noted down, it is impossible not to believe that, if Charles had been an immoral character, the fact would have descended trumpet-tongued to posterity. The few clumsy charges which have been brought forward may be considered, perhaps, as the strongest evidence of his unsullied virtue.

Indeed, the unimpeachable morality of Charles procured for him from his contemporaries the expressive title of the "White King." The name appears to have had some allusion to the dress which he wore at his coronation, and partly, perhaps, to an absurd construction of an ancient prophecy, published by the astrologer, Lilly, with which he endeavoured to identify Charles. It may be mentioned that, at the funeral of the king, the snow fell thick upon the black velvet pall which covered his coffin. "It was all white," says his faithful follower, Sir Thomas Herbert, "the colour of innocency: so went the 'White King' to his grave." Osborne gives him the same title, but of course introduces it in derision.

The court of Charles was scarcely less strict than that of his puritanical successor, Oliver

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Cromwell. Every species of immorality was regarded with horror, and even levity was confined within proper bounds. The king set the example of decency, and it was followed by his courtiers. In the Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, a valuable compliment is paid by his republican lady to the well-regulated propriety of the court of Charles. "The face of the court," she says, "was much changed in the change of the king; for King Charles was temperate, chaste, and serious, so that the fools, mimics, and catamites of the former court grew out of fashion; and the nobility and courtiers, who did not quite abandon their debaucheries, had yet that reverence to the king to retire into corners to practise them." There is no writer of the period whose productions are not more decent than those of either the preceding or subsequent reigns.

The amusements of Charles were such as conferred honour on genius, and gave encouragement to virtue and the arts. Walpole, who hated equally the king and his politics, in a passage not unworthy of the occasion, has at least done justice to his taste and the high refinement of his court. "During the prosperous state of the king's affairs, the pleasures of the court were carried on with much taste and magnificence. Poetry, painting, music, and architecture were all called in to make them rational amusements; and I have no doubt but the celebrated festivals

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of Louis the Fourteenth were copied from the shows exhibited at Whitehall, in its time the most polite court in Europe. Ben Jonson was the laureate; Inigo Jones, the inventor of the decorations; Laniere and Ferabosco composed the symphonies; the king, the queen, and the young nobility danced in the interludes." To the names mentioned by Walpole we may add those of Milton and Selden. The "Masque of Comus," written by the former, and the scenic contrivances of the latter may afford some conception of the rational amusements of the court of Charles. Marshal Bassompierre, in mentioning his state introduction to Charles and Henrietta, observes: "I found the king on a stage raised two steps, the queen and he on two chairs, who rose at the first bow I made them on coming in. The company was magnificent, and the order exquisite." This was a high compliment from one of the most elegant men, and perhaps the first arbiter of taste, in Europe.

Among the "Strafford Letters" we find numerous allusions to the amusements of the court of Charles, as described to the Earl of Strafford by his amusing correspondent, Mr. Garrard. On the 9th of January, 1633, the latter writes: "I never knew a duller Christmas than we had at court this year, but one play all the time at Whitehall, and no dancing at all. The queen had some little infirmity, the bile, or some such thing, which made

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her keep in; only on Twelfth-night she feasted the king at Somerset House, and presented him with a play, newly studied, 'The Faithful Shepherdess,'[1] which the king's players acted in the robes she and her ladies acted their pastoral in last year. I had almost forgot to tell your lordship that the dicing night the king carried away, in James Palmer's hat, 1,850*l.* The queen was his half, and brought him that luck; she shared presently 900*l.* There are two masks in hand, the first of the Inns of Court, which is to be presented on Candlemas Day; the other the king presents the queen with on Shrove Tuesday, at night. High expenses; they speak of 20,000*l.* that it will cost the men of the law."

Again, Mr. Garrard writes to the earl on the twenty-seventh of February following: "On Monday after Candlemas Day, the gentlemen of the Inns of Court presented their mask at court. There were sixteen in number, who rode through the streets in four chariots, and two others to carry their pages and musicians, attended by a hundred gentlemen on great horses, as well clad as I ever saw any. They far exceeded in beauty any mask that had formerly been presented by

[1] "The Faithful Shepherdess: a Dramatic Pastoral," by J. Fletcher. The Epilogue was spoken by Lady Mary Mordaunt, probably a daughter of Lewis, third Baron Mordaunt. The "Faithful Shepherdess" had previously met with an unfavourable reception on the public stage. — *Biog. Dram.*, vol. ii., p. 216.

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those societies, and performed the dancing part with much applause. In their company there was one Mr. Read of Gray's Inn, whom all the women and some men cried up for as handsome a man as the Duke of Buckingham."

It may be interesting to insert the dramatis personæ of one of those celebrated masks, once the glory of Whitehall. The following is the court "play bill," at the performance of the "Cœlum Britannicum," of which Carew, one of the most elegant of love poets, was the author, and Inigo Jones the inventor and director of the machinery.

THE NAMES OF THE MASQUES.

THE KING'S MAJESTY.

DUKE OF LENOX,	LORD FIELDING,
EARL OF DEVONSHIRE,	LORD DIGBY,
EARL OF HOLLAND,	LORD DUNGARVON,
EARL OF NEWPORT,	LORD DUNLUCE,
EARL OF ELGIN,	LORD WHARTON,
VISCOUNT GRANDISON,	LORD PAGET,
LORD RICH,	LORD SALTOUN.

THE NAMES OF THE YOUNG LORDS AND NOBLEMEN'S SONS.

LORD WALDEN,	MR. THOMAS HOWARD,
LORD CRANBORN,	MR. THOMAS EGERTON,
LORD BRACKLEY,	MR. CHAS. CAVENDISH,
LORD CHANDOS,	MR. ROBERT HOWARD,
MR. WILLIAM HERBERT,	MR. HENRY SPENCER.

Even the political misfortunes which began to press upon Charles could not altogether destroy his

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interest in the fine arts; and, though their splendour had certainly somewhat faded, his favourite masks continued still to be a source of enjoyment. Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, in a letter to his sister, the Countess of Leicester, dated 5th of December, 1639, thus writes: "The king and queen have begun to practise their mask. A company of worse faces did I never see assembled than the queen hath gotten together upon this occasion, not one new woman amongst them. My Lady Carnarvon conditioned, before she would promise to be of the masks, that it should not be danced upon a Sunday, for she is grown so devout by conversing with my Lord Powis and the Doctor, that now she will neither dance nor see a play upon the Sabbath. I assure you their Majesties are not less busy now than formerly you have seen them at the like exercise." [1]

Charles was not only well informed in all matters

[1] In a letter of the time it is said, "The Masking-house is nearly ready, and 1,400*l.* is appointed for the charge of a mask at Twelfth-night." — *Collins's Memorials.* Mr. D'Israeli says, "The fullest account I have found of one of these entertainments, which at once show the curiosity of the scenical machinery and the fancy of the poet, the richness of the crimson habits of the gentlemen and the white dresses, with white herons' plumes and jewelled head-dresses and ropes of pearls, of the ladies, was in a manuscript letter of the time, with which I supplied the editor of Jonson, who has preserved the narrative in his Memoirs of that poet." "Such were the magnificent entertainments," says Mr. Gifford, in his Introduction to Massinger, "which, though modern refinement may affect to despise them, modern splendour never reached, even in thought."

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of court etiquette, and in the particular duties belonging to each individual of his household, but enjoined their performance with remarkable strictness. Ferdinando Masham, one of the esquires of his body, has recorded a curious anecdote relative to the king's nice exaction of such observances. "I remember," he says, "that coming to the king's bedchamber door, which was bolted on the inside, the late Earl of Bristol, then being in waiting and lying there, he unbolted the door upon my knocking, and asked me, 'What news?' I told him I had a letter for the king. The earl then demanded the letter of me, which I told him I could deliver to none but the king himself. Upon which the king said: 'The esquire is in the right; for he ought not to deliver any letter or message to any but myself, he being at this time the chief officer of my house; and if he had delivered the letter to any other, I should not have thought him fit for his place.'" It seems that, after a certain hour, when the guard was set, and the "All-night" served up, the royal household was considered under the sole command of the esquire in waiting. "The king," says Lord Clarendon, "kept state to the full, which made his court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be."

Although Charles formed many friendships among his own subjects, he never lost sight of the dignity of his own station, but was peculiarly tena-

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cious of undue familiarity. When in the west of England, during the civil troubles, Doctor Thomas Wykes, Dean of St. Buryan in Cornwall, an inveterate punster, happening to be riding near him, extremely well mounted, "Doctor," said the king, "you have a pretty nag under you; I pray, how old is he?" Wykes, unable to repress, even in the presence of majesty, the indifferent conceit which presented itself, "If it please your Majesty," he said, "he is in the second year of his reign" (rein). Charles discovered some displeasure at this unlicensed ribaldry. "Go," he replied, "you are a fool."

Though kind and considerate to those about him, the manners of Charles were by nature far from being either graceful or conciliating. Considering the peculiar period in which he lived, and how fascinating is the well-timed civility of a king, the deficiency was a real misfortune. It was afterward said of his son, Charles the Second, that he denied favours with more grace than his father bestowed them.

The unfavourable impression conveyed by the manners of Charles was owing, in a great degree, to a natural impediment in his speech. At times he stammered so painfully that it was with difficulty he could articulate a word. This infirmity would seem to have been hereditary, for his father's tongue is described as having been too large for his mouth, and Charles himself was

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unable to speak till he was four years old. It is remarkable that this imperfection left him at his trial, and that on that memorable occasion he addressed his judges with extraordinary fluency and ease. Lilly, who heard him, authenticates the fact.

There was, however, in Charles, a want of tact in his general address, as well as the misfortune of an impediment in his speech. This defect of manner will, perhaps, be best exemplified by the following lively passage, which occurs in a letter from the Countess of Leicester to her husband, when the latter was ambassador at Paris. It is dated 14th March, 1636: "Since my coming to town, I have been twice at the court, because I did not see the king the first time, but from the queen I received then expectations of her favour to you. The elector also made me some compliments concerning you, much handsomer than I expected from him. In his Majesty, I found an inclination to show me some kindness, but he could not find the way; at last he told me that he perceived I was too kind to my husband when he was with me, which kept me lean, for he thought me much fatter than I used to be. This short speech was worse to me than an absolute silence, for I blushed, and was so extremely out of countenance that all the company laughed at me."

The learning and accomplishments of Charles

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were of no ordinary kind. He was an excellent mathematician; well read in the history and laws of his country, and had studied divinity as deeply as any of his contemporaries. He perfectly understood the French, Spanish, and Italian languages, and was conversant with, and appreciated, the classics. He had studied carefully the arts and manufactures, and himself observed that he believed he could earn his livelihood by any trade except "weaving in tapestry." He said at another time that, were he compelled to make choice of a profession, he would not be a lawyer. "I could not," he added, "defend a bad cause, nor yield in a good one." His conference with Henderson, and especially his negotiation with the parliamentary commissioners, — on which latter occasion he combated, unaided, the arguments of some of the wisest men in England, — afford sufficient proof of the vigour of his intellect and the depth of his scholastic knowledge. The highest compliment ever paid to the mental powers of Charles emanated from his adversary Henderson himself. This famous disputant and theologian, — the gifted Presbyterian, on whose controversial genius the hopes of thousands of enthusiasts were fixed, — who was to have annihilated the arguments of his sovereign, and to have forced him to become a convert to Presbyterianism, thus speaks of the illustrious antagonist, over whose arguments and principles he had anticipated an easy conquest: "I do de-

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clare before God and the world, whether in relation to kirk or state, I found his Majesty the most intelligent man that ever I spoke with; as far beyond my expression as expectation. I profess that I was oftentimes astonished with the solidity and quickness of his reasons and replies, wondered how he, spending his time in sports and recreations, could have attained to so great knowledge; and must confess that I was convinced in conscience, and knew not how to give him any reasonable satisfaction; yet the sweetness of his disposition is such, that whatsoever I said was well taken. I must say that I never met with any disputant of that mild and calm temper, which convinced me that such resolution and moderation could not be without an extraordinary measure of the divine grace. I dare say, if his advice had been followed, all the blood that is shed, and all the rapine that is committed, should have been prevented."

Charles, like his father, held literature in great respect. On one occasion, when with the army at Oxford, he sent to the Bodleian Library to borrow a book. He was told that, by the rules of the institution, no book was permitted to be lent out of the library. Instead of persisting in his request, he went instantly to the Bodleian, and examined personally the volume he required.

Charles, among his other accomplishments, is said to have been a painter; and it has even been

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affirmed that Rubens corrected some of his drawings. That great artist, in one of his letters, mentions, as one of his chief inducements to visit England, that he has been credibly informed the prince of that country is the best judge of art in Europe.

Few of our kings have had the least perception of the beautiful. Charles the First is unfortunately the only monarch of this country to whom the arts may be considered as under an obligation. His collection of statues, paintings, models, and antiquities must have been superb in the extreme; and but for the interruption of the civil troubles, and the tasteless devastation which followed, the cabinet of the court of England would still have been the envy of the polite world. Besides objects of taste, such as had descended to him from former monarchs, he had himself collected for many years with vast labour and expense. He had added to his gallery of pictures the entire cabinet of the Duke of Mantua, considered the most splendid in Europe. The price of paintings on the Continent rose, it is affirmed, to double their value, in consequence of a competition between Charles and Philip the Fourth of Spain, another royal collector. It has even been asserted that Charles was once on the point of an agreement with Vandyke, that, for the immense sum of eighty thousand pounds, he should adorn the walls of the Banqueting-house at Whitehall with

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the ceremonies of the Order of the Garter. Such a building, embellished by such an artist, would have been the glory of Europe. The Banqueting-house, however, in the reign of Charles, was decorated with some of his choicest pictures; and we find him refusing to permit one of the queen's favourite masks to be performed in it, lest the lights should damage the collection. The incident, however trifling, is a proof of his care for the arts.

We have several other evidences of the taste and refinement of Charles. At Mortlake he patronised a manufacture of tapestry, which, but for the age of barbarism which followed, might have rivalled the boasted Gobelins of Paris. He delighted in the company of learned men, and in their society is said to have been more social and more at his ease than on any other occasion. He loved and understood music, and was himself a pupil of Cooper's, and performed on the viol di Gamba. He was a friend of the poets, especially of Ben Jonson, and of May, the translator of Lucan. Milton speaks of Shakespeare as the "closet companion of Charles's solitudes."

To the republican party we are indebted for the loss of the magnificent collections made by Charles. It is to be regretted that the conductors of popular convulsions have been rarely men of refinement. The year before the death of Charles, his splendid effects, and his unique cabinet, which formed the

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delight of his leisure hours, were directed by the Parliament to be sold. Some ignorant individuals, who styled themselves commissioners, were appointed the appraisers. The inventory took a year in drawing up, and the collection three years in selling. The catalogue is preserved among the Harleian MSS., and is entitled "An Inventory of the Goods, Jewels, Plate, etc., belonging to King Charles I., sold by order of the Council of State, from the year 1649 to 1652."

Each article or lot had its price previously fixed, and nothing could exceed the gross barbarity and want of taste displayed in the valuation. This Gothic insensibility and ignorance, however, mattered little; for, except a slight occasional competition, the price given seldom exceeded the appraisement. It is curious to discover what in those days was considered the value of pictures which are now deservedly regarded as beyond price. The celebrated cartoons of Raphael were valued at only 300*l.*, and, what is more remarkable, were "knocked down" without a purchaser. The six following pictures alone brought a price which may be considered as equivalent to their worth:

A Sleeping Venus, by Corregio, sold for 1,000*l.*
A Madonna, by Raphael, 2,000*l.*
A Picture, by Julio Romano, 500*l.*
A Madonna and Christ, by Raphael, 800*l.*
A Venus and Pard, by Titian, 600*l.*

The following have been mentioned as remark-

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able for the insignificant sums at which they were purchased:

The Woman Taken in Adultery, by Rubens, 20*l.*
Peace and Plenty, by Rubens, 100*l.*
Venus Attired by the Graces, by Guido, 200*l.*[1]

The Duke of Buckingham and his brother, one of the finest efforts of Vandyke, was valued at 30*l.*, and sold for 50*l.* Christ, the Virgin, and "many Angels dancing," by Vandyke, was also valued only at 40*l.* Walpole informs us that his father afterward gave 700*l.* for this picture, and that it had been previously twice sold for upwards of 1,000*l.* Titian's pictures were generally appraised at 100*l.* But the valuation of the following list is really ludicrous:

[1] The following account of various sums, paid by Charles I. to Vandyke and Rubens, will doubtless be considered as curious:

"To Sir Anthony Vandyck, for divers pictures, viz., our own royal portraiture; another of Monsieur, the French king's brother; and particular of the archduchess, at length, at 25*l.* a-piece. One of our royal consort; another of the Prince of Orange; and another of their son, at half length, at 20*l.* a-piece. One great piece of our royal self, consort, and children, 100*l.* One of the Emperor Vetellius, 20*l.*; and for mending the picture of the Emperor Galbus, 5*l.*

"To Sir Anthony Vandyck, 444*l.* for nine pictures of our royal self, and most dearest consort the queen; 40*l.* for the picture of our dearest consort, the queen, by him made, and by our command delivered unto our right trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor, the Lord Viscount Wentworth, our deputy of Ireland.

"To Sir Peter Rubens, knight, 3,000*l.*, for certain pictures from him sold unto us." — *Issue Roll of Thomas de Brantingham. Introduction. London*, 1835.

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King Edward III., with a great curtain before it, 4*l.*
A Portrait of Buchanan, 3*l.* 10*s.*
Queen Elizabeth, in her robes, 1*l.*
The Queen Mother, in mourning, 3*l.*
The King, when a Boy, 2*l.*
Picture of the Queen, when with child, 5*s.*

The valuable collection of coins sold, on the average, at about a shilling a-piece. The pictures, together with the furniture of nineteen[1] palaces which had belonged to Charles, and the remains of the jewels and plate which had not been already sold for the maintenance of the royal cause, fetched the comparatively trifling sum of one hundred and eighteen thousand and eighty pounds, ten shillings, and sixpence.[2]

It has been remarked as a singular circumstance, that a sale so magnificent, and so extensive as to occupy three years in its accomplishment, should have failed in exciting a greater degree of attention in foreign princes. This apathy, however, may in some degree have originated in feelings of delicacy. Lord Clarendon mentions, incidentally, that some of the king's pictures, as well as the rich furni-

[1] Granger incidentally mentions the number of the king's palaces as twenty-four. Including the old Scotch palaces they probably amounted to even more than this number.

[2] One remarkable relic escaped the cupidity of the Parliament. This was a splendid collar of the Order of the Garter set alternately with ballast rubies and pearls. It had long been an heirloom of the Crown of England, but had recently been sold by the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Holland "beyond the seas," by order of Charles I. — *Rymer's Fœdera.*

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ture of his palaces, were privately purchased by the Spanish envoys for their master. The unsettled state of the public mind in England may account for the want of taste displayed in our own country upon this melancholy occasion. Those who had the mind to appreciate, and the power to purchase, had been displaced by those who had neither. It may here be remarked that some idle toys, obtained probably for the amusement of Henrietta, or the decoration of her apartments, were purchased at large prices, while, as we have already seen, the works of the first artists were valued at sums which, in these days, would scarcely exceed the annual interest of their purchase-money.

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CHAPTER XIII.

CHARLES I.

Charles at the Battle of Naseby — His Flight from Oxford — His Arrival at Newark, and Ungracious Reception by the Scottish Army — Treachery of the Scots — Imprisonment of Charles at Holmby — His Amusements There — Charles and Major Bosville — The King Is Denied All Intercourse with the Ministers of His Own Church, and Deprived of His Attendants — His Health and Diet — Insolence of Cornet Joyce — Removal of the King from Holmby — His Reception at Childerley — Professions of Fidelity by Cromwell and Fairfax — Charles's Arrival at His Palace at Newmarket — Freed from the Annoying Attentions of Joyce — The King's Interview with His Children — The Bowling-green at Whitchurch — Arrival of Charles at Hampton Court — His Court There — Secret Compact between Him and Cromwell — Morrice's Story of the Letter in the Saddle — Interview at Sion House between Charles and His Children — His Advice to Them.

FORTUNATELY for ourselves, as well as for the reputation of Charles, it is on the story of his private, and not of his public life — on the details of his social virtues, and not on his political delinquencies — which it is our province to dwell. Charles the First as king, and Charles the First as a private individual, rise before us as two distinct beings. We despise the one, while we almost reverence the other.

Let us then hurry over the political history,

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and the more stirring events, of the reign of Charles. His contests with the House of Commons; his vexatious and illegal levies on the purses of his subjects; his tyrannical interference with their religious scruples; his insolent seizure of the "five Members;" the terrible retribution which followed his blunders and his misconduct; his final rupture with his subjects; the raising of the Standard at Nottingham; the changes and chances of the great Civil War; the king's successes at Worcester and Edgehill, and his disasters at Marston Moor and Naseby; these events, and the moral to be deduced from them, we leave to the graver pens of the historian and the philosopher. Let us return to the personal history of Charles.

The battle of Naseby was decisive to the fortunes of the misguided monarch, and from henceforward he virtually ceased to be a king. It was at the close of this action that he is said to have ridden along the ranks, animating his men with his voice and hand, and imploring them not to desert him in his need. "One charge more," he exclaimed, "and we recover the day." His courage, in fact, has never been called in question even by his most furious maligners, and on more than one occasion elicited the admiration of his enemies. During the course of the civil struggles, it ever appeared as eminent on the field of battle, as it afterward shone illustrious on the scaffold.

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But after the battle of Naseby, misfortune followed misfortune; the west of England was overrun by the Parliamentary forces; Bristol surrendered to Fairfax, and Devizes to Cromwell. At length, surrounded by enemies on all sides, the unhappy king had no choice but to throw himself into Oxford, which had been faithful to him in every change, and where, for the last time, he was destined to be regarded and respected as a free monarch. But Fairfax was rapidly approaching with a victorious army. The prospect of being led away captive by his own subjects; the thought of their triumphant shouts, of falling into the power of men whom he regarded as insolent rebels and absurd enthusiasts, was too humiliating to be endured. Accordingly, though not till Fairfax was within three days' march of Oxford, the king decided on flight. But even at the very moment of departure, such was his constitutional irresolution, that he had scarcely made up his mind which way to turn, or in what friend to trust, — whether to throw himself on the mercy of the citizens of London, or to trust himself to the generosity of the Scottish army, which was then encamped at Newark. It was only when danger or death opposed him face to face, that the real heroism of Charles's character was manifested. To Lord Digby, we find him writing at this period: "I desire you to assure all my friends, that if I cannot live as a king, I shall die like a gentleman,

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without doing that which may make honest men blush for me."

Charles selected but two individuals as the companions of his flight. These were his faithful groom of the bedchamber, John Ashburnham, and Doctor Hudson, a clergyman, who was intimately acquainted with the features and by-parts of the country through which the fugitives must necessarily pass. The king himself was disguised as the servant of Ashburnham. On the night of the 27th of April, 1646, orders having been given at the different gates of the town to allow to three persons a free pass, Charles proceeded over Magdalen Bridge, and commenced his sorrowful and hazardous journey. The principal reliance of the fugitives was in an old pass which they had procured from an officer of the royal army, and which, indeed, afterward proved of the greatest assistance. Even at their first stage, Dorchester in Oxfordshire, where a troop of dragoons were quartered, they escaped examination by its means.

From Dorchester they proceeded, by way of Henley and Maidenhead, as near to London as Brentford. In passing through Benson, they had been closely questioned by a party of horse, but Ashburnham asserting they belonged to the Commons, they were again allowed to proceed. One circumstance caused them great annoyance: a soldier in Ireton's regiment actually joined company, and proceeded with them from Nettlebed as far

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as Slough. This man, perceiving the liberal manner in which Hudson distributed money to the guards, turned to the king, whom (being dressed as a servant, and having a saddle-bag before him) he naturally regarded as his equal, and inquired if his master was of the House of Lords? Charles answered calmly that his master was merely of the Lower House.

At Brentford, Charles again deliberated on the policy of trusting himself to the honour of the Parliament and the loyalty of the citizens. The result was that the travellers turned their faces toward the north, and, after some stay at Harrow on the Hill, came to Uxbridge, where they deceived another guard with their pass. At Hillingdon, a village near that town, they remained about three hours, and here the king endured another painful conflict, as to the expediency of proceeding further northward, or returning to London and throwing himself on the generosity of his subjects. After a severe struggle, it was decided that they should prosecute their original intention, and they therefore proceeded cautiously toward St. Albans. In passing through that town they were encountered by an "old man with a halbert," who inquired to what party they belonged? Hudson told him to the Parliament, and, throwing him a sixpence, they again proceeded on their way. They had scarcely, however, left St. Albans above a mile behind them, when, to their consternation, they

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perceived a horseman galloping after them at his utmost speed. Charles and Ashburnham instantly turned out of the direct road, leaving Hudson to face about and encounter the suspicious person. It proved, to their great satisfaction, to be merely a drunken cavalier, who passed on his way without taking any notice of the party, or even of the salutation of Hudson, who civilly greeted him. From hence the king and his companions proceeded, by a circuitous route, through Leicestershire and Norfolk, and at length arrived at the camp at Newark, where he formally delivered himself to Lord Leven, the general of the Scottish army. It may be remarked that it was nine days after his quitting Oxford, before the Parliament received the least intimation of his proceedings. Irritated beyond measure, they issued a proclamation, threatening instant death to whoever should harbour the royal fugitive.

Charles had soon sufficient reason to repent the step which he had taken. He neither experienced that attachment from the Scots which he had anticipated, nor the ordinary respect which misfortune had a right to claim. His person was closely guarded; he was refused all communication and correspondence with those who were dear to him; and, moreover, he was daily insulted by pulpit insolence, or wearied by pulpit admonitions. One would have thought that afflicted majesty — that the extreme of human misfortune,

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a monarch deprived of his throne, his freedom, and his children — might have been compassionated under any circumstances, and might even have claimed respect from the wildest political zealot or religious fanatic. Among other instances of his having been personally affronted from the pulpit, the following is well known. In the presence of the persecuted monarch, one of their preachers had appointed, as part of the service of the day, the psalm which commences :

> " Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself,
> Thy wicked deeds to praise ? "

As soon as the words were given out, the king rose from his seat, and calmly proposed to substitute the psalm, which begins —

> " Have mercy, Lord, on me, I pray,
> For men would me devour."

The congregation, to their credit, sided with Charles, and sang the more appropriate version.

From the time of that great national stain, the sale of his person by the Scottish army, till we find him a prisoner of the Parliament in his own house at Holdenby, there is little remarkable in the king's personal history. The fact of that atrocious transfer, and the proposed change of keepers, were first communicated to him by a letter, which he received while engaged at a game of chess. Painful as the tidings must have been

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to him, his countenance betrayed no change, and he continued the game with the same placidity of manner, and apparent interest, as if the letter had remained unopened.

Holdenby, or Holmby House, in Northamptonshire, was one of his own nineteen palaces, in which Charles had passed some of the happiest moments of his youth. When Duke of York, it had been purchased for him by his mother, Anne of Denmark, who little anticipated that it would hereafter become the prison of her favourite child.[1] During his journey to this place, Charles was received with every show of affection, and sometimes even with enthusiasm, by his subjects. On his arrival, we are told, "very many country gentlemen, gentlewomen, and others of ordinary rank, stood ready there, to welcome the king, with joyful countenances and prayers."[2] At Holmby his situation was somewhat improved. There was at least the appearance of a court; he was allowed the services of persons whom he could trust, and

[1] It had originally been built by Lord Chancellor Hatton, and, shortly after receiving the last visit of Charles, was pulled down by a decree of the Parliament.

[2] "It is noteworthy," says Herbert, "that through most parts where his Majesty passed, some out of curiosity, but most (it may be presumed) for love, flocked to behold him, and accompanied him with acclamations of joy, and with their prayers for his preservation; and that not any of the troopers, who guarded the king, gave those country-people any check or disturbance, as the king passed, that could be observed, a civility his Majesty was well pleased with."

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the society of many of those whom he loved. It is remarkable that the Parliamentary Commissioners waited on him with all due observance at his meals.

In order to defray in part the king's household expenses at this period, the communion plate at Whitehall, in accordance with a proposition of the committee of revenue, dated 5th February, 1647, was sacrilegiously melted down. The committee report of the House of Commons, that the "vestry plate, hitherto set upon the altar of his Majesty's chapel at Whitehall," consists as follows :

A paire of great candlesticks,	Two gilt layres,
One gilt shipp,	A square basonn and fountaine,
Two gilt vases,	A silver rodd.

Charles, though restricted in liberty, was not altogether deprived of amusement, — and no man could have more valuable resources in himself. In the mornings he either rode out on horseback, or paced up and down the gravel walks at Holmby. He was a fast walker, and the Earl of Pembroke, the "memorable simpleton," who was generally forced upon him as his companion, had some difficulty in keeping pace with him. Bowls was a game in which Charles had ever taken great pleasure ; and as there was no bowling-green at Holmby, he constantly rode over, either to Althorp or Harrowden (the latter a house of Lord Vaux), where he diverted himself with his favourite amusement.

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The commissioners were commonly his companions in the sport. It would be difficult to imagine a more remarkable scene than that of the recent competitors for sovereignty becoming peaceful rivals in such a homely diversion.

It was on the occasion of one of his excursions to Harrowden that he encountered, under peculiar circumstances, the face of an old friend. During the period that Charles had been a prisoner of the Scots at Newcastle, he had despatched a faithful adherent, Major Bosville, to Paris, with an important letter to the queen. Bosville, having obtained her reply, had continued several days lurking in the neighbourhood of Holmby, before he could find an opportunity of delivering his despatch. Three nights he spent at the meanest cottages, and twice slept under furze bushes in the open air. At last, disguised as a countryman, and with a fishing-rod in his hand, he seized an opportunity of the king riding over a narrow bridge, to place the important document in his Majesty's hands. Unfortunately the commissioners witnessed the movement. Charles, however, told them that it was merely a letter from the queen, containing a recommendation that the prince should serve in the French army during the next campaign. Bosville was afterward examined by the wary commissioners, but whether he suffered for his loyalty does not appear. The gallant soldier, it seems, had made up his mind to force the letter into the

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hands of Charles, even though he should be surrounded by the Parliamentary guards, with their pistols pointed at his head.

Many similar attempts were made to communicate with the captive monarch, but were almost invariably prevented by the watchfulness of the Parliament. Among others, one Mary Cave, of a respectable family at Stanford, had been enlisted in the royal cause, and had engaged to deliver a letter to the king. She happened to be acquainted with the landlady of one of the Parliamentary captains, who was employed as a guard over his sovereign. At the request of the landlady, the officer good-naturedly consented to obtain, for her young friend, the honour of kissing the king's hand. In the meantime, however, the landlady had imprudently communicated to her husband the real object which her friend had in view, on which, the husband, alarmed at the risk which they both ran, lost no time in imparting the secret to the captain. Accordingly, on the day appointed for her interview with the king, the young lady no sooner made her appearance at Holmby, than she was arrested by order of the commissioners, and subjected to a strict search. Fortunately no papers were discovered on her person. Some days afterward, however, an important letter was found behind the hangings of the room, which it was supposed that, during the investigation, she had ingeniously contrived to conceal.

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That which greatly distressed the king, was his being denied not only the attendance of his domestic chaplains, but even all intercourse with the ministers of his own church. Twice he addressed a solemn appeal to the Parliament on this subject; but though the House of Lords showed every inclination to gratify him, the Commons sternly withheld their consent. Offers of ghostly assistance, indeed, were constantly made him by the Puritan preachers, who were in attendance on the commissioners. These people, among other intrusions, were ever hovering about the royal table, with the object of pronouncing the benediction. Charles, however, always said the grace himself, and sometimes in an audible voice. "The Parliament," says Neal, "appointed two of their clergy, Mr. Caryl and Mr. Marshall, to preach in the chapel, morning and afternoon, on the Lord's Day, and to perform the devotions of the chapel on week-days; but his Majesty never gave his attendance. He spent his Sundays in private, and though they waited at table, he would not so much as admit them to ask a blessing." He was, however, invariably civil to his persecutors, and, though himself refraining from being present at their hours of worship, he laid no similar restraint on his attendants.

But an act of oppression, which shortly followed, sank far more deeply into the heart of Charles. One day the commissioners waited on him in a

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body, and, after having acquainted him with the spirit of some new instructions which they had received, requested him, with great apparent humility, to dismiss, with only two exceptions, the loyal and affectionate servants who had been long attached to his person. Two of the grooms of the bedchamber, Maxwell and Mawle, to whom were afterward added Harrington and Sir Thomas Herbert, were alone permitted to attend him in future. At dinner, the same day, when the faithful train came as usual to wait on their afflicted sovereign, he informed them of what had passed, adding that they must hereafter cease to regard him as their master. The scene which ensued was affecting in the extreme. They offered up the most fervent prayers for the king's safety and happiness, and, after respectively kissing his hand, retreated with all the expressions of the most poignant distress. Charles himself was so much moved that he retired to his bedchamber, and, giving orders that no one should intrude on his privacy, spent the remainder of the day in solitude and grief.

It is remarkable that neither misery nor confinement had the least effect on the health of Charles, and that, during the whole period of his sufferings, he never once had need of a physician. This circumstance was, no doubt, owing in a great measure to his abstemiousness in his diet. It was his custom to eat but sparingly, and seldom of various dishes. His attendant, Herbert, says

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that "he drank but twice every dinner and supper, once of beer, and once of wine and water mixed, only after fish a glass of French wine; the beverage he himself mixed at the cupboard, as he would have it; he very seldom ate and drank before dinner, nor between meals."

It was on the afternoon of the 4th of June, 1647, that an incident occurred which spread consternation throughout the usually tranquil establishment of Holmby, and which, moreover, was the prelude to still darker passages in the life of Charles. He was at Althorp, amusing himself at bowls with the commissioners, when information was brought that a large and suspicious-looking body of horse was on its way to Holmby. Doubtful whether they were to encounter friend or foe, the commissioners instantly hurried back the king to Holmby, and, after some consultation, determined, if necessary, to stand on their defence. It was not till midnight that the troopers arrived, when, having been drawn up in regular order before the house, and guards having been placed at all the avenues, their leader boldly demanded admittance. This person was no other than Cornet Joyce, the son of a tailor, and perhaps the most impudent ruffian on record. On his knocking at the palace gate for admission, the commandant of the garrison inquired his name and business. He replied that his name was Joyce; that he was a cornet in Colonel Whaley's regiment, and that

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his object was to speak with the king. The commandant inquired from whom? Joyce told him from himself, at which the other very naturally gave a contemptuous laugh. Joyce, however, insolently told him it was no laughing matter. In the meantime the soldiers within the garrison and those without had been sociably conversing together; and having discovered that both parties belonged to the same army, and were attached to the same cause, the former immediately opened the gates, and Joyce quietly took command of the house.

Having posted sentinels over the commissioners' apartments, Joyce hastened to the part of the house in which the king slept. With a pistol in his hand, he knocked loudly at the door of the grooms of the bedchamber, through whose apartment he must necessarily pass before he could gain admission to that of the king. These gentlemen, having ascertained from him his name and object, came to the gallant determination of sacrificing their lives sooner than admit the intruder. In the meantime, having been awakened by the disturbance, the king rang the silver bell he was in the habit of keeping by his bedside, on which Maxwell hastened to his chamber, while the others defended the outer door. Charles, having been made acquainted with the cause of the tumult, positively refused to rise, on which Joyce, though exceedingly exasperated, was persuaded to retire.

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The next morning the king rose somewhat earlier than usual, when Joyce, having been admitted to his presence, informed his Majesty, with the utmost confidence, and almost in as few words, that he came to remove him from Holmby. The king asked him whither he was to go. Joyce told him, to the army. Charles naturally requested to see his instructions. "Your Majesty shall be soon satisfied," said the other; and drawing up his men, a fine troop and well clad, in the inner court, pointed them out from the window to Charles. "Your warrant," said the king, smiling, "is written in fair characters, and is legible without spelling."

On the following day, after a residence there of four months, the king departed from Holmby. He was attended in his coach by three of the commissioners, the Earls of Pembroke and Denbigh, and Lord Montague, his other persecutors, as well as his suite, following on horseback. According to Herbert, who was present, the king was the merriest person of the party.

The fact seems to have been, that Charles was extremely well pleased with his removal to the army. He had long entertained a notion that the most influential officers were secretly his friends, and that by their means he should eventually regain possession of his rights. "Sir," he once said to Fairfax, "I have as good interest in the army as yourself." Cromwell and Fairfax both denied that Joyce had received his authority from them.

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Cromwell, however, could not conceal the elation which he felt at the success of the enterprise. "Now," he said, "that I have the king in my hands, I have the Parliament in my pocket."

It is impossible, indeed, to doubt that Cromwell was at the bottom of this daring outrage. Hobbes of Malmesbury observes justly, in his "Behemoth," "I cannot believe that Cornet Joyce could go out of the army with a thousand soldiers to fetch the king, and neither the general nor the lieutenant-general, nor the body of the army, take notice of it." With regard to the force with which Joyce was supported, the accounts are extremely conflicting. Heath, as well as Hobbes, mentions them as a thousand strong; Doctor Barwick as fifteen hundred; Sanderson, on the king's authority, as five hundred; and Clarendon as fifty. Herbert, who was on the spot, merely speaks of them as a "body of horse," and in another place as a "troop." Major Huntingdon, in his "Reasons for laying down his commission," says expressly, in speaking of Joyce's exploit, that "Lieutenant-General Cromwell had given him orders at London to do what he had done, both there and at Oxford."

From Hinchinbrook, where the king passed the first night, he came to Childerley, a house of Sir John Cutts, about four miles from Cambridge. Hither the fellows and scholars of the University flocked to him in great numbers, and with every

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demonstration of loyalty and respect. He was also respectfully attended at this place by many of the principal officers of the army. Among the number were Cromwell, Ireton, Lambert, and Whaley. Several of them knelt to him and kissed his hand. With Cromwell and Fairfax he had frequently long interviews, and received from them the most unbounded professions of fidelity.

From Childerley, Charles was removed to his own palace at Newmarket. Here, to his great satisfaction, he was at last freed from the presence of Cornet Joyce, whose sanctified manners and vulgar familiarity had continued to annoy him since their departure from Holmby. Charles, when at Childerley, had endeavoured to bring this offensive person to trial, and had summoned a council of war for the purpose. Cromwell's influence, however, was too powerful, and Joyce escaped unpunished.[1]

[1] In 1670, we find Joyce a resident at Rotterdam, when Sir William Temple, then ambassador to Holland, received particular orders to secure his person. The ambassador, we are told, went himself to Rotterdam, and sat up two nights without sleep, without being able to effect his purpose. The magistrates, it seems, counteracted his designs, alleging that it was absolutely against the privileges of their town, and, moreover, that Joyce was apparently "a kind of mad extravagant fellow, and that having long resided in their town, he could be guilty of nothing against his Majesty, unless it were of words, which people were very free of in their country." A yacht had been purposely sent from England to Rotterdam to convey Joyce to condign punishment, but owing to the obstinacy or good-nature of the Dutch

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At Newmarket the king experienced a greater degree of freedom and kindness than had hitherto been his lot. He was allowed to take exercise on the heath, either in his coach or on horseback; his chaplains were permitted to attend him, and he was treated generally by the officers of the army not only with civility, but with respect. He dined in public as in former days; his presence-chamber was thronged with the neighbouring gentry; and when he went abroad he was received with loud acclamations by the people. Sir Philip Meadows, who was at Newmarket during the king's visit, assured Lord Dartmouth that Charles's was the only cheerful countenance to be seen in the place.

On the 24th of June, 1647, the king left Newmarket for Royston, another royal mansion. Here he stayed two days, and from thence removed to Hatfield, where he remained till the end of the month. At Windsor he passed another two days, and from thence was conducted to Caversham, a seat of Lord Craven, not far from Reading. While at this place he was allowed the exquisite pleasure of again embracing his children. He met them at Maidenhead, in which town they passed the evening together. Cromwell, who himself knew the feelings of a father, was present at their first interview. He afterward described the scene to

authorities, it was compelled to return without its expected cargo. — *Life of Sir William Temple.*

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Sir John Berkley as one of the most affecting he had ever witnessed. "I met with him" [Cromwell], says Berkley in his Memoirs, "about three days after I came to Reading, as he was coming from the king, then at Caversham. He told me that he had lately seen the tenderest sight that ever his eyes beheld, which was the interview between the king and his children, and wept plentifully at the remembrance of it." Ludlow corroborates the fact, and informs us that while Cromwell was telling the story the tears rolled down his cheeks. Charles had the satisfaction of passing two whole days with his children while a prisoner at Caversham. During his residence at this place, the unfortunate king used to pay frequent visits to a bowling-green in the retired parish of Whitchurch, then belonging to the ancient family of Lybbe, and at present to their descendant, Lybbe Powys, Esq. When the author visited the spot a few years since, the bowling-green still remained, and also, near it, a small building, which, as far back as the days of Charles the First, used to afford shelter and refreshment to those who indulged in the game. In Hardwick House — the neighbouring residence of the Powys family — may still be seen the picture of the old lady who lived in this building, and who used to wait on the king during his occasional visits.

At Woburn, whither the king was next removed, he met with an affectionate and even splendid

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reception. From thence he was conducted to Latimers, a seat of the Devonshire family; and after remaining brief periods at Moor Park near Rickmansworth, Stoke near Windsor, then the seat of the Huntingdons, Oatlands, and other places, he at length arrived at Hampton Court in the middle of August, about ten weeks after his departure from Holmby.

Charles was extremely gratified with the last change. "He dines abroad," says Sanderson, "in the Presence Chamber, with the same duties and ceremonies as heretofore, where many of the gentry are admitted to kiss his hand. After dinner he retires to his chamber; then he walks into the park or plays at tennis; yesterday he killed a stag and a buck." The court again presented something of its former magnificence; the nobility flocked around his person; his servants returned to their respective duties; and the chaplains performed their offices in the royal chapel. The king was allowed to hunt with the Duke of Richmond; the officers of the army continued to treat him with respect, and Cromwell came often to see him, and was admitted to long conferences. We cannot but think that this extraordinary man was, at this period at least, well inclined toward his sovereign. There is a well-known tradition that a secret compact existed, by which, in the event of the restoration of the king to his rights, Cromwell was to receive ten thousand a year, the

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earldom of Essex, and the Garter. The treaty, it has been affirmed, was broken off in consequence of the discovery of an autograph letter from Charles to his queen, in which the former stated that, the promise having been altogether compulsory on his part, he should feel himself justified, when restored to liberty and power, in declining to fulfil the conditions. This story becomes somewhat remarkable, when compared with the following anecdote, related by Morrice, the chaplain of Lord Orrery, in his memoirs of that nobleman. The reader, however, is warned that it must be received with caution.

"One day," says Morrice, "Lord Broghill was riding, with Cromwell on one side of him, and Ireton on the other, at the head of their army, when they fell into discourse about the late king's death. Cromwell declared that if the king had followed his own mind, and had had trusty servants about him, he had fooled them all. And further said, that once they had a mind to have closed with him; but upon something that happened, they fell off from that design again. My lord, finding Cromwell and Ireton in a good humour, and no other person being within hearing, asked them if he might be so bold as to desire an account, first, why they once would have closed with the king? and, secondly, why they did not? Cromwell very freely told him he would satisfy him in both his queries. 'The reason,' says he,

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'why we would once have closed with the king was this: we found that the Scots and the Presbyterians began to be more powerful than we; and if they made up matters with the king, we should have been left in the lurch; therefore, we thought it best to prevent them, by offering first to come in upon any reasonable conditions. But while we were busied in these thoughts, there came a letter from one of our spies, who was of the king's bedchamber, which acquainted us that on that day our final doom was decreed; that he could not possibly tell what it was, but we might find it out if we could intercept a letter sent from the king to the queen, wherein he declared what he would do. The letter, he said, was sewn up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle upon his head, about ten of the clock that night, to the Blue Boar Inn in Holborn; for there he was to take horse, and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some persons in Dover did. We were at Windsor when we received this letter, and, immediately upon the receipt of it, Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and with troopers' habits to go to the inn in Holborn; which, accordingly, we did, and set our man at the gate of the inn, where the wicket only was open, to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice when any person came there with a saddle, whilst we, in the disguise of common troopers,

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called for cans of beer, and continued drinking till about ten o'clock; the sentinel at the gate then gave notice that the man with the saddle was come in. Upon this, we immediately arose, and, as the man was leading out his horse saddled, came up to him with drawn swords, and told him that we were to search all that went in and out there, but, as he looked like an honest man, we would only search his saddle, and so dismiss him. Upon that, we ungirt the saddle, and carried it into the stall where we had been drinking, and left the horseman with our sentinel; then ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter of which we had been informed; and having got it into our own hands, we delivered the saddle again to the man, telling him he was an honest man, and bidding him go about his business. The man, not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover. As soon as we had the letter, we opened it, in which we found the king had acquainted the queen that he was now courted by both the factions, the Scotch Presbyterians and the army; and which bid fairest for him should have him; but he thought he should close with the Scots sooner than the other. Upon this,' added Cromwell, 'we took horse, and went to Windsor; and finding we were not likely to have any tolerable terms from the king, we immediately, from that time forward, resolved his ruin.'"

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The army had somewhat more humanity than the Parliament, and continued to permit frequent interviews between the king and his children. The first time that he met them, after his arrival at Hampton Court, was at Sion House, the residence of the Earl of Northumberland, under whose charge they had for some time been placed. When they beheld their persecuted father, "they fell down on their knees," says a bystander, "and begged his blessing." Charles embraced them most affectionately, and appeared overjoyed to find them in such perfect health, and so kindly treated. From this period they were constantly permitted to pass the day at Hampton Court, or else Charles would ride over to visit them at Sion.

At these affecting interviews, Charles omitted no opportunity of instilling virtuous principles into the minds of his children. He conjured the Duke of York, then about fourteen years old, in the event of any accident befalling his unfortunate father, to transport himself into Holland, where he was certain of being affectionately received by his sister, the Princess of Orange. He desired the Princess Elizabeth never to marry, unless with the consent of her mother and her brother Charles; always to be obedient to them both, and to the queen especially, except in matters of religion; conjuring her, whatever misfortunes might befall the Church of England, that she should always be constant in that faith. The necessity

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of faithfully adhering to the truths enjoined by that church, Charles had ever solemnly impressed on his family. On the 22d of March, 1645, he addresses to Prince Charles the following solemn appeal: "Once again, I command you, upon my blessing, to be constant to your religion, neither hearkening to Romish superstitions, nor the seditions and schismatical doctrines of the Presbyterians and Independents; for know, that a persecuted church is not thereby less pure though less fortunate."

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CHAPTER XIV.

CHARLES I.

The King's Flight from Hampton Court — Ashburnham's "Fatal Mistake" — Charles Proceeds in Custody to the Isle of Wight — Colonel Whaley's Account of the Discovery of the King's Escape from Hampton Court — The King's Arrival at Cowes — Singular Omen — Arrival at Carisbrook — Dismissal of the King's Chaplains and Servants — Captain Burley's Rash Attempt — His Barbarous Execution — The King's Removal to Newport — Anecdotes — Melancholy Change in the Appearance of Charles — Projects for His Escape from Carisbrook — Fruitless Attempts.

THE circumstances which induced Charles to fly from Hampton Court, and the details of that ill-advised measure, have been variously related by historians. It is, however, agreed on all hands that his dread of assassination was the principal motive. Anonymous letters, advertising him of his danger, had for some time been daily conveyed to him; indeed, the king himself, in a letter to the Parliament which was afterward found in his bedchamber, gave it as the special reason of his flight. "I cannot deny," he says, "that my personal security is the urgent cause of this my retirement." To this we may add the testimonies of

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Sir John Berkley and Ashburnham, the companions of his flight. "I did most humbly beg of him," says the latter in his Narrative, "that he would be pleased to say whether really and in very deed he was afraid of his life in that place, for his going from thence seemed to us a very great change in his affairs. His Majesty protested to God that he had great cause to apprehend some attempt upon his person, and did expect every hour when it should be."

After every consideration, it appears more than probable that Charles was, after all, a mere puppet in the hands of Cromwell; that it was Cromwell himself who caused the fear of assassination to be impressed upon the king's mind; that Cromwell was acquainted beforehand by his spies, with the proposed time and manner of the king's intended flight; and that, in fact, in flying from Hampton Court, Charles merely fell into a trap which had been laid for him by that extraordinary man, whose policy it undoubtedly was to remove the king as far as possible from the Parliament, and to surround him with his own creatures. Cromwell is even said to have privately intimated to Charles, through his relation, Colonel Whaley, that he could no longer be responsible for his personal safety. That there was a traitor in the court of Charles, and that his most secret counsels were instantly conveyed to Cromwell, there can scarcely be a doubt. Not the least remark-

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able fact was that Colonel Hammond, the governor of the Isle of Wight (to whom Ashburnham proposed to entrust the king's person on their arrival in that island), should have left London for his government almost at the same time that Charles departed from Hampton Court; and that, too, at a time when the agitations in the army rendered it important to his own interests that he should remain at headquarters. Doctor Barwick (who was likely to be well-informed), in the life of his brother, Doctor Peter Barwick, has the following passage: "Cromwell, by his holy cheats, seduced the good king into the Isle of Wight, and confined him in Carisbrook Castle," etc. Andrew Marvell, also, the friend of Cromwell, and from his situation likely to have had some insight into the secret history of the period, in his ode on the return of Cromwell from Ireland, has the following lines:

"And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art,
When twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope,
That Charles himself might chase,
To Carisbrook's narrow case."

It has even been asserted that some local arrangements, and especially the removal of the guards to a greater distance from the king's apartments, were owing to the machinations, and were

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a part of the plan, of Cromwell.[1] That the guards were thus removed is undoubted, though Hume, who passes over the circumstances of the king's flight in rather an apathetic manner, assures us that they were even doubled before his departure. The expression used by Colonel Whaley to Lenthall, the Speaker, is curious: "I could no more," he says, "detain the king, if he had a mind to go, than I could keep a bird in a pound." Heath goes so far as to assert that the king's visit to the Isle of Wight was publicly talked of in that island long before his arrival, and that the guards were removed on purpose to give him free egress from Hampton Court.

It was on a dark and tempestuous night, on the 11th of November, 1647, that the king, pretending to be indisposed, retired at an early hour to his own chamber. When all was quiet, accompanied by Ashburnham, Sir John Berkley, and Mr. Legge, all of them in disguise, he passed through the vaulted passages of the palace into the garden. From hence, a private door admitted them to the banks of the Thames, where a boat was in readiness, which conveyed them across the water[2] to Thames-Ditton, where their horses

[1] On the other hand, it is but fair to Cromwell to remark that Milton, his Latin secretary, strongly denies, in his panegyric on the Protector, that he was the deviser of the flight.

[2] Lord Clarendon's account of the king's flight, is, in one respect, somewhat different. "They discovered," he says, "the

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awaited them. The account left us by Sir John Berkley is curious. "On the Wednesday, as I take it," he says, "we had orders to send spare horses to Sutton, in Hampshire, a place where I never had been, and the Thursday after, his Majesty, with Will. Legge, came out at the closing of the evening, and immediately went toward Oatlands, and so through the forest, where his Majesty was our guide, but lost our way, though he were well acquainted with it, the night being excessively dark and stormy." Having wandered at least ten miles out of their proper course, it was daybreak when the fugitives reached the inn at Sutton. At this place, unluckily, they found a committee of the county sitting "about the Parliament's business," and accordingly, remounting their horses, they proceeded hurriedly on their way to Southampton. Even at this period Charles, with his usual irresolution, appears to have been undecided in what quarter to seek refuge, and at his desire all four of the fugitives led their horses down a steep hill, for the purpose of conferring on the subject.

treading of horses at a back door of the garden, into which his Majesty had a passage out of his chamber, and it is true that way he went, having appointed his horse to be there ready at an hour," etc. — *History of the Rebellion.* It is improbable that Charles should have had a horse on the Middlesex side of the river. The river, as is well known, flows immediately under the walls of the garden; and the utmost distance to Thames-Ditton ferry can hardly exceed half a mile.

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At length they arrived on the seashore, not far from Southampton. The king, being disappointed in finding a vessel which he appeared to expect, — for Ashburnham seems to have been the only person in his confidence, — they turned their horses' heads toward Titchfield, the residence of the Countess Dowager of Southampton, to whom Charles made no scruple of discovering himself.

At Titchfield the king again deliberated with his friends, as to the next step which they ought to take. During the debate, Ashburnham urged the policy of at once crossing over to the Isle of Wight, and entrusting themselves to the care of Hammond, who, though a friend of Cromwell, and the son-in-law of Hampden, was also the nephew of the king's favourite chaplain. It was at length decided that Ashburnham and Berkley should be despatched to the island, with directions on no account to inform the governor of the king's place of abode, unless they could obtain the most solemn assurance from Hammond that, if unable to defend his Majesty, at least he would not detain him. On reaching Carisbrook, they learnt that Hammond had just ridden toward Newport, whither they proceeded and fell in with him. Berkley immediately took him aside, and acquainted him that the king was in the neighbourhood, but without naming his hiding-place. "Hammond," says Berkley, "grew so pale, and fell into such a trembling, that I did really believe

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he would have fallen off his horse, which trembling continued with him at least half an hour after." Hammond, as is well known, declined entering into any engagement, expressing at the same time a strong attachment to the king's person — but alleging the duty which he owed to his superiors. Such a reception certainly intimated anything but a favourable result; and yet Ashburnham, with inconceivable rashness, actually carried back the governor with him to Titchfield. Charles, when acquainted with the result of the expedition, could not conceal the bitterness of the moment. "Oh, Jack!" he said, "thou hast undone me!" Ashburnham, as Berkley tells us, "wept bitterly," and offered to kill the governor, but the king of course rejected the proposal. Charles had now no choice but to submit, and accordingly he accompanied Hammond to the island.

In the meantime, the inmates of Hampton Court had been amazed and confounded at the discovery of the king's flight. In all the minor details connected with the untoward enterprise, there is great difficulty in arriving at the truth. Hume cursorily mentions that it was an hour before the king was missed, while Lord Clarendon seems to imply that the fact did not transpire till the following morning. "They who went into his chamber," he says, "found that he was not there, nor had been in his bed that night." The real fact seems to have been, that he was

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missed about three hours after he commenced his flight.[1] Colonel Whaley, who had the charge of his person, in his official despatch to the Speaker, minutely details the circumstances of the discovery. "As for the manner, Mr. Speaker, of the king's going away, it was thus: Mondays and Thursdays were the king's set days for his writing letters to be sent into foreign parts. His usual time of coming out of his bedchamber on those days, was betwixt five and six of the clock. Presently after he went to prayers; and about half an hour after that to supper: at which times I set guards about his bedchamber, because he made no long stay after supper before he retired himself thither.

[1] Whitelock says, November 12th: "Letters from Lieutenant-General Cromwell to the House, of the king's going away. That the commissioners and Colonel Whaley missing him at supper, went into his chamber and found him gone, leaving his cloak in the gallery, and some letters of his own handwriting upon the table." Rushworth says: "November 11th. This night came the unexpected news of his Majesty's escape from Hampton Court. About nine of the clock, the officers who attended him wondered he came not forth of his chamber, went in, and missed him within half an hour of his departure." It appears from the Journal of the House of Commons, that Cromwell's letter to the House was dated November 11th, twelve at night, and mentions nine o'clock as the hour of the king's departure. It is evident, however, that as no one had seen him set off, and as his keepers had all along believed him to be safe in his apartment, the exact hour of his flight could not as yet have been ascertained. Sir John Berkley, who accompanied Charles from Hampton Court, mentions especially that he "came forth at the closing of the evening."

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"About five of the clock," proceeds Whaley, "I came into the room next his bedchamber, where I found the commissioners and bedchamber men; I asked them for the king. They told me he was writing letters in his bedchamber. I waited there without mistrust till six of the clock. I then began to doubt, and told the bedchamber men, Mr. Maule and Mr. Murray, I wondered the king was so long a writing. They told me he had, they thought, some extraordinary occasion.

"Within half an hour after, I went into the next room to Mr. Oudart, told him I marvelled the king was so long a writing. He answered, he wondered too; but withal said the king told him he was to write letters to the Princess of Orange, which gave me some satisfaction for the present.

"But my fears with the time increased. So that, when it was seven of the clock, I again told Mr. Maule I exceedingly wondered the king was so long before he came out. He told me he was writing. I replied, possibly he might be ill, therefore, I thought, he should do well to see, and to satisfy both myself and the House, that were in fears of him. He replied, the king had given strict commands not to molest him, therefore durst not; besides, he had bolted the door to him.

"I was then extreme restless in my thoughts;

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looked oft in at the keyhole, to see whether I could perceive his Majesty, but could not. Pressed Mr. Maule to knock very oft, that I might know whether his Majesty were there or not; but all to no purpose. He still plainly told me, he durst not disobey his Majesty's commands.

"When it grew toward eight of the clock, I went to Mr. Smithby, keeper of the privy lodgings, desiring him to go along with me the back way through the garden, where I had sentinels, and we went up the stairs, and from chamber to chamber, till we came to the chamber next to his Majesty's bedchamber; where we saw his Majesty's cloak lying on the midst of the floor, which much amazed me.

"I went presently back to the commissioners and bedchamber men, acquainted them with it; and therefore desired Mr. Maule again, to see whether his Majesty was in his bedchamber or not. He again told me he durst not. I replied that I would then command him, and that in the name of the Parliament; and therefore desired him to go along with me. He desired I would speak to the commissioners to go along with us. I did; we all went.

"When we came into the room next the king's bedchamber, I moved Mr. Maule to go in. He said he would not except I would stand at the door. I promised I would, and did.

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"Mr. Maule immediately came out, and said the king was gone. We all then went in, and one of the commissioners said, 'It may be the king is in his closet.' Mr. Maule presently replied and said, 'He is gone.'"

Parties of horse and foot were instantly despatched to search the lodge in the park, as well as Ashburnham's house at Ditton and other places; and measures were still being taken for the king's discovery, when the news of his being a prisoner in the Isle of Wight was received by the Parliament. Among other papers which were found in the king's bedchamber, after his flight, was a kind and very creditable letter to Colonel Whaley, who, however faithful to his employers, had never shown himself a rigorous or unfeeling keeper.

"COLONEL WHALEY:—I have been so civilly used by you and Major Huntingdon, that I cannot but by this parting farewell acknowledge it under my hand, as also to desire the continuance of your courtesy, by the protecting of my household staff and movables of all sorts which I leave behind me in this house, that they be neither spoiled nor embezzled. Only there are here three pictures which are not mine, that I desire you to restore; to wit, my wife's picture in blue, sitting in a chair, you must send to Mrs. Kirk; my eldest daughter's picture, copied by Belcan, to the Countess of Anglesey; and my Lady Stanhope's picture to Cary

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Raleigh. There is a fourth, which I had almost forgot, it is the original of my eldest daughter; it hangs in this chamber over the board next the chimney, which you must send to my Lady Aubigny. So being confident that you wish my preservation and restitution, I rest, your friend,

"CHARLES REX.

"P. S. — I assure you it was not the letter you showed me yesterday that made me take this resolution, nor any advertisement of that kind. But I confess that I am loath to be made a close prisoner under pretence of securing my life. I had almost forgot to desire you to send the black grew-bitch to the Duke of Richmond."

On landing in the Isle of Wight, the king passed the first night at Cowes. It may be remarked that, in 1713, the minister of Newport exhibited to a person (from whom Bishop Kennett had the story) an old and curious carved bedstead, on which King Charles rested on that eventful night. On the headboard were engraved in gilt letters the words, "Remember thy end." The king, taking it as an omen of his approaching death, knelt and prayed fervently by the bedside.[1]

From Cowes, Charles was conducted by Colonel

[1] Kennett, Comp. Hist. The author has recently made personal inquiries at Newport, but, notwithstanding the kind exertions of more than one individual to whom he was a stranger, could discover no trace of this interesting relic.

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Hammond to his memorable prison at Carisbrook. As he passed through Newport, a lady presented him with a damask rose, — which, notwithstanding the inclement season of the year, still flourished in her garden, — accompanying the graceful offering with an ardent prayer for his happiness. The king thanked her kindly, and seemed much gratified, and even affected, by the attention.

For a brief period Charles was treated at Carisbrook with every demonstration of respect. His chaplains were again allowed to attend him; his old servants repaired to him as before, and he was permitted to ride about the island as he pleased. But the days of bitterness were fast approaching; his chaplains were, in the first instance, removed, and lastly came an order that all whom he had loved longest, and had most confided in, should be discharged from their further attendance on him. This was a heavy blow to Charles, and he could with difficulty conceal his grief. "Such," says Herbert, "as were at that time in the presence noted it, but not knowing the occasion of his Majesty's sadness, they seemed full of grief, as by their dejected looks was visible. But the king, beckoning with his hand to Mr. Ashburnham and others, he told them what the governor had communicated. Next day, after the king had dined, those gentlemen came altogether, and, prostrating themselves at his Majesty's feet, prayed God for his preservation, and, kissing his hand, departed."

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From this period the king was precluded from taking his usual rides, his recreation being entirely confined to within the lines of the castle. The barbican, however, was converted by Hammond into a bowling-green, and afforded him some amusement. A "pretty summer-house" was also constructed on the ramparts, whither he frequently retired to commune with his own thoughts. The bowling-green on the barbican at Carisbrook — with its turf steps, the walls of the old castle frowning above it, and its beautiful marine view — was as perfect, when the author not long since visited the spot, as if it had been laid down but yesterday. A great portion of his time, at this period, was passed by Charles in the study of the Bible and in earnest prayer.

It is worthy of remark that, during his confinement at Carisbrook, persons afflicted with the evil continued to resort to him in large numbers, and from the remotest parts. Throughout the Isle of Wight the kind-hearted inhabitants were much affected by the misfortunes of their king; and, at their assemblies, openly expressed their indignation at the treatment which he received. There was on the island a gallant man, of a good family, one Captain Burly, who had formerly commanded one of the king's ships of war. When the fleet became disloyal to its sovereign, Burly had been dismissed from his post by the Parliament; but willing to serve his master in any capacity, he

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shortly afterward entered the royal army. In his new profession he soon rose to an important command, and it was only when the royal cause was utterly lost that he had retired to his native island and to the society of his early friends. He had lived thus quietly for some time, beloved and respected, when, observing the indignation of his neighbours, he one day, with more chivalry than discretion, caused a drum to be beat, and placing himself at the head of a small body of loyalists, called out to the people to follow him, and he would lead them to the rescue of their king. Among the assembly, however, were some cooler heads than his own, and the enterprise fell to the ground. "Poor Burly," as Lord Clarendon styles him, paid the forfeit of his rashness. The gallant fellow was condemned to be hung, drawn, and quartered; and with many unnecessary circumstances of barbarity, the sentence was carried literally into execution.

Herbert has supplied us with a list of the books in which the king most delighted at this period. Next to the Holy Scriptures, he says, his Majesty preferred "Bishop Andrew's Sermons, Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, Doctor Hammond's Works, Villalpandi upon Ezekiel, Sand's Paraphrase on the Psalms of David, Herbert's Divine Poems, Fairfax's translation of Tasso, and Spenser's Faerie Queene."

During his imprisonment at Carisbrook, Charles for once clothed his melancholy feelings in poetry.

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The verses in question, which extend to a considerable length, are omitted in the collection of the king's works, but were printed shortly afterward by his biographer, Perinchief. Burnet, who seems to have been ignorant of the latter fact, mentions in his "Lives of the Dukes of Hamilton," that "he had them from a very worthy gentleman," who attended on Charles, and who copied them from the original. "The mighty sense and great piety of them," he adds, "will be found to be beyond all the sublimities of poetry, which are not yet wanting here." Even Walpole condescends to speak well of them. "The poetry," he says, "is uncouth and inharmonious, but there are strong thoughts in them, some good sense, and a strain of majestic piety." It may be doubted if too high praise has not been passed upon this production; the following verses are certainly far from happy:

"Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
Revenge and robbery are reformation;
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

"My loyal subjects, who, in this bad season,
Attend (by the law of God and reason),
They dare impeach and punish for high treason.

"Next at the clergy do their furies frown,
Pious episcopacy must go down;
They will destroy the crosier and the crown.

"Churchmen are chained, and schismatics are freed,
Mechanics preach, and holy fathers bleed;
The crown is crucified with the creed.

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"The Church of England doth all faction foster,
The pulpit is usurped by each impostor;
Ex tempore excludes the *pater noster*."

Hume justly observes that the truth of the sentiment, rather than the elegance of expression, renders them very pathetic.

The following couplet, also composed by Charles in the treaty chamber at Newport, has been preserved by Nicholas Oudart:

"A coward's still unsafe, but courage knows
No other foe but him who does oppose."

It was the custom of Charles, at this period, to insert mottoes, or remarkable verses, in the blank pages of his favourite authors. In many of them he wrote the words, *Dum spiro spero*, — while I breathe I have hope. In another book he inserted the following couplet, probably from Boethius:

"Rebus in adversis facile est contemnere vitam;
Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest."

Which may thus be translated:

"In grief 'tis easy to despise the grave,
Who dares be wretched, is the truly brave."

And again, from Claudian:

"Fallitur egregio quisquis sub principe credit
Servitium; nunquam libertas gratior extat,
Quam sub rege pio."

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"There is no slavery in a good man's rule;—
But ne'er does liberty more grateful spring,
Than 'neath the empire of a pious king." [1]

After a confinement of several months at Carisbrook, Charles was removed to the house of a private gentleman at Newport, where his friends were once more permitted to visit him. This change was rendered necessary in consequence of the personal negotiation which was pending between Charles and the Parliamentary Commissioners, there being a want of space and other facilities at Carisbrook by which the treaty could commodiously be carried on. The change was an agreeable one to Charles, who had been long in constant dread of assassination. To Sir John Bowring he said: "I have had a sad time of it since the two Houses imprisoned me in this castle, expecting every hour when I should be murdered." One day, at Newport, the king beckoned Sir Philip Warwick to the window where he was standing, and, pointing out to him a little humpbacked man in the street, inquired if he knew who it was. Sir Philip answering that he had never seen him before, "I show him to you," said Charles, "because he was the best companion I had for three months

[1] The copy of Shakespeare's Plays which belonged to Charles, containing several of these interesting insertions, is preserved in the royal library at Windsor. This relic is rendered the more curious from its pages being interspersed with many autograph annotations of King George the Third.

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together at Carisbrook, where he used to light my fires." Sir Philip Warwick relates another interesting incident which occurred about the same period. "One evening," he says, "the king's favourite dog scraping at the door, his Majesty desired Sir Philip to let in Gypsy." "I perceive," said the latter, as he opened the door, "that your Majesty loves greyhounds better than spaniels." "Yes," replied Charles, "for they are both equally attached, and the greyhound is no flatterer." The interesting apartments which witnessed these scenes are now occupied by the Free School of Newport. The famous Treaty Chamber is the present schoolroom.

The commissioners, who presided at the treaty, are said to have been much surprised, if they were not affected, at the melancholy change which sorrow, rather than time, had produced in the appearance of Charles. Though less than a year had elapsed since they had last seen him at Hampton Court, his hair had become almost entirely gray. Since the expulsion also of his servants he had worn nearly the same clothes, and had allowed his beard and the hair of his head to grow at will. Nevertheless, his mind appeared as clear as ever, and his cheerfulness and manly dignity were even more conspicuous than in the days of his greatness.

Previously to his quitting Carisbrook, Charles, it may be mentioned, had entertained more than one project of escape, and, on one of these

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occasions, had very nearly effected his purpose. There are extant several letters, which passed between the king and one of his faithful followers, relative to the attempt. In one of them, which is without date, Mr. Firebrace thus writes to the king: "This night I have thought of a new project, which, by the grace of God, will effect your business. 'Tis this. In the back-stairs window are two casements, in each two bars; one of the bars, in that next the door, shall be cut, which will give you way enough to go out. I am certain the top of the hill comes within a yard of the casement, so that you may easily step out, and keep close to the wall till you come to a hollow place (which you may observe as you walk to-morrow), where with ease you may go down and so over the outworks. If you like this way, it shall be carried on thus. Hen. C—— shall cut the bar, and do up the gap with wax or clay, so that it cannot be perceived. I have already made it loose at the top, so that when you intend your business, you shall only pull it, and it will come forth. You must sup late and come up so soon as you have supped. Put off your George and on your gray stockings, and on notice to be given you by Hen. C——, come into the back-stairs and so step out. We shall meet you, and conduct you to your horses, and then to the boat."

Charles writes in reply to this letter, 26th April, 1648: "I have now made perfect trial, and find it impossible to be done; for my body is much too

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thick for the breadth of the window, so that, unless the middle bar be taken away, I cannot get through. I have also looked upon the other, and find the one much too little, and the other so high, that I know not how to reach it without a ladder; besides, I do not believe it so much wider than the other, as that it will serve; wherefore, it is absolutely impossible to do anything to-morrow at night." All difficulties, however, were at length apparently removed; on a particular night horses had been placed in readiness, and a vessel had been provided for his transportation, when, unfortunately, the design was discovered. Charles, it appears, had been furnished with a saw and file, with which instruments, after considerable labour, he had succeeded in sawing through one of the bars of the window. At midnight, the hour agreed upon with his friends without, he was proceeding to make his escape, when he heard, what was extremely unusual, some persons in conversation below. Suspecting that his purpose had transpired, he closed the window hastily, and retired to bed. In the meantime Hammond, who seems to have previously had some intimation of what was passing, suddenly entered the king's apartment, and discovered, by the removal of the bar, that his suspicions had been correct.

A second attempt at escape, which proved equally unfortunate in its result, is recorded both by Clarendon and Ashburnham. Charles, on this

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occasion, placing faith in the vulgar notion that where the head can make its egress the body can invariably follow, had inserted his head through the bars, but was unable, by forcing himself either backwards or forwards, to extricate himself from his painful situation. In this predicament he was compelled to call for assistance, and of course the project transpired.[1] There is reason to suppose that, had Charles effected his descent from the window, he would have been fired at by a traitor below; indeed, the suspected person, one Rolph, was afterward tried at Winchester assizes for the conspiracy. The trial, however, was a mere juggle; Rolph was placed under no kind of restraint; the jury were prejudiced in his behalf, and even the judge interfered in his favour. The consequence was that the bill was ignored by the grand jury, composed, nearly to a man, of the same individuals who had recently sent poor Burly to an untimely death.

[1] Ashburnham says in his Narrative: "He discovered upon trial that he could pass his body between the bars of the window of his chamber, because he found there was room enough for his head (the rule being that where the head can pass the body may), but most unhappily he mistook the way of measure, for instead of putting his head forth sideways, he did it right forward, by which error, when all things were adjusted for his escape the second time, and that he thought to put in execution what he thought so sure (his passage through the window), he stuck so fast in it, and (as he pleased to send me word) did strain so much in the attempt, as he was in great extremity, though with long and painful struggling he got back again."

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CHAPTER XV.

CHARLES I.

Charles's Observation on Parting with the Commissioners — The King's Refusal to Break His Parole — His Departure from Newport — Hurst Castle and Its Grim Captain — The King's Confinement There — Midnight Visit of Major Harrison — Removal of the King — Loyalty of the People of Winchester — Lord Newburgh's Scheme for the King's Escape — Treatment of Charles at Windsor — Announcement to Him of a Public Trial — His Departure from Windsor — Military Cavalcade Conducting the King to London — His Arrival at St. James's — His Treatment There — Discontinuance of all State Ceremony — The King's Sufferings at This Period — Ashburnham's Futile Project for the King's Escape — Proclamation for His Approaching Trial — He Is Conveyed to Cotton House, and Summoned to Attend His Trial — Appearance of Westminster Hall on That Occasion — Bradshaw, the President, in Danger of Assassination — Demeanour of Charles when Conducted to the Bar — Daring Conduct of Lady Fairfax — Charles's Denial of the Authority of the Court — Bradshaw's Brutal Behaviour — Indignities Heaped on Charles — An Evil Omen — Bradshaw and His Wife on the Morning of the Last Day of the King's Trial — Sentence of Death Pronounced — Its Effect on Charles — Bradshaw Prohibits the King from Speaking — Insulting Conduct of the Soldiers — Public Sympathy — Removal of Charles to St. James's.

It was nearly at the close of the Treaty of Newport, when all hope of accommodation was evidently at an end, that Charles was standing at a

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window, employed in dictating to Sir Philip Warwick, when a thought seemed suddenly to strike him. It was apparently the fate of Strafford which was uppermost in his mind. He wished, he said, that he had never consulted any one but himself; and he added, in a plaintive voice, "With Job I would willinglier have chosen misery than sin." While he spoke these words, the tears gathered in his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks. "They were the biggest drops," adds Sir Philip, "that ever I saw fall from an eye; but, recollecting himself, he turned presently his head away, for he was loth it should be discerned." His parting with the commissioners was affecting. "My lords," he said, "I believe we shall scarce see each other again; but God's will be done. I have made my peace with him, and shall undergo, without fear, whatever he may suffer men to do to me."

The time had now arrived when Charles was to bid farewell to the Isle of Wight; and accordingly, Colonel Cobbit, with a party of horse, was despatched thither to effect his removal. It was at this period that the king was strongly pressed by his friends to make another effort to escape; but he was at this time on his parole, and, notwithstanding the affectionate entreaties of the Earl of Lindsey and Colonel Cook, he positively refused to exchange honour for freedom. After combating their arguments for some

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time, "Good night," said the king, "I shall go and take my rest." "Which I fear," rejoined Cook, taking up the words, "will not be long." Charles, perceiving Cook to be much discomposed, "Ned," he said, "what troubleth you?" Cook replied that "it was his Majesty's danger, and the disinclination which he showed to adopt any measures which might avert it." "Were your trouble greater," replied Charles, "I would not forfeit my word to alleviate it."

On the morning after this conversation, Colonel Cobbit presented himself to the king, and formally communicated to him the nature of his instructions. He refused, however, to acquaint the king either with his destination, or whether the instructions had emanated from the Parliament or from the army. After a brief colloquy, Cobbit pressed his Majesty to enter his coach, which he had given orders should be in readiness. Charles, for a few minutes only, lingered to bid farewell to those faithful servants whom he probably never expected to meet again; like those about him, he seemed to be fully satisfied that it was to be his last journey, and that he was proceeding to a violent death. "Never," says Herbert, who was present, "was beheld more grief in men's faces, or greater fears in their hearts, the king being at such a time, and in such a manner, hurried away, they knew not whither; but no remedy appearing, the noblemen, the venerable

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persons, and other his Majesty's servants, approached to kiss the king's hand, and to pour forth their supplications to Almighty God to safeguard and comfort his Majesty in that his disconsolate condition." Charles, who on similar melancholy occasions had been the most cheerful of the party, could not conceal the mental suffering which he endured. As he was entering his coach, Cobbit, without any invitation, exhibited an intention of entering it also, but the king, by pointedly opposing his foot, made him sensible that the intrusion was as unpalatable as it was insolent. The Duke of Richmond was allowed to attend him, but only for the distance of two miles. His only other companions were Herbert, Harrington, and Mildmay, his carver. When the Duke of Richmond kissed the king's hand, on taking his melancholy farewell, Charles desired that he would carry back his kind remembrance to the Earl of Lindsey and Colonel Cook. "Tell Colonel Cook from me," he said, "never to forget the passages of this night."

A more wretched spot can scarcely be conceived than that in which Charles once more found himself incarcerated. On a narrow and gloomy promontory, extending about a mile and a half into the sea, stands Hurst Castle, remarkable, in the days of Charles, for its noxious vapours, and so unwholesome that a frequent change of the garrison was rendered absolutely necessary, — "a dismal receptacle," observes Herbert, "for

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so great a monarch, the greatest part of whose life had been so full of earthly glory." "The captain of this wretched place," adds Herbert, "was not ill suited to the scene around. At the king's going ashore, he stood ready to receive him with small observance; his look was stern, his hair and large beard were black and bushy; he held a partisan in his hand, and a great basket-hilt sword by his side; hardly could one see a man of more grim aspect, and no less robust and rude was his behaviour; some of his Majesty's servants were not a little fearful of him." This formidable personage, however, appears to have been a mere bully; for his rudeness having been complained of to his superior officer, he instantly sank into the insignificant underling.

During the three weeks that Charles remained at Hurst, there was but little indeed to divert the melancholy of his thoughts. His walks were confined to a shingly shore, the nature of which rendered his favourite exercise extremely unpleasant; his accommodations were slender in the last degree, and his apartment was so dark that he required candles at noonday. Indeed, from the time he had first been a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, his personal luxuries had never been very carefully attended to. He told Sir Philip Warwick that "though he had never complained, yet he had frequently been in want even of clean linen."

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It was during the latter part of the king's stay at Hurst, that, about midnight, an unusual noise was heard in the castle. The drawbridge was suddenly let down, and the sound of horses' feet was distinctly audible. The noise awoke the king, who rang his silver bell for Herbert, and desired him to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. All, however, that Herbert could discover, was that Major Harrison had arrived at the castle with a troop of horse. The king made no remark at the time, but desiring Herbert to retire into the outer room, he composed himself to prayer. In less than an hour he opened the door, and appeared to be in so much affliction that Herbert could not refrain from tears. "I am not afraid," said the king; "but do not you know that this is the man who intended to assassinate me?" adding, "This is a fit place for such a purpose. Herbert," he said, "I trust to your care; go again, and make further inquiry into his business." Herbert soon returned, bringing with him the information that his Majesty was immediately to be removed to Windsor. At this news the king appeared much pleased, forgetting that it was but too probably another step to the block.

Two days after this event the king bade adieu to Hurst, and commenced his journey toward London. At Winchester he met with much respect, and an appearance of loyalty to which he had been long a stranger. The bells of

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the town were rung; the mayor and aldermen received him at his entry, and presented him with the keys and mace of the city; the gentry flocked in numbers to welcome him, and the people hailed him with acclamations. He passed the night at a gentleman's house at Farnham, where he was waited on by several officers of the army, and by many of the influential persons in the neighbourhood. His manner at this period again became at least that of a cheerful, if not of a happy man.

The next day he dined at Lord Newburgh's house at Bagshot, where another wild scheme had been devised to effect his escape. Lord Newburgh having ascertained that the king was shortly to be removed to Windsor, had sent privately to his Majesty, recommending that, before he reached Bagshot, he should contrive to lame the horse which he rode; adding, that he would then supply him with another from his own stables, which he undertook should be one of the fleetest in England. Charles, it was proposed, should delay his departure from Lord Newburgh's house to as late an hour as possible, in the hope that night would have set in before the cavalcade reach the centre of Windsor forest, with the intricacies of which Charles had been familiar from his boyhood; he was then to seize a favourable opportunity of setting spurs to his horse, and galloping away from his keepers. Accordingly, the king, as they

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approached Bagshot, began making complaints of the horse which he rode, and, moreover, expressed a strong desire to dine with Lord Newburgh. At Bagshot, however, the information was conveyed to him, that the horse in which he had so much trusted had been lamed the day before. Even had this accident not happened, it is difficult to believe that he could have escaped the vigilance, or at least the pistols, of his keepers.

At Windsor he was treated with much civility by Colonel Whichcot, the governor of the castle. For some time he seemed to take an interest in passing events; so much so, that we find him sending the seeds of some Spanish melons to be planted in the queen's gardens at Wimbledon. He generally walked on that part of Windsor terrace which looks toward Eton, and which his private apartments also overlooked. When Whichcot informed him that, in a few days, he was to be conveyed to Whitehall, "God," he said, "is everywhere alike, in wisdom, power, and goodness." It was here that the first intimation was conveyed to him that he was to be treated in future as a state criminal. When the probability of his being subjected to a public trial was announced to him, he retired to his own chamber, and passed a considerable time in solitude and prayer.

On the day fixed for his departure from Windsor, he was conducted through a double line of soldiers to the round Tower, or Keep, where his

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coach was in readiness to receive him. Here he was allowed a brief interview with the unfortunate Duke of Hamilton, who was also a prisoner in the castle. The duke fell on his knees, and, kissing the king's hand, exclaimed in a passion of grief, "My dear master!" Charles replied, "I have indeed been so to you." After a tender and solemn farewell, the kind monarch and the loyal subject were separated for the last time. At the great gate of the castle, as also at the end of Peascod Street, and again in the market-place, the king was joined by different detachments of soldiers, who severally placed themselves under the command of Major Harrison, and followed close behind the royal coach. One Proctor, in his evidence at the trial of Hugh Peters, thus describes his encountering them on the road. "Having occasion," he says, "to go from London to Windsor, the day that the king was brought from thence a prisoner, a little on this side Brentford I saw a great troop of horse; I did conceive what the cause was, having heard the king was to be brought up to his trial. After I had passed some number of horses, at last I espied the prisoner at the bar immediately before the king's coach, riding singly before the coach-horses, and the king sitting alone in the coach. My lord, I did put off my hat, and he was graciously pleased to put off his hat. The troopers seeing this, threw me into the ditch, horse and all, where I stayed

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till they passed by, and was glad I escaped so." It was probably about this period that the fanatical buffoon, Hugh Peters, pressed his spiritual assistance upon his persecuted sovereign. "I did intend," said the republican, "to preach before the poor wretch, but the poor wretch would not hear me." Passing through Brentford and Hammersmith, the cavalcade conducted the king to St. James's Palace, the scene of many happier days, and destined to be the last fixed prison of the persecuted monarch.

On his arrival at St. James's, the first act of Charles was to retire to his own chamber, where he continued some time in prayer and in the perusal of the Bible. For about a fortnight he was treated with some regard to his exalted rank, though with little respect to his private feelings. Although the principal nobility, his favourite servants, and his domestic chaplains were excluded from his society, he was still attended with some degree of former state. He dined publicly in the presence-chamber; the gentlemen of his household waited on him at his meals, and the cup as usual was presented to him on the knee. Nevertheless, the strictest guard was placed over his person, and only one of his followers, the affectionate Herbert, was permitted to attend him in his bedchamber. But even the mockery of respect was continued but for a few days. It was decreed, at one of the councils of the army, that henceforward all state

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ceremony should be dispensed with, and that the number of his domestics, and even the dishes supplied to his table, should be diminished. When this unfeeling and parsimonious curtailment, and the absence of many familiar faces, were first witnessed by Charles, and when his restricted meal was brought into his presence by common soldiers — "There is nothing," he remarked, "more contemptible than a despised prince." From this time he caused his food to be conveyed into his own chamber, and ate his dinner in private.

In one of the suppressed passages of Lord Clarendon's history, there is a heart-stirring account of the king's sufferings at this period, but it scarcely appears to be borne out by the testimony of other writers. According to the noble historian, a guard of soldiers was forced upon him, night as well as day, even in his bedchamber, where they smoked and drank as if they had been among their own comrades in the guard-room.

Another project was now set on foot to effect his escape, but it was attended with the usual fatality. Ashburnham says in his Narrative: "I laid the design of his escape from St. James's, and had attempted it, had he not been close restrained that very day it was to be put in execution, of which there are three persons of honour yet living who were to have had equal shares in that dutiful action; but man proposeth, and God disposeth, and no creature is able to resist his power." It may be

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remarked that such soldiers, as had once guarded the king, were never again selected for the same duty. It was apprehended that their feelings might be too much wrought upon by so affecting a scene of piety and distress.

Charles, though in daily fear of private assassination to the last, could scarcely comprehend the possibility of his being subjected to public trial. He believed that he might be imprisoned for life, that monarchy might be abolished in his person, or that possibly his son might be called upon to reign in his room; but as to the awful catastrophe which followed, he seems scarcely to have regarded it as a possible disaster. However, on the 9th of January, 1649, to the astonishment of the citizens of London, a sergeant-at-arms rode into the middle of Westminster Hall, and, with the sound of drums and trumpets, solemnly announced the approaching trial. Accordingly, on the nineteenth, the king was conveyed in a sedan-chair from St. James's, through the park, to his usual bedchamber at Whitehall, at the door of which a guard of soldiers was placed in readiness to receive him. In order to have Herbert nearer his person, he desired him to bring his pallet-bed into his own chamber.

The next day the king was conveyed in a sedan-chair to the house of Sir Robert Cotton, on the banks of the Thames, near the south end of Westminster Hall. King Street and Palace

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Yard were lined on each side with soldiers, between whom the unhappy monarch passed; Herbert, the only one of his servants who was allowed to attend him, walked by his side, bareheaded.

Shortly after his arrival at Cotton House, Charles was summoned by Colonel Hacker to attend that self-constituted tribunal, the subsequent proceedings of which will ever be viewed with feelings of astonishment and awe. Apart from the amazing spectacle of a great nation sitting in judgment on its sovereign; apart from the melancholy considerations suggested by so painful a picture of fallen greatness as was presented in the person of Charles, the scene which presented itself must have been imposing and magnificent in the extreme. At the upper, or south, end of the hall, on benches covered with scarlet, and raised one above the other, sat the judges, whose numbers amounted to about seventy. In the centre, on a raised platform, was placed a chair of state for the President Bradshaw; it was covered with crimson velvet, as was also a desk placed before him for his use. Immediately facing Bradshaw was placed a chair of velvet for the king; and in the space between them was a table, covered with a rich Turkey carpet, on which the mace and the sword of justice were laid, and at which the two clerks of the court were seated. On either side of the hall, galleries had been erected for the convenience of spectators; and behind, and on the right and left

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of the king, were the soldiers and officers of the court; Cook, the solicitor for the self-styled people of England, standing on the king's right hand. A strong bar ran across the centre of the hall, behind which were crowded the populace in a dense mass.

Even the leads and windows of the old hall were crowded with soldiers. This was not so much intended as a precaution to prevent the escape or rescue of the king, as to protect the persons of the judges. Bradshaw, the president, stood in no slight danger of assassination. One Burghill, a royalist, had made up his mind to shoot him, but his intentions having been discovered, he was instantly arrested; fortunately for him, the soldiers who guarded Burghill becoming intoxicated, he was enabled to escape. Bradshaw, well aware of his danger, had provided himself with a high-crowned beaver hat lined with steel. This remarkable relic, with a suitable Latin inscription, was afterward presented to the Museum at Oxford, where it is still preserved.

The king, on entering Westminster Hall, was received from the custody of Colonel Hacker by the sergeant-at-arms, who conducted his Majesty to the bar. After looking sternly at his judges, and on the galleries on each side of him, he seated himself without even taking off his hat, or showing the least respect for the court. As he approached, there was not an eye amidst that vast assembly

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that was not fixed with intense interest or curiosity upon the pale and memorable features of the devoted monarch. A few minutes afterward he rose from his chair, and, turning around, fixed his eyes steadily on the guards and the crowd of people behind him. While the charge was being read, he sat unmoved and maintained his usual placidity of countenance; only at some of the more absurd or daring allegations he was occasionally observed to smile. "One thing was remarked in him," says Mrs. Hutchinson in her Memoirs, "that when the blood spilt in many of the battles, where he was in his own person, and had caused it to be shed by his own command, was laid to his charge, he heard it with disdainful smiles and looks and gestures. He stuck not to declare in words, that no man's blood spilt in this quarrel troubled him but only one, meaning the Earl of Strafford."

A singular incident for a moment disturbed the solemnity of the scene. When the name of Fairfax, the lord general, was called over, and no answer was returned, a female voice exclaimed from one of the galleries, "He has more wit than to be here." The interruption was allowed to pass unnoticed, but very different was the scene, when, in the course of reading the charge, the proceedings were stated to be on behalf of the people of England, and the same mysterious voice called out still louder: "No, not the hundredth part of them! It is false — where are they? Oliver

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Cromwell is a traitor." The utmost confusion was the consequence, and Colonel Axtell even desired the soldiers to fire into the gallery from whence the voice issued. It was soon discovered that Lady Fairfax, the wife of the general, and a daughter of the House of Vere, was the daring person, and she was of course instantly compelled to retire.[1] Lady Fairfax was not the only voice which was that day raised for majesty in distress. As Charles passed through the hall to Cotton House, on returning from the court, there were loud cries of "God save the king!" — an unexpected manifestation of public feeling, which was gratefully acknowledged by the unhappy monarch.

Charles, by the advice, it is said, of Sir Matthew Hale, persisted in denying the authority of the court. Undoubtedly, it was the wisest and most dignified course he could have adopted, besides having the effect of shortening the proceedings, and consequently his own sufferings. The be-

[1] "I was present," says Sir Purbeck Temple, "at all the trials of the king, and very near him. I heard the king demand from Bradshaw, by what authority and commission they proceeded thus strangely to try him. Then I heard the Lady Fairfax, and one Mrs. Nelson, my sister, after the exhibiting of the charge in the name of the Commons assembled in Parliament, and the good people of this kingdom, against Charles Stuart, King of England; I say, I heard the lady cry out from a gallery over the court, 'Not half the people! It is false; where are they or their consents? Oliver Cromwell is a traitor.' Upon which I heard Axtell cry out, 'Down with the w——s!—shoot them,' which made me take farther notice of him."

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haviour of Bradshaw was inconceivably brutal. When, at the close of the day's proceedings, he ordered the guards, with a surly insolence of manner, to remove the prisoner, Charles pointed with his cane to the sword on the table, "Sir," he said, "I do not fear that." As soon as the proceedings were over, the king was again conducted to Cotton House, where he passed the night, Herbert making up his bed on the floor, and sleeping by his side. The next day being Sunday, afforded him a respite, and he spent many hours with Bishop Juxon, either in prayer or religious conversation.

On the following morning, the twenty-second of January, the king was again placed before his judges. On this occasion, having been brought to Westminster by water, although the soldiers who guarded him wore their caps as usual, the watermen positively refused to sit covered in his presence.

As Charles entered the hall, the soldiers raised loud cries for justice, some of the officers joining in the clamour. It seems to have been the only instance in which he changed countenance; but the pang was easily mastered, or at least was only momentarily displayed. A bystander, Sir Purbeck Temple, describes the indignities which were this day heaped upon the suffering monarch. In his evidence at the trial of Colonel Axtell, "I saw him [Axtell]," he says, "the most active person

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there; and during the time that the king was urging to be heard, he was then laughing, entertaining his soldiers, scoffing aloud; whilst some of the soldiers, by his suffering, and, I believe, procurement, did fire powder in the palms of their hands, that they did not only offend his Majesty's smell, but enforced him to rise up out of his chair, and with his hand to turn away the smoke; and after this he turned about to the people and smiled upon them, and those soldiers that so rudely treated him." [1]

As he was quitting Westminster Hall on the second day, one of the soldiers, as he passed by, exclaimed, "God bless you, Sir!" The king thanked him, but the man's officer, overhearing the benediction, struck him severely with his cane on the head. "Methinks," said Charles, "the punishment exceedeth the offence." One person was actually brutal enough to spit in his face; the king quietly wiped it away. "My Saviour," he remarked, "suffered more than this for me." The man who was guilty of this brutality is supposed to have been Augustine Garland, a lawyer, and one of the king's judges; Garland, however, positively denied the fact. As soon as the soldiers had conducted Charles to his apartment, he fell on his knees in prayer;

[1] Trial of the Regicides. It is but fair to the Republican party to observe that the evidence given by the Royalists at the trial of the regicides must be received with caution.

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but even quiet was a boon denied to him. "When they had brought him to his chamber," says Perinchief, "even there they suffered him not to rest; but thrusting in and smoking their filthy tobacco, they permitted him no privacy to prayer and meditation." The king asked Herbert if he had heard the cry of the soldiers in the morning. Herbert answered that he had, and that he could not but wonder at their vehement animosity. "I am well assured," said the king, "that the soldiers bear no malice to me; the cry was no doubt given by their officers, for whom the soldiers would do the like, were there occasion." To another person he remarked, "Poor souls, for a little money they would do as much against their commanders."

On the third day of the trial, the twenty-third of January, the king was guarded to the hall with the same care and ceremony as on the preceding occasions. Nothing of importance occurred on this day, except that the gold head of his cane fell off, which he considered to be an evil omen. On his return to Cotton House in the evening, the populace pressed on him, in spite of the soldiers, many of them exclaiming, "God preserve your Majesty," and demanding blessings from Heaven on their afflicted king. Charles appeared much gratified, and repeatedly returned them thanks for their good wishes and prayers.

It was on the morning of the fourth and last day, the day of condemnation, that Bradshaw's

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wife rushed into her husband's chamber at Westminster (where he had been lodged for safety and convenience), and solemnly beseeched him, by his hopes of happiness here and hereafter, to absent himself in future from Westminster Hall. "Do not," she said, "sentence this earthly king, for fear of the dreadful sentence of the King of Heaven; you have no child, why should you do such a monstrous act to favour others?" Bradshaw pushed her away. "I confess," he said, "he has done me no harm, nor will I do him any, except what the law commands." Bradshaw, it would seem, was intoxicated with the extraordinary position in which he found himself placed; the insignificant lawyer had risen to be the judge of his sovereign, the elected chief magistrate of the people of England. This day the president entered the hall in his scarlet gown, a signal to Charles that his doom was fixed, and that, before another sun had set, the fatal sentence would be pronounced.

After a vulgar and tiresome tirade from Bradshaw, the "Oh, yes," was pronounced, and silence commanded in the court. The clerk then read the sentence, which formally accused him of being the author and continuer of the late unnatural, cruel, and bloody wars, and consequently guilty of high treason, and of all the murders, rapines, burnings, spoils, desolations, damages, and mischiefs occasioned by, and committed during, the

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said wars; "for which treason and crimes," it proceeded, "this court doth adjudge that he, the said Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy to the good people of this nation, shall be put to death, by severing his head from his body." As soon as the sentence was concluded, the king smiled calmly, lifting up his eyes as if pleading for that mercy in heaven which he was denied upon earth.

Bradshaw then stood up. "The sentence now read and published," he said, "is the act, sentence, judgment, and resolution of the whole court." On this, as had already been agreed upon, the whole of the judges also rose, as a tacit acknowledgment of their acquiescence and consent. The king, with the same placid smile, inquired of the president if he would hear him for a few moments.

Bradshaw. — Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence.

Charles. — No, sir?

Bradshaw. — No, sir, by your favour. Guards, withdraw your prisoner.

Charles. — I may speak after the sentence, by your favour, sir. I may speak after the sentence, ever. By your favour —

Bradshaw. — Hold!

Charles. — The sentence, sir; I say, sir, I do —

Bradshaw. — Hold!

Charles. — I am not suffered to speak! Expect what justice the people will have.

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Before he could say more, the king was removed by the guards. The regicides accounted for their refusal to listen to the condemned monarch by an argument too absurd even to be plausible. The king, they said, being accounted dead in law, a hearing could not be permitted. As Charles passed, for the last time, through that famous hall, the banqueting-room of the kings, his ancestors, and the trial scene of more than one of his own friends, he was insulted in the grossest manner by the poor hirelings whom he passed. The soldiers not only smoked their tobacco in his face, and threw their pipes before him in his path, but also heaped on him the lowest and most virulent abuse.

From Westminster the king was conveyed, in a sedan-chair, through a double line of soldiers, to his chambers at Whitehall. As he passed through King Street, the more respectable inhabitants, many of them with tears in their eyes, stood at their stalls and windows, offering up audible prayers, some for his temporal safety, and others for his eternal happiness. After a delay of two hours he was removed to St. James's, where he passed the three remaining days of his life.

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CHAPTER XVI.

CHARLES I.

Charles's Dignity and Fortitude in His Last Hours — His Preparation for Death — Herbert's Mission to Lady Wheeler — The King's Farewell — Interview with His Children — The Fatal Morning — The King's Bequests — His Devotions — His Progress from St. James's to the Scaffold — His Arrival at Whitehall — The Summons to Execution.

THE importance of religion and the advantages of a virtuous life were never more beautifully exemplified than in the last hours of Charles. His accumulated miseries, his loss of power, and the prospect of dissolution, were nothing to a mind prepared like his, — to the brave man, the pious Christian, the conscientious monarch. How well did he say to Lord Digby, "Either I will live as a king, or die like a gentleman." There was nothing of that fanatical enthusiasm, or those false and rapturous ecstasies, which so often sullied the zeal and sanctity of his persecutors. His death was that of a good man, who forgave his persecutors, and trusted in his God. His dignity and his fortitude, too, were all his own. Bishop Juxon, his spiritual adviser, was a cold, dry man, but little

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calculated to excite an adventitious enthusiasm in the last hours of life.

With the assistance of this prelate, the king prepared himself for the latest scene. Having sent his kindest remembrances to his friends, he gave directions that he should by no means be interrupted in his preparation for death. "I know," he said, "my nephew, the elector, will endeavour it, and other lords that love me, which I should take in good part, but my time is short and precious, and I am desirous to improve it the best I may in preparation. I hope they will not take it ill that none have access to me but my children. The best office they can do now is to pray for me." The same night, according to a contemporary journal, *The Moderate Intelligencer*, "he commanded his dogs should be taken away, and sent to his wife, as not willing to have anything present that might take him off from serious consideration of himself. Being desired to say somewhat, how far he was guilty of the death of his father, and the rebellion of Ireland, he said, 'With reverence of God be it spoken, he had done nothing that he needed to ask pardon for.'" When some of the dissenting ministers requested permission to pray with him, he told them he had already selected his ghostly adviser; at the same time, thanking them for their offer, and desiring they would remember him in their prayers.

On one of the intermediate nights between his

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trial and execution, the king took a ring from his finger, on which was an emerald set between two diamonds, and, placing it in Herbert's hands, desired him to proceed with it to a certain house in Channel Row, at the back of King Street, Westminster, where he was to deliver it to the lady of the house without saying a word. This person was Lady Wheeler, the king's laundress. Having obtained the watchword from Colonel Tomlinson, Herbert proceeded on a dark night to the spot which the king had named. Having obtained admittance, he was told by the lady to wait in the parlour till she returned. She shortly afterwards reëntered the room, and, placing in his hands a small cabinet closed with three seals, desired him to deliver it to the person from whom he had received the ring. The next morning, in Herbert's presence, the king broke the seals, when the cabinet was found to contain a number of diamonds and jewels, most of them set in broken insignia of the Order of the Garter. "This," said the king, "is all the wealth which I have it in my power to bequeath to my children."

The day before his execution, the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester were allowed to take a last farewell of their unfortunate father. The princess, an extraordinary child, was deeply affected; while the little duke, taking his impressions from the scene around him, wept almost as bitterly. They both fell on their knees and craved

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their father's blessing. The king raised them up and kissed them affectionately. Placing the princess upon his knee, he desired her to tell her brother, James, that he must no longer regard Charles as his elder brother, but as his sovereign; adding that it was his dying wish they should love one another, and forgive their father's enemies. He told her not to grieve for him, for he died for the laws and liberties of the land, and for the maintenance of the Protestant religion. He desired her to tell her mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love had survived to the last. He then gave her his blessing, enjoining her to convey it to her brothers and sisters, and to remember him to all who were dear to him. "But, sweetheart," he said, "you will forget this." "No," she replied, "I never shall forget it while I live;" and bursting into tears afresh, promised to write down whatever he had said to her.

Then he took the Duke of Gloucester upon his knee. "Sweetheart," he said, "they will cut off thy father's head." The child looked wistfully in his face. "Mark, child, what I say: they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king;[1] but mark what I say: you must not be made a king, as long as your brothers Charles and James are

[1] The king's foresight is remarkable. In 1654, the question of calling the Duke of Gloucester, with limited powers, to the throne, was seriously discussed by the Republicans.

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alive; for they will cut off your brothers' heads when they catch them, and cut off thy head at last; and, therefore, I charge you not to be made a king by them." The child replied "he would be torn in pieces first," an answer, from one so young, which evidently afforded great pleasure to the king. He then presented his children with his jewels, and, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, kissed them both fondly, and prayed the Almighty to bless them. He watched their departure with a father's grief, and, as the door of the apartment was closing on them, moved hastily toward them from the window where he was standing, and, folding them once more in his arms, again kissed and blessed them, and bade them farewell for ever.

The remainder of the day was spent in prayer and meditation. Bishop Juxon preached a sermon before him, taking for his text, Romans ii., v. 16: "In the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ," etc. When the discourse was at an end he received the Sacrament, and afterward continued till a late hour of the night in conversation with the bishop. After his departure he remained about two hours praying and reading by himself. He then called to Herbert to place his bed on the floor by his own. Herbert enjoyed but little rest, but the king slept calmly for about four hours.

On the fatal morning, about two hours before daybreak, he awoke, and drawing back his curtains,

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called to his faithful attendant, whom he perceived much troubled in his sleep from the effect, it seems, of a painful dream.[1] "Herbert," he said, almost playfully, "this is my second marriage day; I would be as trim as may be to-day, for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus." He then mentioned what clothes he should wish to wear, desiring he might have a shirt more than ordinary, lest the coldness of the day might make him tremble, which, he added, might be interpreted by his enemies into fear. "I do not dread death," he said. "Death is not terrible to me. I bless my God, I am prepared."

He then spent a short time in naming the few

[1] Herbert relates the substance of this dream, in a letter to Doctor Samways, dated 28th August, 1680. "For some hours his Majesty slept very soundly; for my part, I was so full of anguish and grief, that I took little rest. The king, some hours before day, drew his bed curtain to awaken me, and could by the light of a wax-lamp perceive me troubled in my sleep. The king rose forthwith; and, as I was making him ready, 'Herbert,' said the king, 'I would know why you were disquieted in your sleep?' I replied, 'May it please your Majesty, I was in a dream.' 'What was your dream?' said the king, 'I would hear it?' 'May it please your Majesty,' said I, 'I dreamed, that as you were making ready, one knocked at the bedchamber door, which your Majesty took no notice of, nor was I willing to acquaint you with it, apprehending it might be Colonel Hacker. But knocking the second time, your Majesty asked me if I heard it not? I said I did; but did not use to go without your orders. "Why, then go, know who it is, and his business." Whereupon, I opened the door, and perceived that it was the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Doctor Laud, in his pontifical habit, as worn at court; I knew him, having seen him often. The archbishop desired he might

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legacies which were left him to bequeath. To Prince Charles he sent his Bible, on the margin of which were his private remarks and annotations. He desired that he would read it often and with great care, adding, that in affliction he would find it to be his surest friend; to the Duke of York he sent a curious ring, which he had constantly been in the habit of wearing; to the Princess Elizabeth, Andrew's Sermons, Archbishop Laud against Fisher the Jesuit, and Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity; to the Duke of Gloucester, King James's Works, and Hammond's Practical Catechism; Cassandra to the Earl of Lindsey; and his gold watch to the Duchess of Richmond, the

enter, having something to say to the king. I acquainted your Majesty with his desire; so you bade me let him in. Being in, he made his obeisance to your Majesty in the middle of the room, doing the like also when he came near your person; and falling on his knees, your Majesty gave him your hand to kiss, and took him aside to the window, where some discourse passed between your Majesty and him, and I kept a becoming distance, not hearing anything that was said, yet could perceive your Majesty pensive by your looks, and that the archbishop gave a sigh; who, after a short stay, again kissing your hand, returned, but with his face all the way toward your Majesty, and making his usual reverences, the third being so submiss, as he fell prostrate on his face on the ground, and I immediately stept to him to help him up, which I was then acting, when your Majesty saw me troubled in my sleep. The impression was so lively, that I looked about, verily thinking it was no dream.' The king said my dream was remarkable, but he is dead; yet, had we conferred together during life, 'tis very likely (albeit I loved him well) I should have said something to him might have occasioned his sigh."

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daughter of his early favourite, the Duke of Buckingham.

By this time the bishop had arrived and the king retired with him to prayer. After the prayers of the Church had been gone through, the bishop read the twenty-seventh chapter of St. Matthew, which describes the passion of our Saviour. The king applied the passage to his present condition, and thanked the bishop for the selection. He was not a little surprised and gratified, when informed that the chapter was not the bishop's choice, but was, in fact, the one set apart in the calendar for the lesson of the day.

While he was still at his devotions, Colonel Hacker knocked at the door. He appeared much agitated as he informed the king it was time to set off for Whitehall. Charles told him he would come presently, and, shortly afterward, taking the bishop by the hand, and bidding Herbert bring with him his silver clock, with a cheerful countenance he told them it was time to depart. As he passed through the garden of St. James's into the park, he inquired of Herbert the hour of the day, and afterward bade him keep the clock for *his* sake.

It was ten o'clock when the king came forth. On each side of him was arranged a line of soldiers, and before and behind him were a guard of halberdiers, their drums beating and colours flying. The king passed to the scaffold, through St.

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James's Park, on foot; habited, we are informed, in a long black cloak, and wearing gray stockings. On his right hand was Bishop Juxon, and on his left Colonel Tomlinson, both bareheaded. There is a tradition that, during his walk, he pointed out a tree, not far from the entrance to Spring Gardens (close to the spot which is now a well-known station for cows), which he said had been planted by his brother Henry. He was subjected to more than one annoyance during his passage. One fanatic officer, in particular, inquired of him, with insulting barbarity, if it were true that he had been cognisant of his father's murder. Another fanatic, a "mean citizen," as he is styled by Fuller, was perceived to walk close by his side, and keep his eyes constantly fixed on the king, with an expression of particular malignity. Charles merely turned away his face; and eventually the man was pushed aside by the more feeling among the king's persecutors. The guards marching at a slow pace, the king desired them to proceed faster. "I go," he said, "to strive for a heavenly crown, with less solicitude than I have formerly encouraged my soldiers to fight for an earthly one." However, the noise of the drums rendered conversation extremely difficult. Once, during his walk, being apparently faint, he sat down and rested himself.

Passing along the famous gallery, which at that time ran across the street at Whitehall to the

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opposite part of the palace, the king was conducted to his usual bedchamber. The scaffolding had only been commenced the preceding afternoon,[1] and not having been yet completed, a delay was occasioned, which afforded him a considerable time for prayer. It was a cold and dismal day. Two or three dishes had been provided for his dinner, but, having partaken of the Sacrament, he declined to eat again; however, on its being represented to him how long he had fasted, — that the weather was extremely bitter, and that, should the cold produce the least shivering, it might be represented as the effect of fear, — he consented to partake of a piece of bread and a glass of claret. While he was engaged at his devotions with Bishop Juxon, Nye, and others of the Puritan clergymen, knocked at the door of his apartment, and offered to assist in preparing him for his fate. But he told them they had so often prayed against him, they should never pray with him in his agony, though he should be grateful, he added, if they would remember him in their prayers. As soon as he had completed his devo-

[1] Hume says, quoting from "Walker's History of Independency," that "the king slept sound as usual, though the noise of workmen, employed in framing the scaffold, and other preparations for his execution, resounded in his ears." This is more poetical than true. Charles had passed the previous night at St. James's, at the distance of nearly half a mile. Even had he slept at Whitehall, as his apartments were close to the water's side, he could scarcely have been disturbed by the noise.

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tions, "Now," he said, "let the rogues come; I have forgiven them, and am prepared for all I am to undergo." When Colonel Hacker gave the last signal at the door of the apartment, the bishop and Herbert fell on their knees weeping. The king gave them his hand to kiss, and, as Juxon was an old man, he kindly assisted him to rise. To Colonel Tomlinson, who had shown him every attention in his power, he presented his gold toothpick case, requesting him to remain near his person to the last. Then, desiring the door to be opened, and telling Hacker he was prepared to follow him, he passed with a cheerful countenance through an avenue of guards to the scaffold.

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CHAPTER XVII.

CHARLES I.

The Exact Spot Where Charles Was Beheaded — Last Moments of the Monarch — The Execution — Horror of the Spectators — Cromwell Gazing on the King's Corpse — General Sorrow on the Death of Charles — Homage Paid to His Memory by His Enemies — Lines by the Marquis of Montrose — The King's Executioner — The Body Taken to Windsor — The Royal Obsequies in St. George's Chapel — Doubts Formerly Existing Respecting the Real Burial-place of Charles — Sir Henry Halford's Account of the Opening of King Charles's Coffin, in 1813 — The King's Children.

CONSIDERABLE doubt has existed as to the exact spot on which Charles was beheaded. The scaffold was unquestionably raised in front of the Banqueting-house, from the centre of that building to the end nearest to Charing Cross. In height it was level with the top of the lower windows. Immediately in the centre of the building, between the upper and lower windows, a passage had been broken in the wall through which the unfortunate king passed. At the recent renovation of the Banqueting-house, the author was invited to visit the spot, when the passage in question was plainly perceptible. For a space of

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about seven feet in height and four in breadth the bricks presented a broken and jagged appearance, and the brickwork introduced was evidently of more modern date. "The king," says Herbert, "was led all along the galleries and Banqueting-house, and there was a passage broken through the wall, by which the king passed unto the scaffold." The warrant for the king's execution expressly directs that it shall take place "in the open street before Whitehall."

To return to the last moments of Charles. The scaffold was covered with black cloth, and a coffin, lined with black velvet, was in readiness to receive his remains. To the platform were affixed iron rings and staples, to which ropes were attached, by which it was intended to force the king to the block, should he make the least attempt at resistance. The persons who attended him to the scaffold, besides Bishop Juxon, were his two faithful gentlemen of the bedchamber, Harrington and Herbert. The former afterward suffered so much from the shock he received by witnessing his master's death, that an illness ensued which nearly cost him his life. The king himself appeared cheerful, resigned, and even happy. He merely requested of Colonel Hacker to be careful that he was not put to unnecessary pain. Having put on his satin cap, he inquired of one of the two executioners, both of whom were masked, if his hair was in the way. The man

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requested him to push it under his cap. As he was doing so, with the assistance of the bishop and the executioner, he turned to the former. "I have a good cause," he said, "and a gracious God on my side."

The Bishop. — There is but one stage more; this stage is turbulent and troublesome, it is a short one; but you may consider it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven; and there you will find a great deal of cordial joy and comfort.

The King. — I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world.

The Bishop. — You are exchanged from a temporal to an eternal crown; a good exchange.

Observing one of the persons who had been admitted to the scaffold accidentally touching the edge of the axe with his cloak, the king requested him to be careful. Then, again inquiring of the executioner, "Is my hair well?" he took off his cloak and George, and, delivering the latter to the bishop, exclaimed significantly, "Remember." To the executioner he said, "I shall say but short prayers, and when I thrust out my hands —" Looking at the block, he said, "You must set it fast." The executioner replied it was fast. The king remarked it might have been higher. Being told it could not have been higher, he said, "When I put out my hands this way, then —"

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In the meantime, having divested himself of his cloak and doublet, and being in his waistcoat, he again put on his cloak. Then, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, and repeating a few words to himself which were inaudible to the bystanders, he calmly knelt down and laid his neck on the block. The executioner stooping to put his hair under his cap, the king, thinking he was about to strike, bid him wait for the sign. After a short pause he stretched out his hands, and the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body. The head was immediately lifted up by the other headsman and exhibited to the people. "Behold," he exclaimed, "the head of a traitor." [1]

Thus, on the 30th of January, 1649, at the age of forty-nine, died King Charles. The dismal groan, which rose at the moment of his decapitation from the dense populace around, was never forgotten by those who were present. Certainly, by the vast majority of the people of England, the execution of Charles was regarded as an atrocious murder. Philip Henry, the famous divine, was a witness of the memorable scene. "He used to

[1] In the British Museum is preserved a curious single folio sheet, printed at Frankfort shortly after King Charles's death, in which there is a print descriptive of his execution, surmounted by medallion heads of Charles, Cromwell, and Fairfax. The only persons represented to be on the scaffold, besides Charles, and the two executioners, who are in masks, are Bishop Juxon and Colonels Tomlinson and Hacker.

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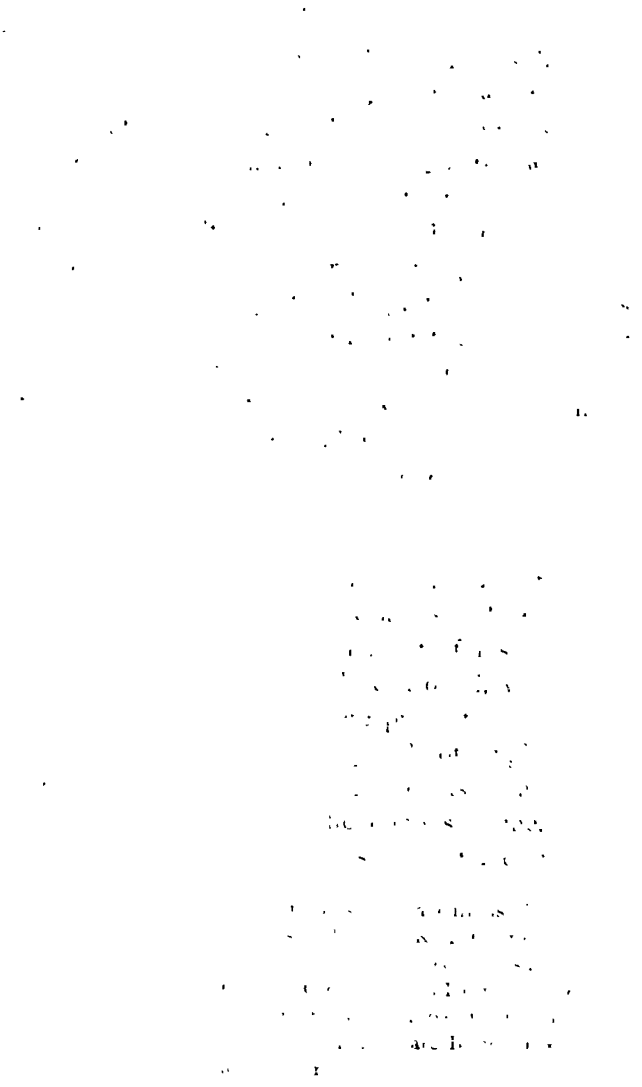

Death of Charles the First.

Photo-etching from an old Dutch print.

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mention," writes his son, "that at the instant when the blow was given, there was such a dismal universal groan among the thousands of people that were within sight, as it were with one consent, as he never heard before and desired he might never hear the like again." This fact is corroborated by the testimony of an aged person, one Margaret Coe, who died in 1730, at the age of one hundred and three. She saw the executioner hold up the head, and well "remembered the dismal groan which was made by the vast multitude of spectators when the fatal blow was given."[1] Immediately after the axe had fallen, a party of horse rode rapidly from Charing Cross to King Street, and another from King Street to Charing Cross, with the object of dispersing the

[1] Sir Edward Peyton, in addressing his work, the "Divine Catastrophe," to the Commons of England, has the following remarkable passage: "I thrice humbly desire your patronage, especially finding by experience the composition and style of this present narrative will incur the displeasure and hatred of most of this state." This admission coming from a fifth monarchy man, as Anthony Wood styles Peyton, and addressed to the heads of his own party, is certainly of some weight. Indeed, whatever might have been the general feeling against the political character and conduct of Charles, there can be no doubt that his public death upon the scaffold was regarded by nine-tenths of the people as a bloody and atrocious act. Among the actors or spectators of the execution of Charles, there may have been some to whom, from motives of ambition, or a persuasion of its political expediency, that scene was not unpalatable; but these persons were neither many in number, nor were they, generally speaking, among the more respectable of their party.

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people, or, more probably, of dissipating their gloomy thoughts.

The body of Charles, having been placed in the coffin prepared for it, was conveyed by Bishop Juxon and Herbert to the back stairs at Whitehall, to be embalmed. In their way they encountered Cromwell, who informed them that orders would be speedily issued for the burial. The regicide came shortly afterward to gaze upon the corpse of his victim, remarking on the appearance of health and promise of longevity which it exhibited. One Thomas Tropham, surgeon to Fairfax, and a bachelor of physic in the University of Oxford, was employed to embalm the body and to sew on the head. There were many spectators of the ceremony. At its completion, the operator remarked, with brutal ribaldry, that he had been sewing on the head of a goose.

No monarch ever departed this life more beloved and lamented by his own party than did the unfortunate Charles. They felt as if a near and dear friend had been snatched from their sight. Archbishop Usher, who witnessed the death of his master from the roof of Wallingford House (the site of the present Admiralty), was carried away fainting; and Doctor Fell, Dean of Christ Church, died, it is said, of grief, when the tidings were brought to him. The majority of the people of England expressed their sorrow as loudly as they felt it deeply. All who were able to approach the

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body dipped their handkerchiefs and staves in his blood; the block was cut into small pieces; and large sums of money were offered for a lock of his hair, or a few grains of the sand which had been discoloured by his blood. It seems that, in addition to the common interest attached to such relics, it was supposed they would be efficacious in curing the evil. But even his enemies, on more than one occasion, paid unexpected homage to his memory. Perhaps the most singular is the tribute of the regicide Henry Martin. "If we are to have a king," he said in the House of Commons, "I would as soon have the last gentleman as any sovereign on record." But the fine verses of Andrew Marvel, another foe to monarchy, must not be omitted:

"While round the armed bands
Did clasp their bloody hands,
He nothing common did or mean,
After that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try,
Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."

The heroic Marquis of Montrose is said to have written his master's epitaph with the point of his sword. The lines attributed to him, and rendered thus remarkable, the author had previously imag-

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ined to be the production of John Cleveland, more especially as they are printed among his works, and as the death of the martyred king is a favourite subject of his muse. Bishop Guthrie, however, who was likely to have the best information on the subject, inserts them in his Memoirs as the production of the marquis, without in the least questioning their authenticity. The lines are as follow:

"Great, good, and just! could I but rate
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate;
I'd weep the world to such a strain,
As it should deluge once again;

"But since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies,
More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes;
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds."

There has existed much doubt and discussion respecting the identity of the king's executioner. Several persons have been named for the unenviable honour, and sufficient materials might be collected on the subject to form a curious and entertaining treatise. However, after every attention to the evidence (and some interesting matter has recently been brought to light), there seems to be no doubt that it was Richard Brandon, the common executioner, who had previously beheaded the Earl of Strafford. This man eventually died in great agony of mind, and was carried to the

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grave followed by the execrations of the populace.

The royal corpse, having been embalmed and placed in a leaden coffin, was conveyed to St. James's Palace. Permission was refused by the usurping authorities to inter it in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, although, at the same time, they allowed five hundred pounds to defray the expenses of the interment. The reason given for the refusal was the "infinite numbers of persons" who would be attracted to the melancholy spectacle. The spot eventually agreed upon by both parties was Windsor. Thither the melancholy cavalcade proceeded, the body being placed in a hearse covered with black velvet, and drawn by six horses. It was followed by four mourning coaches, containing several of the most faithful servants of the deceased monarch, who hastened to pay this last tribute to his memory. The first resting-place was the dean's house at Windsor, where the royal corpse was placed in an apartment hung with black, and surrounded by lights. From thence it was removed to the king's usual bedchamber in the castle.

The persons to whom the performance of the royal obsequies was entrusted were the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, Lord Southampton, Lord Lindsey, the Bishop of London, Herbert, and Mildmay. They had all been devoted servants of their late master. Their first step

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was to proceed to St. George's Chapel, to select a proper resting-place for his remains. That beautiful and interesting building was at this period, internally, a mass of ruins. The ancient inscriptions, the architectural ornaments, the stalls and banners of the Knights of the Garter, had been either torn down or defaced by the hands of the republicans, and lay strewed in melancholy devastation on the floor. It was found impossible to distinguish the tomb of a monarch from the grave of a verger. At last, one of the noblemen present, happening to strike the pavement with his staff, perceived by the hollow sound that there was a vault beneath. The stones and earth having been removed, they came to two coffins, which proved to be those of King Henry the Eighth and Queen Jane Seymour. Though considerably more than a century had elapsed since their interment, the velvet palls which covered their coffins were still fresh. In this vault, over against the eleventh stall on the sovereigns' side, it was decided to inter the body of King Charles.

Accordingly, on the 7th of February, the royal remains, having been carried from the king's bedchamber into St. George's Hall, were thence borne to the chapel. In addition to those to whom the solemnisation of the funeral had been originally entrusted, Colonel Whichcot, the governor of the castle, and several of his officers, attended the ceremony. The snow fell thick upon the velvet

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pall, so that, when it entered the chapel, it was perfectly white, the "colour of innocency." Bishop Juxon stood ready at the head of the vault, with the Book of Common Prayer in his hand. He was preparing to read the burial service, according to the rites of the Church of England, when he was stopped by the governor. "The Book of Common Prayer," said the bigoted soldier, "had been put down by authority, and should not be used in any garrison where he commanded." The coffin was then lowered into the tomb amidst the tears and prayers of the faithful followers of the unfortunate monarch. On its leaden surface was inscribed, in capital letters:

KING CHARLES
1648.

A mysterious doubt existed for many years respecting the burial-place of King Charles.

"Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
Obscure the place, and uninscribed the stone." — *Pope.*

By many it was believed that he lay within the precincts of Whitehall, and that the coffin on which was inscribed his name merely contained stones and rubbish.[1] Another report was circu-

[1] Aubrey says: "I well remember it was frequently and soberly affirmed by officers of arms and grandees, that the body of King Charles the First was privately put into the sand at Whitehall; and the coffin that was carried to Windsor, and laid in King

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lated by the republican party, after the Restoration, that the bodies of Charles and Cromwell had been made to change coffins, so that, in reality, it was the corpse of the king, and not that of his adversary, which had been exposed at Tyburn, and then buried beneath the gallows. There was certainly one circumstance which attached some slight weight to these otherwise idle rumours. At the Restoration, the Parliament had voted the large sum of seventy thousand pounds toward a public funeral for the late king, and for the purpose of erecting a grateful and a lasting monument to his memory. To the astonishment, however, of all men, it was given out, by authority, that his resting-place could nowhere be discovered.

It was stated that, of those who attended the funeral, the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, and Bishop Juxon were no more; and, moreover, that the chapel had been in such a state of ruin and confusion at the time of the interment, that the Earls of Southampton and Lindsey, though they had visited Windsor for the express purpose, had found it utterly impossible to identify the spot. Considering the number of other persons who were present on

Henry the Eighth's vault, was filled with rubbish and brickbats. Sir Fabian Phillips, *jurisconsultus*, who adventured his life before the king's trial by printing, assures me that the king's coffin cost but six shillings: a plain deal coffin."

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the melancholy occasion, — and, moreover, that when Evelyn visited Windsor a short time afterward, the grave of Charles was readily pointed out to him, — we cannot but think that some deception was intentionally practised. Was it that Charles the Second was unwilling to disgust the republican party by giving his father another and splendid funeral; or could it indeed have been that the money voted by Parliament was sacrilegiously appropriated to some other purpose?

But all doubts were set at rest in our times, by the opening of King Charles's coffin in 1813, in the presence of George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, the late King of Hanover, and other persons. The interesting account of Sir Henry Halford is well known. "On removing the pall, a plain leaden coffin, with no appearance of ever having been enclosed in wood, and bearing an inscription, King Charles, 1648, in large legible characters, on a scroll of lead encircling it, immediately presented itself to view. A square opening was then made in the upper part of the lid, of such dimensions as to admit a clear insight into its contents. These were an internal wooden coffin, very much decayed, and the body carefully wrapped up in cerecloth, into the folds of which a quantity of unctuous or greasy matter, mixed with resin, as it seems, had been melted, so as to exclude, as effectually as possible, the

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external air. The coffin was completely full, and, from the tenacity of the cerecloth, great difficulty was experienced in detaching it successfully from the parts which it enveloped. Wherever the unctuous matter had insinuated itself, the separation of the cerecloth was easy, and when it came off a correct impression of the features to which it had been applied was observed in the unctuous substance. At length the whole face was disengaged from its covering. The complexion of the skin of it was dark and discoloured. The forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone; but the left eye, in the first moment of exposure, was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately; and the pointed beard, so characteristic of the period of the reign of King Charles, was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained; and the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of the unctuous matter between it and the cerecloth, was found entire. When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and, without any difficulty, was taken up and held to view. It was quite wet, and gave a greenish red tinge to paper and linen which touched it. The back part of the scalp was entirely perfect, and had a remarkably fresh appearance, nearly black. A portion of it, which has been since cleaned and

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dried, is of a beautiful dark brown colour.[1] That of the beard was a redder brown. On the back of the head the hair was not more than an inch in length, and had been probably cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or perhaps by the piety of friends, soon after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king. On holding up the head, to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably; and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even, — an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow, inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles the First."

By his queen, Henrietta Maria, the king had eight children. Besides those whose memoirs will be hereafter introduced, he had a son named Charles, his first-born, who survived the rite of baptism but a few hours. The infant was born at Greenwich, in 1628, its birth having been accelerated by a fright suffered by the queen. It is remarkable that the Roman Catholic priests of the queen's household were in anxious expectation of its birth, trusting, by an immediate and

[1] This is singular; it being an unquestionable fact that the king's hair was almost gray, long previous to his trial.

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secret baptism, to smuggle it into their own church. Charles, however, was on the watch, and directed his chaplain, Doctor Webb, who was in attendance, to baptise it according to the forms of the Church of England. The infant was buried at Westminster. Another of the king's children was Catherine, his fourth daughter, whose career was equally brief. This child, as were most of the offspring of Charles, was born at Whitehall. It was the practice of Charles, whenever his queen gave birth to a child at Whitehall, to despatch one of the members of his household, with a sum of money, to St. Martin's Church, in order to ensure the birth being formally recorded in the parish books. The fact, however, has been pointed out as a curious one, that only in one instance can such royal entry be traced on the registers. The king, it is said, was deceived by those whom he employed, who preferred appropriating the money to their own advantage.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

HENRIETTA MARIA.

Character of This Princess — Lord Kensington's Mission to Paris — Henrietta's Prepossession in Favour of Charles — Pretensions of Count Soissons to the Hand of the Princess — He Is Challenged by the Earl of Holland — Description of Henrietta by That Nobleman — Splendid Marriage Ceremony of Henrietta and Charles (by Proxy) — Public Rejoicings at Paris — Departure of Henrietta — Her Arrival at Dover — First Interview with Her Husband at Dover — The Royal Couple at Canterbury — Their Enthusiastic Reception in London — Feelings of the Puritans on the Birth of the Queen's First Child — Reputed Loveliness of Henrietta — Anecdote — Henrietta's Embarkation for Holland, and Exertions in Her Husband's Cause — Return to England — Her Dangerous Situation at Burlington — Her Courage — Imputations against Her Conjugal Fidelity — Her Union, after the Death of Charles, to Henry Jermyn — Her Extreme Distress in Paris — Manner in Which She Received the News of Charles's Death — Her Return to England, and Residence in Somerset House — Her Death and Burial.

THE character of Henrietta Maria has seldom been a favourite one with our historians. Generally speaking, they describe her, and not without reason, as having been turbulent and insincere; implacable in her resentments; rash in her resolves; precipitating her husband into the

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most unjustifiable excesses, and entertaining the most dangerous notions respecting the royal prerogative. It was not probable, indeed, that she should have had many champions. To the Puritan party, her exalted station, and her undisguised devotion to the interests of the Church of Rome, naturally rendered her an object of suspicion and dislike; while the royalists, aware of the fatal influence which she exercised over the mind of her husband, attributed to her indifferent counsels whatever in their master's conduct they would otherwise have found difficult to excuse.

Moreover, the manners of the volatile Frenchwoman were but little adapted to the people among whom she came to reside. Her partiality for the manners and customs of her own country; her love of admiration; her fondness for music, dancing, and other venial amusements were converted, by the jaundiced eye of Puritanism, into the most heinous sins. Many, however, as were Henrietta's failings, — many as were the misfortunes which her religious bigotry and narrow-minded counsels entailed on the people of England as well as on her own family, — it must nevertheless be admitted that she was not altogether deficient in private virtues, and certainly was not wanting in many agreeable qualities. Her disposition was generous when not provoked; her manners were playful and animated; she was fearless in danger; an affectionate mother, and an

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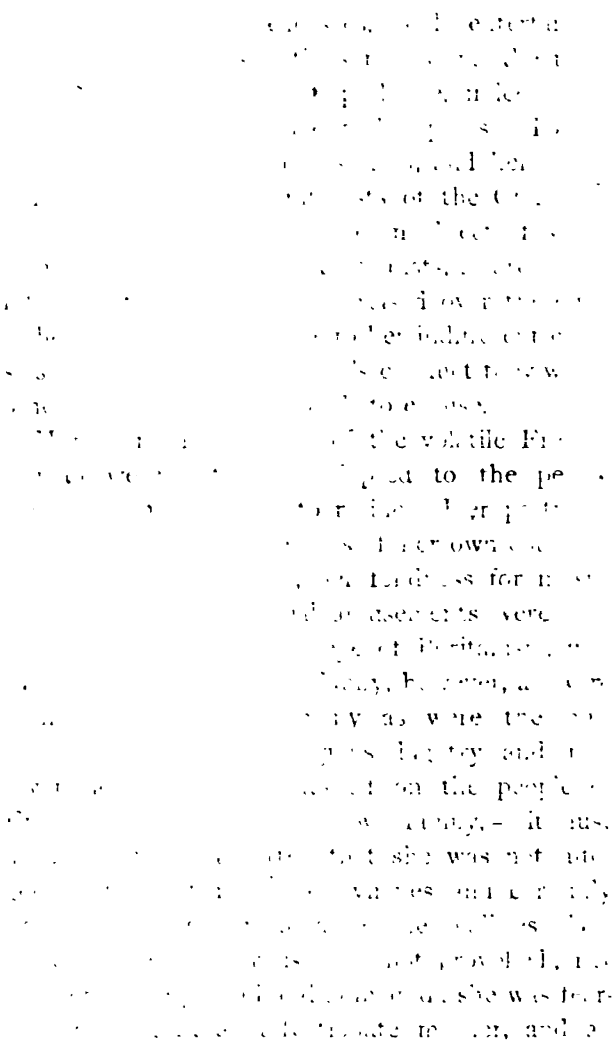

Henrietta Maria.
Photo-etching after the painting by Werff.

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indulgent mistress. Moreover, her attachment to the ruined fortunes of her husband can never be spoken of without praise. Had she lived in peaceable times, or, indeed, had Buckingham survived to guide the counsels of his master, Henrietta in all probability would have been merely remembered for the gaiety of her manners and the lustre of her charms.

Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter of Henry the Great, of France, and sister of Louis the Thirteenth, was born 28th November, 1609. Of her childhood little is known; indeed, at the period of her marriage with Charles the First, she had scarcely completed her sixteenth year. In 1624, Lord Kensington, afterward Earl of Holland, had been despatched to Paris, in order to sound the feelings of the French court with regard to the match. He had the good fortune to find the young princess greatly prepossessed in favour of her future husband; the account, it seems, of the prince's romantic journey into Spain having strongly influenced her imagination. When the tale of his adventures was first related to her, she observed, "He might have found a wife much nearer, and have saved himself much trouble." Indeed, with all the romance of a young girl, she appears to have fancied herself in love with Charles long before they actually met.

Lord Kensington, unwilling to risk the disgrace of a refusal, proceeded cautiously in his delicate

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mission. As regarded Henrietta herself, she took no pains to disguise her partiality for the prince; the state of her feelings, however, will be best discovered by the following romantic incident, as related by Lord Kensington in one of his letters to Charles. The princess, it seems, had conceived a "passionate longing" to obtain a sight of a miniature of Charles, which Lord Kensington was in the habit of wearing around his neck; "for though others," writes the ambassador, "as the queen and princesses, would open it, and consider it, the which ever brought forth admiration from them, yet durst not this poor young lady look any otherwise on it than afar off, whose heart was nearer unto it than any of the others who did most gaze upon it. But at the last, rather than want that sight, the which she was so impatient of, she desired the gentlewoman of the house where I am lodged, that had been her servant, to borrow of me the picture, in all the secrecy that may be, and to bring it unto her, saying, she could not but want that curiosity, as well as others, towards a person of his infinite reputation. As soon as she saw the party that brought it, she retired into her cabinet, calling only her in; where she opened the picture in such haste as showed a true picture of her passion, blushing in the instant at her own guiltiness. She kept it an hour in her hands, and when she returned it, she gave it many praises of your person. Sir, this is a business so fit for your secrecy, as I

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know it shall never go farther than unto the king your father, my Lord Duke of Buckingham, and my Lord Carlisle's knowledge." It was remarked, shortly afterward, that when Henrietta received two letters, one from King James, and the other from her lover, she placed the former in her cabinet, and the latter in her bosom. James was much pleased when the anecdote was related to him. "It was an omen," he said, "that she would preserve his name in her memory, and Charles in her heart."

One might have thought that the young, the graceful, and gallant Earl of Holland — for such he was now created — would have been a dangerous mediator between two lovers who had never met. But Holland, though in after years his intercourse with Henrietta was suspected to have been of too tender a nature, at this period sincerely loved his master. Moreover, Holland is described as having been an ardent admirer of the Duchess de Chevreuse, a sprightly daughter of the house of Rohan, who subsequently accompanied Henrietta to England, and who, among other vagaries, astonished the grave dowagers of King Charles's court by performing the eccentric feat of swimming across the Thames.

An incident, which occurred during the progress of the negotiation, afforded Holland an opportunity of alike displaying his personal gallantry and his devotion to Charles. Henrietta, it appears, had

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an ardent lover in a young prince of the blood, the Count de Soissons, who, exasperated at the prospect of her becoming the wife of another, declared openly and boldly, at the Louvre, that he had been contracted to the princess before several witnesses, and even went so far as to insist that Henrietta was his lawful bride. Among his friends, he spoke of cutting the ambassador's throat; and subsequently, on meeting Holland in public, returned the latter's bow with a contemptuous movement of the head. Holland instantly challenged him to single combat, but De Soissons declined the encounter. "The Court of France," he said, "was too powerful to allow him to maintain the truth with his sword."

Presuming that the feelings of Charles were as romantic as those of his future bride, the glowing descriptions which Lord Holland transmitted of her accomplishments were well calculated to increase his flame. In a letter dated 26th February, 1625, he writes to the prince: "You will find a lady of as much loveliness and sweetness to deserve your affection, as any creature under heaven can do." And he afterward proceeds: "The impressions I had of her were but ordinary, but the amazement extraordinary, to find her, as I protest to God I did, the sweetest creature in France. Her growth is very little short of her age, and her wisdom infinitely beyond it. I heard her discourse

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with her mother, and the ladies about her, with extraordinary discretion and quickness. She dances, the which I am a witness of, as well as ever I saw any creature. They say she sings most sweetly; I am sure she looks so." In another letter, Lord Holland writes: "I found it true, that neither her master, Bayle, nor any man or woman in France, or in the world, sings so admirably as she. Sir, it is beyond imagination; that is all that I can say of it."

The articles of marriage between Charles and Henrietta were signed by James on the 11th of May, 1624, and by the French king on the 14th of August following. The treaty was finally ratified at Paris, by the Earls of Carlisle and Holland, on the 13th of March, 1625. At the beginning of May, the necessary dispensation having been received from Rome, Cardinal Richelieu solemnly performed the espousals, the Duke de Chevreuse [1] appearing as proxy for Charles.[2]

The ceremony was magnificent. On the day appointed, the 11th of May, the royal bride was conducted by the king, the queen, and a long train of courtiers, to the house of the Archbishop of Paris, where Henrietta was formally attired by her

[1] Charles, as great-grandson of Mary of Guise, was not very distantly related to the Duke de Chevreuse, who was a prince of that illustrious house.

[2] Lord Bacon, in his "Life and Reign of Henry VII.," gives us a curious picture of a royal marriage by proxy. In recording the espousals of the Archduke Maximilian and Anne, the heiress

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ladies in the nuptial robes. From hence the procession passed to a magnificent theatre, erected, according to ancient usage, in front of the Cathedral of Notre-Dame. The Duke de Chevreuse was dressed in a black robe, lined with cloth of gold, and sparkling with diamonds. On each side he was supported by the Earls of Carlisle and Holland, clad in robes covered with beaten silver. Standing under a gorgeous canopy, the King of France, assisted by his brother, consigned their sister to the Duke de Chevreuse, as the representative of King Charles. The marriage having been solemnised according to the ceremonies of the Romish Church, the procession advanced in the same order to the cathedral, the Duke de Chevreuse taking precedence of the King of France. After the celebration of mass, from which the English earls absented themselves on account of their religious scruples, the procession returned to the house of the archbishop, where a splendid banquet had been prepared. The king sat under a canopy in the centre of the table, Henrietta being placed on his left hand, and the queen-mother on his right. Next to Henrietta sat the

of Bretagne, he writes: "She was not only publicly contracted, but stated as a bride, and solemnly bedded; and, after she was laid, there came in Maximilian's ambassador, with letters of procuration, and, in the presence of certain noble personages, men and women, put his leg, stript naked to the knee, between the espousal sheets; to the end, that the ceremony might be thought to amount to a consummation."

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Duke de Chevreuse, and the Earls of Carlisle and Holland by the side of the duke.

On the 24th of May, the Duke of Buckingham, attended by the Earl of Montgomery and others of the English nobility, arrived at Paris, for the purpose of conducting Henrietta to England. During the seven days that they remained in the French capital, nothing could surpass the splendour of the entertainments to which they were invited, nor the magnificence of the public rejoicings. Bonfires illuminated the streets; the cannon roared from the walls, and the prison doors were opened; while the nobility of Paris vied with each other in the costliness of their feasts,—a rivalship in which Cardinal Richelieu is said to have carried off the palm.

Henrietta bade farewell to Paris on the 2d of June, 1625. It is asserted, in a letter of the period, that at Amiens she was overtaken by a legate from the Pope, who commanded her, on the part of his Holiness, to perform a penance of either sixteen or twenty-six days, as an atonement for uniting herself to a heretic prince. Henrietta, it is said, instantly wrote to Charles, who was anxiously expecting her at Canterbury, acquainting him with the cause of her delay. His answer, we are told, was decisive: he coldly informed her that if she did not immediately resume her journey, he would return to London without her. Accordingly, the young queen continued her progress, and the

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Pope was thus deprived of his expected triumph over the heretical English; however, as his Holiness had already given his consent to the marriage, the story is in all probability a fabrication. Certainly, the journey from Paris to England was protracted over no fewer than eleven days. The indisposition, however, of the queen-mother, Mary de Medicis, as well as the anxiety of Buckingham to linger as long as possible in the society of the young Queen of France, Anne of Austria, afford far more reasonable grounds for accounting for the delay, than the reputed interference on the part of the Pope.

At Boulogne Henrietta found the Duchess of Buckingham, and an English fleet, in readiness to receive her. She set sail on the 12th of June, and after an uncomfortable passage of twenty-four hours arrived at Dover. During this short voyage she had suffered so much from sea-sickness that it was found necessary to convey her into the town in a litter, and thence to the apartments that had been prepared for her in the castle. The news of her arrival was carried to the king at Canterbury in an hour and six minutes. Charles was hastening to meet his young bride, when he received a communication from her, intimating how much she had suffered by her voyage, and requesting him to defer the interview till the following day.

The next morning, about ten o'clock, the king, attended by a suitable retinue, arrived at Dover.

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Henrietta was at her morning meal, and was scarcely prepared for the interview. In the impulse, however, of the moment, she rose from table, and hurrying down-stairs, fell on her knees before her husband, and taking his hand, kissed it affectionately. Charles instantly raised her, and "wrapping his arms around her, kissed her with many kisses." Her first words were those of reverence and affection: "*Sire, Je suis venue en ce pais de votre Majesté pour être usée et commandée de vous.*" Charles, surprised to find her taller than he had expected, cast his eyes upon her feet, as if suspecting that she had made use of artificial means to improve her stature. Henrietta, with all her native quickness, perceived what was passing in the king's mind. She immediately raised one of her feet, and pointed to the shoe: "Sir," she said, "I stand upon mine own feet. I have no helps of art. Thus high I am, and am neither higher nor lower." Some tears falling from her eyes, Charles kissed them away, telling her playfully "he should not fail doing so, as long as she continued weeping." He told her "she had not fallen into a land of strangers, and that she might be ever satisfied of his tenderness and esteem."

After a short period the bystanders were required to withdraw, and the royal lovers remained an hour in private. The first request of Henrietta must have been highly gratifying to her

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husband. "She trusted," she said, "that should she ever do anything to offend him, he would himself tell her of her fault, instead of employing a third person." Charles readily promised a compliance, and exacted the same stipulation from his bride.

Having prepared themselves for dinner, and having come forth into the presence-chamber, Henrietta presented her French servants to her husband, formally and by name. Charles, having already dined, seated himself by the queen, and helped her to venison and pheasant with his own hand. Her confessor, who stood by her, solemnly reminded her that, being the eve of St. John the Baptist, it was a fast day of the Church, and consequently that she must be cautious how she provoked scandal on the very first day of her arrival. But at this period, at least, her husband had the ascendant over the Pope and his penances, and Henrietta, to the great delight of her Protestant subjects, ate heartily of the forbidden dishes.

After dinner the king and queen proceeded on horseback to Canterbury, in which town it was intended to consummate the marriage. On Barram Downs they were received by a vast concourse of the nobility, of both sexes, who divided themselves into rows, between which their Majesties passed. The road was strewed with roses and other flowers by the loyal peasants of Kent, who rent the skies with their shouts and acclamations. "The ladies,"

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writes Howell, "appeared like so many constellations, but methought that the country ladies outshined the courtiers."

The same night, having arrived at Canterbury, and supper being over, the queen retired to rest. Charles followed shortly afterward, being attended to the nuptial apartment by two of the lords of the bedchamber, whose duty it was to undress him. It appears that the king's first step was to secure the doors of the bedchamber (which were no fewer than seven in number) with his own hand. He then undressed himself, and, having excluded his two attendants, cautiously bolted the door. These particulars throw a curious light on the customs of the period, since it seems certain that not even the nuptial chamber of the sovereign was secure against the strange license and intrusive jocularity which, on the marriage night, were permitted by the less refined taste of our ancestors. It would seem, indeed, that it was only by stratagem that Charles was enabled to rid himself of his own attendants. "The next morning," we are told, "he was pleasant with the lords that he had beguiled them, and hath ever since been very jocund."

On the 16th of June, 1625, Charles arrived with his bride in the capital. They had entered the royal barge at Gravesend, from whence, attended by several of the barges of the nobility, they proceeded up the river in regal state. From Lon-

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don Bridge to Whitehall their procession resembled a triumph. Thousands of vessels crowded the Thames; every lighter and barge was filled with spectators, and the banks appeared a moving mass of population. The guns roared from the Tower, and from the various ships in the neighbourhood, while the populace, notwithstanding the plague raged around them, and the rain fell in torrents, vied with each other in their clamorous gratulations. The king and queen were each dressed in green. The windows of the barge, notwithstanding the pelting rain, were kept open, Henrietta frequently acknowledging the shouts of the populace by gracefully waving her hand. It was observed that her head already reached the king's shoulder, and that she was young enough to grow taller.

The difference of religion which existed between Henrietta and her new subjects but slightly affected her first welcome. Much was expected from her youth, her reputed good sense, and the example and influence of her husband. Henrietta, too, sacrificing her respect for strict veracity to the love of popularity, was not unwilling to assist the deception. Being asked, shortly after her arrival, if she could abide a heretic, "Why not," she said, "was not my father one?" But neither her popularity nor her dissimulation were of long continuance. The spoiled beauty very speedily became a mere tool in the hands of the secret

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emissaries of Rome, who hoped, by her means, to reëstablish the papal authority in these realms. The Puritan party had hitherto groaned only in secret. No sooner, however, did the fact transpire that Henrietta was likely soon to give birth to an heir to the throne, than they began openly to express their dissatisfaction and their fears, speaking boldly of the young queen as an idolatress, and likening her to Heth the Canaanite. Viewing her religion with abhorrence, and perceiving the probability of her hereafter inducing her children to adopt the Romish faith, it cannot be denied that the Puritans correctly foretold those misfortunes which afterward befell the descendants of Charles, but which fortunately terminated in the principle of religious toleration being triumphantly established as the birthright of their posterity. The Puritans looked rather to the issue of the Queen of Bohemia, whose education they were satisfied had been in accordance with the principles of the Reformed religion. The birth, therefore, of an heir to the crown was regarded as a black day in the calendar of Puritanism. Heylin mentions a village, in which he was himself resident at the time, where a day of rejoicing had been set apart in commemoration of the queen's safe delivery of a child. The morning set in with ringing of bells, and in the evening there were feastings and bonfires. But, throughout the day, there was no single individual of the Presbyterian or Puritan party who

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stirred from his home. On the contrary, they closed their doors, as if it had been an occasion of general mourning and distress.

The reputed loveliness of Henrietta, notwithstanding the exquisite portraits of her by Vandyke, and the enthusiastic adulation of contemporary poets, has been occasionally disputed. A small share of personal charms will easily exalt a queen into a goddess; and, accordingly, when we find Waller thus addressing Henrietta, we doubt the truth of the panegyric from its very fulsomeness:

"Your beauty more the fondest lover moves
With admiration, than his private loves;
With admiration! for a pitch so high
(Save sacred Charles's) never love durst fly.
Beauty had crowned you, and you must have been
The whole world's mistress, other than a Queen.
All had been rivals, and you might have spared,
Or killed, and tyrannised, without a guard."

Sir William Davenant has celebrated the beauty of Henrietta with still more absurd adulation. Several of his smaller pieces are addressed to her, and on New Year's Day he writes:

"There is no need of purple or of lawn
To vest thee in; were but thy curtains drawn
Men might securely say that it is morn;
Thy garments serve to hide, not to adorn.
Now she appears, whilst every look and smile
Dispenses warmth and beauty through our isle."

Descending, however, to mere prose, it may not

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be unamusing to transcribe one or two brief, and more sober, descriptions of her, as she appeared to her contemporaries in her days of youth and comeliness. Sir Tobias Matthew describes her as a most sweet, lovely creature; and again, we find Howell writing to his brother-in-law: "I can send you gallant news, for we have now a most gallant new Queen of England, who in true beauty is far beyond the long-wooed infanta; for she was of a fading flaxen hair, big-lipped, and somewhat heavy-eyed; but this daughter of France, this youngest branch of Bourbon, is of a more lovely and lasting complexion, a dark brown; she hath eyes that sparkle like stars; and for her physiognomy, she may be said to be a mirror of perfection." Lord Clarendon, who certainly was not greatly prejudiced in Henrietta's favour, styles her a "lady of great beauty and of excellent wit and humour."

Mr. Meade, who was present at her first landing in England, describes Henrietta to Sir Martin Stuteville, as "a nimble and quiet, black-eyed, brown-haired, and, in a word, a brave lady, though, perhaps, a little touched with the green sickness." But we prefer the description of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who hastened to gratify his curiosity with a sight of the new queen: "On Thursday, the thirtieth, the last day of this instant June, I went to Whitehall purposely to see the queen, which I did fully all the time she sat at dinner; and

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perceived her to be a most absolute delicate lady, after I had exactly surveyed all the features of her face, much enlivened by her radiant and sparkling black eye. Besides, her deportment among her women was so sweet and humble, and her speech and looks to her other servants so mild and gracious, as I could not abstain from divers deep-fetched sighs, to consider that she wanted the knowledge of the true religion." Her eyes appear to have been really beautiful. Waller speaks of them, in the inflated language of the day:

> "Such eyes as yours, on Jove himself had thrown
> As bright and fierce a lightning as his own."

And again, —

> ". . . Such radiant eyes,
> Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies."

Davenant also celebrates her in some verses of singular sweetness:

> "Fair as unshaded light, or as the day
> Of the first year, when every month was May;
> Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
> Unfolded bud, bathed by the morning's dew;
> Kind as the willing saints, but calmer far
> Than in their dreams forgiven votaries are."

Henrietta is said to have sung admirably, and certainly she was not deficient in those accomplishments which throw a grace over the female character. Oldys relates an anecdote of her, which

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induces the inference that she was familiar with the Latin language. When on a visit at Cambridge, observing Thomas Randolph, the dramatic poet, lying indolently by the roadside, she remarked on passing:

"Pauper ubique jacet;"

to which Randolph replied with admirable quickness and humour:

"In thalamis, Regina, tuis hâc nocte jacerem;
Si verum hoc esset, — 'Pauper ubique jacet.'"

Notwithstanding the conciliating manners of Henrietta on her first arrival in England, it soon became evident that the spirit of Henry IV. was not entirely dormant in the bosom of his daughter. A singular scene, which took place at court, shortly after her marriage, is thus described by an eye-witness: "The queen, howsoever very little of stature, is yet of a pleasing countenance, if she be pleased, but full of spirit and vigour, and seems of a more than ordinary resolution. With one frown, diverse of us being at Whitehall to see her, being at dinner, and the room somewhat overheated with the fire and company, she drove us all out of the chamber. I suppose none but a queen could have cast such a scowl."

Charles was crowned alone in Westminster Abbey, on the 2d of February, 1626. It might have been supposed that a young queen in her seventeenth year, gay, lovely, and fond of admira-

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tion, would have been enchanted at the prospect of figuring, the observed of all observers, in so august and splendid a pageant. Regardless, however, of the entreaties of her husband, as well as of the insult which she was offering to her husband's subjects, Henrietta, acting under the influence of her spiritual advisers, positively refused to be crowned. It was demanded that the ceremony should be performed according to the solemnities of the Roman Catholic Church, a concession which was, of course, out of the question. Her conduct on this occasion presented the first of that long catalogue of errors, which eventually cost her husband his head, and her descendants the sovereignty over these realms. She contented herself with beholding the procession from an apartment in the Gatehouse, Westminster, overlooking Palace-yard, which had been fitted up purposely for her accommodation. While the ceremony was taking place in the abbey, she is described, in a letter of the period, as standing in a window as a mere looker-on, her ladies "frisking and dancing" around her.

As long as Buckingham lived he had insisted that on no account should any state secret whatever be entrusted to Henrietta's keeping. He seems to have anticipated that which subsequently proved so fatal to his royal master; namely, that any secret entrusted to Henrietta would be communicated by her to half the high-

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born and chattering ladies of her court. The subsequent perfidy of her beautiful confidante, Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, is well known; nor is it likely that this lady was the only titled betrayer of the secrets of the royal family. The death of Buckingham entirely changed the position of Henrietta. Having succeeded to the influence which he had acquired over the mind of Charles, she not only sought to render her husband subservient to her will, but was foolish enough to add to her own unpopularity by parading her power over him to the world. "Hitherto," says Lord Clarendon, "she had felt so much pain in knowing nothing, and meddling with nothing, during the time of the great favourite, that now she took pleasure in nothing but knowing all things and disposing all things." Again, Lord Clarendon observes: "It was her Majesty's and the kingdom's misfortune that she had not any person about her who had either ability or affection to inform and advise her of the temper of the kingdom, or humour of the people; or who thought either worth the caring for."

In justice to Henrietta it must be admitted that her own relatives, and those who were nearest to her person, regarded her with the warmest affection and esteem. The dying words of Charles bore testimony to his admiration and his love. With her brother, Louis the Thirteenth, she was also a great favourite. Robert, Earl of Leicester,

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— ambassador at Paris in 1636, — mentions the evident satisfaction of Louis, when, on one occasion, he presented him with a letter from his sister, the Queen of England. "It was observed," he says, "by those that were by, that when he spoke of the queen, a very great natural affection did appear, both by his words and gesture, and it is said in this court that he loves the queen best of all his sisters; when he speaks of her he always calls her *ma bonne sœur d'Angleterre*." Her son, James the Second, reverts to her memory with affection. "She excelled," he says, "in all the qualities of a good wife, a good mother, and a good Christian." Her nephew, also, Louis the Fourteenth, appears to have been attached to her in her lifetime, and after her death erected a splendid monument to her memory.

Sir William Waller, in his Recollections, records an anecdote of Henrietta during her stay at Exeter, which endeared her to its inhabitants. While passing northward of the town, her ears were saluted by the dismal cries of a female in distress. It was found, on inquiry, that they proceeded from a poor woman whose daughter was in her confinement, and almost in a dying state from the want of proper nourishment and medical aid. The queen took a gold chain from her neck, and, placing the Agnus which was attached to it in her bosom, delivered the chain to the woman, desiring her at the same time to take it into the city and dis-

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pose of it to a goldsmith. The queen's confessor afterward hazarded an invidious remark on the object of her charity having been a heretic. When this latter circumstance was mentioned to Charles — alluding to her barefoot journey to Tyburn — he asked, jestingly, if they had not compelled her to do penance.

When the civil war became inevitable, Henrietta, dreading the threatened impeachment of the Commons, and the fury of the people, wisely decided on quitting England for a more hospitable shore. Accordingly, on the 23d of February, 1642, she embarked at Dover for Holland. Nearly seventeen years had elapsed since she had first set her foot on English ground. During this period — influenced by a meddling mother and an intriguing priesthood — she had done her utmost to insult and to forfeit the esteem of a free and an affectionate people. Time and misfortune, however, seem to have taught her that, as a wife and a mother, other duties were required of her besides endeavouring to enslave her husband's subjects; and, moreover, that the attempt to force an alien faith upon a powerful nation was not only one of great difficulty, but was attended with considerable personal danger. Fortunately there were giants in those days. No doubt, Henrietta, when she embarked at Dover, in 1642, was at heart the same zealous papist, the same staunch foe to civil and religious liberty, as when she had first landed

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there in 1625. Her conduct, however, had undergone a change for the better. Henceforth, fatal as her counsels proved to her unhappy consort, we at least find her performing to perfection the part of a devoted wife and of a high-spirited queen. It was not till after the death of Charles, and the return of prosperity, that she relapsed into her former evil course of life.

Henrietta carried with her to Holland her own and many of the crown jewels, with the price of which she secretly purchased arms and ammunition for the service of her husband. She is said to have pawned her pendant pearls for 213,200 guilders, and six of her rubies for 40,000 guilders. From Lord Clarendon, also, we learn that, during the preceding year, she had raised no less a sum than 3,000*l.* on her jewels, for the purpose of enabling her husband to induce Sir William Balfour, whose fidelity the king strongly suspected, to resign the important post of lieutenant of the Tower of London.

Henrietta's absence from England was of no long duration. Having succeeded in eluding the spies of the Parliament, and the ships which they sent out to arrest her, she set sail from Scheveling at the commencement of the following year, and, after a stormy voyage, arrived safely at Burlington Bay, in Yorkshire, on the 20th of February, 1643.

The queen had scarcely landed, and retired to bed, when she was aroused by the roar of cannon,

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and was informed that her life was in considerable danger. Four of the Parliamentary ships had entered the roads, and, having ascertained the quarter of the town in which the queen was lodged, commenced playing their cannon against the house. So imminent was the danger that Henrietta was compelled to quit the house "bare-foot and bare-leg," and, after a precipitate and very hazardous flight, with difficulty found shelter in a ditch behind the town. But even here the danger was considerable, a sergeant having been killed within a few paces from the spot where she stood. In the midst of the firing, Henrietta remembered that she had left her favourite lap-dog asleep in the house she had just quitted. Heedless of the danger, she instantly flew back to the town, and, having discovered the little creature, returned with it triumphantly in her arms. She found her ladies still crouching and trembling in the ditch; nor was it till the tide ebbed that the balls ceased to play over their heads. In the midst of their terrors, a ball grazed the ground so close to them as to cover them with earth and stones.

On hearing of the queen's hazardous situation, the Earl of Newcastle immediately hastened to Burlington, and conducted her in safety to the army at York. Had she attempted to rejoin her husband at Oxford, where his quarters then were, she would, in all probability, have fallen into the hands of the republicans. It was decided, there-

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fore, that she should remain in Yorkshire, where she continued to reside for about four months, distributing arms among the royalists, and, by her affable demeanour and graceful manners, enticing many persons of rank and influence to embrace her husband's cause. At the head of two thousand foot and a thousand horse-soldiers, Henrietta subsequently joined the king in the vale of Keynton, close to the spot where the battle of Edgehill had been fought in the previous month of October. From Keynton the royal pair proceeded to Oxford, where they were received with all the enthusiasm with which that loyal University has ever greeted the assertors of passive obedience and the divine right of kings. Henrietta and her ladies, it may be mentioned, were lodged in Merton College.

The courage displayed by Henrietta at Burlington is not the only instance of her calm courage in the hour of danger. On one occasion, when one of the Parliament ships was in full chase of her, regardless of the cries and entreaties of her female attendants, she commanded the captain on no account to strike, but to wait till the last extremity, and then to blow up the vessel. At another time, when in imminent danger from a storm at sea, while her ladies were screaming and lamenting around her, she sat tranquilly on the deck, and exclaimed, almost laughingly, "Queens are never drowned."

Even to Charles she occasionally displayed the

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spirit of her race. When the king showed some disinclination to seize the five refractory members in the House of Commons, "Go, coward," she said, "and pull out these rogues by the ears, or never see my face again." This anecdote was related to Pym by the Countess of Carlisle. At other times Henrietta could bear insult and injury with singular generosity of mind. When the tidings were brought to her that she had been impeached by the Commons of high treason, and that her enemy Pym had actually carried up the impeachment to the bar of the lords, she wrote to the Duke of Hamilton that she hoped God would forgive them for their rebellion, as she in her heart forgave them their conduct to her. On another occasion she refused to be made acquainted with the names of some English peers, who had expressed themselves her enemies. "Though they hate me now," she said, "perhaps they will not always hate me; and if they have any sentiments of honour, they will be ashamed of tormenting a poor woman, who takes so little precaution to defend herself."

After a residence of a few months at Oxford, Henrietta, in consequence of the approach of the Parliamentary forces, took leave of the University, and retired to Bath. She was accompanied by Charles as far as Abingdon, in which town, on the 3d of April, 1644, they bade each other a farewell which was destined to be their last. Henrietta subsequently proceeded to Exeter, in which

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city — then in daily expectation of being besieged by the Earl of Essex — she gave birth, on the 16th of June, 1644, to her youngest daughter, Henrietta, afterwards Duchess of Orleans. As soon as her weak state of health permitted, dreading the violence of Essex, she stole in disguise out of Exeter, and, after a painful and adventurous journey, at length found herself once more in shelter in Pendennis Castle, at the entrance of Falmouth Harbour, only thirteen days having elapsed since her confinement. Here she embarked on board a Dutch vessel, which lay in the bay, and which — after a narrow escape from being sunk by one of the cruisers of the Parliament — eventually landed her in safety at Chastel, near Brest. Although only in the thirty-fifth year of her age, we learn from Madame de Motteville that Henrietta's beauty had, at this period, almost entirely disappeared. Madame de Montpensier also, in her Memoirs, dwells on the altered and miserable appearance of the exiled queen.

Henrietta was received with great kindness at the French court. Apartments were set apart for her in the Louvre; the royal château of St. Germains — formerly the residence of the unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, and in which, in later years, lived and died the exiled James the Second — was given up to her as a country residence; and she was allowed a pension of twelve thousand crowns a month. Subsequently, the

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breaking out of the civil troubles in France, in 1648, reduced her to comparative poverty, if not to actual distress.

The enemies of Henrietta have accused her of having been unfaithful to the marriage vow. Undoubtedly there was much of French levity in her manners and conduct, but nevertheless the fact of actual infidelity remains still unproved. Walpole, in his tedious juvenile poem, "The Epistle from Florence," speaks confidently

"Of lustful Henrietta's Romish shade."

It must be admitted, however, on the other hand, that the character of Henrietta has never been completely cleared. Lord Dartmouth, in a note to Bishop Burnet's History, supplies us with a curious anecdote. The queen, he informs us, had conceived a particular dislike to the Duke of Hamilton. His grace, for some reason, being anxious to obtain an interview with Henrietta, had persuaded Mrs. Seymour, a woman of the bedchamber, to admit him secretly into the queen's private apartment at Somerset House; when, his wish having been gratified, he stated that from his place of concealment he surprised Henrietta in great familiarities with Jermyn. Lord Dartmouth's authority was Sir Francis Compton, who had it from his mother, the Countess of Northampton, an intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Seymour.

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Another piece of scandal is related by the bishop himself, in one of the once suppressed passages of his history. When the unfortunate Marquis of Montrose was in Paris, and in distress, the queen, notwithstanding her own straitened circumstances, had supplied him liberally with jewels and money. Yet, according to Burnet, Montrose afterward repaid her kindness by boasting of other favours which she had conferred upon him. Henrietta, when she heard of the circumstances, instantly sent to him to leave Paris, and positively refused to see him again. This story was related to Burnet by a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, who affirmed that she had some of the particulars from the queen herself. The ill-fated Earl of Holland was another reputed lover of Henrietta. His beauty and gallantry probably alone have given rise to the report, though it has been asserted, with little reason, that the attachment sprang up between them at Paris, previous to the union of Henrietta with Charles.

There appears, however, much reason to believe that, after the death of Charles, Henrietta secretly united herself to her master of the horse, and reputed lover, Henry Jermyn, created, at the Restoration, Earl of St. Albans. According to other writers, they omitted the marriage ceremony. "I had three cousins," says Sir John Reresby, "then in an English convent at Paris, one of them an ancient lady, and since abbess of

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the house. Hither the queen was wont often to retire for some days; and the lady would tell me that Lord Jermyn, since St. Albans, had the queen greatly in awe of him, and, indeed, it was obvious that he had great interest with her concerns; but that he was married to her, or had children by her, as some have reported, I did not then believe, though the thing was certainly so." Their presumed marriage is more than once referred to by Pepys. On the 23d of November, 1662, he writes: "This day Mr. Moore told me that for certain the queen-mother is married to my Lord St. Albans, and he is like to be made lord treasurer." And again he writes, on the 31st of December, 1662: "The queen-mother is said to keep too great a court now, and her being married to my Lord St. Albans is commonly talked of; and that they had a daughter between them in France; how true, God knows."

The manner in which St. Albans subsequently dropped the lover, and apparently took upon himself the stern authority of the husband, affords further presumptive evidence that their union was not altogether imaginary. Indeed, his conduct toward Henrietta at a later period almost amounted to ill-usage. "The widow of Charles the First," says Madame de Bavière, in one of her letters, "made a clandestine marriage with her *Chevalier d'honneur*, Lord St. Albans, who treated her extremely ill, so that, whilst she had

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not a fagot to warm herself with, he had in his apartment a good fire and a sumptuous table. He never gave the queen a kind word, and when she spoke to him, he used to say '*Que me veut cette femme?* — What does that woman want?'" This piece of private history is corroborated by Count Hamilton. Speaking of the earl, he says, "It is well known what a table the good man kept at Brussels, while the king, his master, was starving, and the queen-dowager, his mistress, lived not overwell in France."

It would be difficult to exaggerate the distressed condition of Henrietta at one period of her exile. Her principal residence was in the Louvre at Paris; yet even here, amidst her own relations and her own people, the once-envied Henrietta was frequently in want even of the necessaries of life. She was at length compelled to make application to Cardinal Mazarin, to intercede with Cromwell for the restitution of her dowry. The request was made, and refused. Cromwell, taking advantage of her former impolitic refusal to be crowned with her husband, insisted that she had never been recognised as queen-consort of Great Britain. It was admitted, indeed, that Henrietta was not the only exception to the general rule, for that neither Margaret, the second wife of Edward the First, nor Catherine Parr, the last wife of Henry the Eighth, had gone through the ceremony of coronation. But, on the other hand,

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it was insisted that both of these queens had been in the habit of attending, in their regal capacities, at the performance of divine worship in the royal chapels, while Henrietta, on her part, had ever absented herself from the services of the Church of England, and denied the efficacy of its sacraments.

But the most remarkable picture of Henrietta's distress is described by Cardinal de Retz, in his Memoirs: "Five or six days before the king removed from Paris, I went to visit the Queen of England, whom I found in the chamber of her daughter Henrietta, who hath been since Duchess of Orleans. At my coming in, she said, 'You see I am come to keep Henrietta company; the poor child could not rise to-day for want of a fire.' The truth is, that the cardinal (Mazarin) for six months together had not ordered her any money toward her pension; that no tradespeople would trust her for anything; and there was not at her lodgings a single billet. You will do me the justice to think that the Princess of England did not keep her bed the next day for want of a fagot; but, however, you will think likewise, that it was not this which the Princess of Condé meant in her letter; what she spoke about was, that some days after my visiting the Queen of England, I remembered the condition I had found her in, and had strongly represented the shame of abandoning her in that manner, which caused the Parliament to

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send forty thousand pounds to her Majesty. Posterity will hardly believe that a Princess of England, granddaughter to Henry the Great, hath wanted a fagot in the month of January, in the Louvre, and in the eyes of the French court." When Salmasius published his "Defensio Regis," he was found fault with for neglecting to send a copy to the exiled queen. It was said that, "though poor, she would have paid the bearer."

Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Commentaries on the Reign of Charles," has inserted an interesting passage, from the MS. account of an eye-witness, of the manner in which Henrietta received the news of her husband's death. The writer is the Père Gamache, one of the Capuchins who attended on the Queen of England at that period. "The city of Paris," writes Gamache, "was then blockaded by the insurgents, and in the king's minority it was with difficulty we obtained either entrance or egress. The Queen of England, residing at the Louvre, had despatched a gentleman to St. Germain-en-laye to the French court, to procure news from England. During her dinner, where I assisted at the grace, I had notice to remain there after the benediction, and not to quit her Majesty, who might need consolation at the sad account she was to receive of the terrible fate of the king her husband. At this grievous intelligence I felt my whole frame shudder, and withdrew aside from the circle, where, during an hour,

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the various conversations on indifferent subjects seemed not to remove the uneasiness of the queen, who knew that the gentleman she had despatched to St. Germain ought to have returned. She was complaining of his delay in bringing his answer. On which the Count of St. Albans (Jermyn) took this opportunity to suggest that the gentleman was so faithful and so expeditious in obeying her Majesty's commands on these occasions that he would not have failed to have come, had he any favourable intelligence. 'What, then, is the news? I see it is known to you,' said the queen. The count replied that in fact he did know something of it, and when pressed, after many evasions, to explain himself, and many ambiguous words to prepare her, little by little, to receive the fatal intelligence, at length he declared it to the queen, who seemed not to have expected anything of the kind. She was so deeply struck, that instantly, entirely speechless, she remained voiceless and motionless, to all appearance a statue. A great philosopher has said that ordinary griefs allow the heart to sigh and the lips to murmur, but that extraordinary afflictions, terrible and fatal, cast the soul into stupor, make the tongue mute, and take away the senses. '*Curæ leves loquuntur, graves stupent.*' To this pitiable state was the queen reduced, and to all our exhortations and arguments she was deaf and insensible. We were obliged to cease talking, and we remained by her

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in unbroken silence, some weeping, some sighing, and all with sympathising countenances, mourning over her extreme distress. This sad scene lasted till nightfall, when the Duchess of Vendôme, whom she greatly loved, came to see her. Weeping, she took the hand of the queen, tenderly kissing it, — and afterward spoke so successfully that she seemed to have recovered this desolated princess from that loss of all her senses, or, rather, that great and sudden stupor, produced by the surprising and lamentable intelligence of the strange death of the king." This scene is affectingly described, but the tidings could hardly have been so completely unexpected as the narrator would lead us to suppose.

The fact is evident, indeed, that for some time previously Henrietta had anticipated the worst. The effect that her husband's misfortunes might have on her mind appears, in point of fact, to have been an object of public speculation, and, accordingly, about three weeks before the execution of Charles, we find the following curious notice in one of the journals of the period: "The Queen of England is returned from her devotions in the House of the Carmelites, where she hath been for diverse days past: she seems not dejected at the present state of her husband in England, yet, say her ladies, her nights are more sad than usual."

Whatever may have been Henrietta's feelings

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on being made acquainted with her husband's tragical fate, it is certain that one of her first steps was to act, not only in utter disregard of, but in direct disobedience to, his most solemn and dying injunctions, by attempting to induce her children to embrace the faith of Rome.

"So mourned the dame of Ephesus her lord!"

She not only succeeded in effecting the conversion of her youngest daughter, Henrietta, but moreover, — in spite of a solemn promise she had made to Charles the Second, that she would on no account tamper with the religious faith of his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, — she actually sent the latter to the Abbey of Pontoise with the view to his ultimately obtaining a cardinal's hat, and, on his positively refusing to enter a Jesuits' college, treated him with the most disgraceful and unmeasured severity. The fact is sufficiently significant that, having founded a convent of nuns of Chaillot (near the Champ de Mars at Paris), she told its inmates that it was by their prayers and intercessions that she principally trusted to effect the conversion of her children to the Roman Catholic faith.

Henrietta, notwithstanding the treatment she had very justly experienced from her husband's subjects, appears to have been far from regarding England with the aversion which might have been expected. She certainly took a pleasure, during

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her exile in France, in exalting the character of the English; and, in the brilliant circles of Paris, their kindness, generosity, and courage were the constant themes of her discourse. The late troubles, the death of her husband, and her own expulsion, she chose to attribute rather to a few desperate enthusiasts, than to the real temper of the people. Her magnanimity is celebrated by Waller:

> "Constant to England in your love,
> As birds are to their wonted grove,
> Accusing some malignant star,
> Not Britain for that fatal war."

An interesting feminine anecdote is recorded by Sir John Reresby, illustrative of her regard for England. "To give a little instance," he says, "of her inclination for the English, I happened to carry an English gentleman with me one day to court, and he, to be very fine, had got him a garniture of rich ribbon to his suit, in which was a mixture of red and yellow; which the queen observing, called to me, and bade me advise my friend to mend his fancy a little, as to his ribbons, the two colours he had joined being ridiculous in France, and might give the French occasion to laugh at him."

On the 2d of November, 1660, five months after her son's restoration, Henrietta, after an absence of nineteen years, again set her foot on British

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ground, with the intention of passing the remainder of her days in England. On landing at Dover, she was received by her son, King Charles, who, with his brother James, and Prince Rupert, conducted her in state to an entertainment which had been prepared for her in Dover Castle. The banquet took place probably in the same apartment in which, thirty-five years before, her slaughtered husband had first kissed the tears from her eyes, and in which, with the prospect of a bright future before them, they had partaken side by side of their first meal in common. Unfortunately, years of misfortune and disgrace had produced but slight effect on the bigoted mind of Henrietta. Imagining, from the respect which she met with, and from the rejoicings which she witnessed around her, that her son was entirely secure in the affections of his repentant subjects, her first step was to repay their forgiveness of the wrongs they had experienced at her hands by a gross and public insult to their religious prejudices. Notwithstanding the apartment in which the royal family banqueted was crowded with spectators, the queen actually suffered her Roman Catholic confessor to say grace in Latin, and to conclude his benediction by ostentatiously making a sign of the cross over the table. It was the identical act of bigotry which, in the first days of their married life, had given so much offence to her dead husband. The next day she went so far

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as to cause high mass to be performed in the hall of Dover Castle.

Somerset House, where Henrietta had spent so many happy years, was again allotted for her residence. Under her auspices the old building was beautified with a taste and magnificence which called forth the poetical admiration both of Cowley and Waller. She observed, on reëntering Somerset House, that "had she known the temper of the English people some years past, as well as she did then, she had never been compelled to quit it." It may be doubted, however, whether she was not as ignorant as ever of the temper of her former subjects. Pepys tells us that her arrival in London was celebrated with scarcely a bonfire; "whereby," he remarks, "I guess that her coming do please but very few."

The history of Henrietta from this period contains little of interest or importance. She apparently would have had no objection to enter afresh into the political arena; but her want of judgment was too much suspected, and her name too intimately connected with past troubles. It is an almost unnoticed fact, that at the Restoration there was actually a discussion in Parliament whether her return, under any circumstances, should be permitted. Still, the conduct of the Commons was, subsequently, not ungenerous, for they settled on her an income of sixty thousand a year. Her court at Somerset House was numer-

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ously attended, and though the widowed queen took no share in the amorous broils of the period, yet she is described as much diverted with the details whenever they transpired.

There was one other redeeming trait in Henrietta's character, which in justice to her we must not omit to record. She not only gave away large sums in charity, but those sums seem to have been distributed with judgment, and without any distinction having been made whether the person whom she relieved was a Roman Catholic or a Protestant. The inmates of jails, and especially persons imprisoned on account of small debts, seem to have been more particularly the objects of her charity.

With the exception of a short visit to France in 1662,[1] Henrietta remained in England till the breaking out of the plague in 1665, when, on the twenty-fourth of June, dreading the approaches of that gigantic disease, she took leave of her children, whom she then beheld for the last time. She was accompanied as far as the Nore by the king, Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Monmouth, all of whom respectfully attended her embarkation.

Henrietta died at her own château of Colombe, on the Seine, about four leagues from Paris, on the 10th of August, 1669, in the sixtieth year of her age. "Her distemper," says Ludlow, "seemed

[1] She left England 2d of January, 1662, and returned twenty-eighth of July.

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at first not to be dangerous, but on taking something prescribed by the physicians to procure sleep, the potion operated in such a manner that she woke no more." On the day after her death, her heart, having been placed in an urn inscribed with her names and title, was carried by her Almoner Montague, and a melancholy procession consisting of her former servants, to the convent which she had founded at Chaillot. Thither, also, having been previously embalmed, the remains of Henrietta were subsequently conveyed for the purpose of lying in state. Her funeral took place at St. Denis, the burial-place of the French kings, attended with all the honours usually paid to a queen-mother of France. Father Senault delivered the funeral oration. In his discourse he attributed the misfortunes of Charles to his religious disbelief. Sir Leoline Jenkins, the English ambassador at Paris, afterward indignantly expostulated with him on the offensive charge. Senault said that he had made use of the term as less *choquant* than heresy.

END OF VOLUME II.

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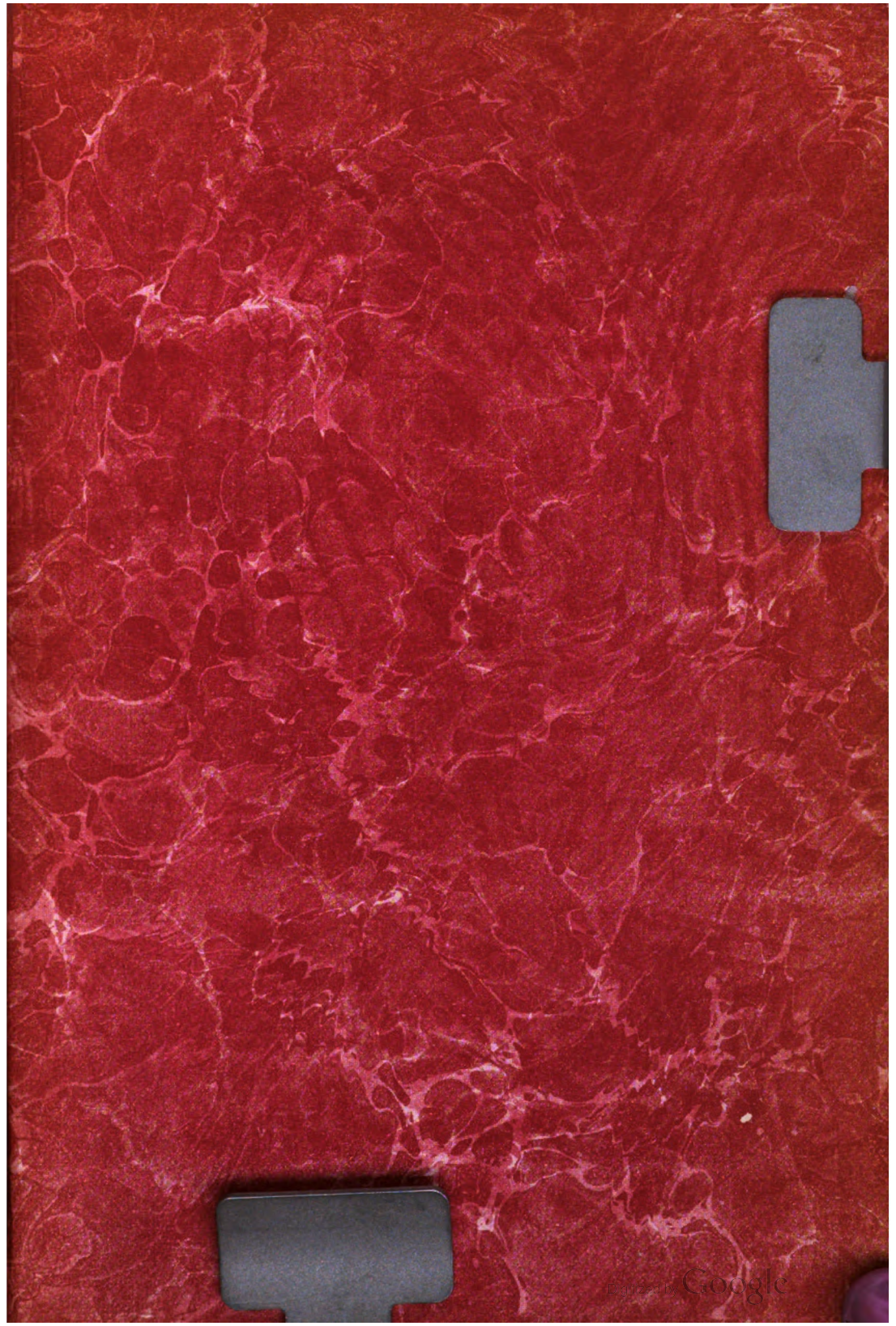
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